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Given in honor of our beloved
mother and father, Sophia and
Johiel Katzev, and in the hope
that the community may be
enriched through mutual under-
standing of the diverse wealth
in religious thought.

RECOLLECTIONS
OF
A NAVAL LIFE.

BY
CAPTAIN JAMES SCOTT, R.N.

In life!—we skim the surface of the deep,
To battle with our country's foes.
In death!—we sink beneath the curling wave,
Leaving but a circling eddy
To proclaim our resting-place, and fate.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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CONTENTS

OF

THE THIRD VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

A Phenomenon. Islands originating in Volcanic matter. Hospitality of Mr. Read. Arrival of the Dotterel. News. Arrival at Portsmouth. Leave of Absence. Ordered a passage in the Cleopatra. Reach Lisbon and rejoin the Barfleur. Shooting excursions. Evening amusements. A sad Story. Gambling. Portuguese etiquette. Anecdote. The Author and his Friend are attacked by Bravoës. Frolics. page 1

CHAPTER II.

Racing at Lisbon. An unlucky purchase. Excursion to Cintra. Achievements of our army. Resume my duties on board the Myrtle. The ship on fire. Trip to Cadiz. Arrival of Commodore C. in the Grampus. Join the Commodore. A jesting order literally obeyed. Its consequences. Flotilla of gun-boats. Study of the Spanish language. 25

CHAPTER III.

Hospitality of Mr. B--r--n. His daughters. Visit to the Artillery Officers at the Isla. A severe Skirmish. Fox-hunting. Castle of Puntales. Its gallant Commandant. Lively promenade. Effects of the Vesper bell. An alarm. Join the Corps Diplomatique. Bombardment from Fort Napoleon. Delightful society. Our Commodore promoted to his Flag. Removal to the Marlborough. Driven into Torbay. A critical situation. A strange Sail. Renewed delights at Cadiz. Bermuda. Operations against America. Bend our course for the Chesapeake. Take an American schooner. Light on Cape Henry. Admirable sailing of American schooners. Infernal machines. A narrow escape. 44

CHAPTER IV.

British Licences sold in the United States. Plan to capture the Constellation. Establish an understanding with some Americans. Leave our Anchorage. Capture of an American Privateer. An Action. Its result. Anchor the Prizes. A drunken Crew. Dangerous situation. Flattering opinion of themselves entertained by the Americans. American method of stating "facts." Attack upon French-town. . . 73

CHAPTER V.

Operations against Frederick's Town. Deputation from Charlestown. American Statements. Reward offered for the Rear-Admiral's head. The American Press. Return of the squadron down the Chesapeake. A fleet of prizes. Shift our anchorage. Gallant conduct of young Gordon. Desertion of Slaves. Facilities afforded by Black guides. Our constant activity. A flag of truce. Strange *cortège*. Conversation with an American on the action between the Chesapeake and Shannon. A Challenge, and my acceptance of it. The Commandant surprised napping. Further captures. A frigate action. American official accounts. Disembarkation of part of the troops under General Beckwith. Disastrous Descent upon Crany Island. Cowardly Massacre. A warlike Black. Enterprise abandoned. . . . 109

CHAPTER VI.

Unjust Report. Embarkation of the Troops. The Enemy completely routed. Treacherous and sanguinary act. Presence of mind. A Kentucky prisoner. Falsehood of the American press relative to the capture of Hampton. Arrival of the Sceptre, 74. Expedition to Ocracoke. Anchor off Point Lookout. Capture of Kent Island. English Colonel in the service of the Enemy. Picturesque encampment. Musquitoes. A battery destroyed in St. Michael's river. Other hostile proceedings. An outrage. Unwelcome intrusion on a birthday party. Vessel in distress. Advantages likely to accrue from the use of Chronometers-by our Commercial Marine. Festivities at Bermuda. Quit Bermuda. Terrific Tempest. Reach the Anchorage off New London. Cowardly and Diabolical Plan. Inclement weather. Commodore Decatur out-manceuvred. American vanity. The Admiral shifts his flag into the Albion. A freezing duty. . . . 146

CHAPTER VII.

The Admiral's flag before New London. Marvellous effects of refraction. A watering-party molested by the Enemy. Rashness of a Midshipman. An American Farmer. His base

offer. Navigation of the Chesapeake. American Pilots. Numerous excursions. Black Marine corps. Private understanding with the American militia. Remarks on American patriotism. Sample of fraternal love. Attack on a Baltimore schooner. Gallant conduct of Lieutenant Henry West. Destruction of an American fort — Death of Mr. Frazer. The coxswain wounded. Amputation avoided. Power of nature. American Newspapers. An invitation. 179

CHAPTER VIII.

Armament under the command of Commodore Barney. Chased by Captain Barrie. Honourable conduct. Commodore Barney blockaded in St. Leonard's Creek. A reconnoitring party surprised. Heroic conduct of a Sergeant of Marines. Desertion of a Seaman. Search for the fugitive. Nocturnal intrusion. Other adventures. Cowardly attempt. Its punishment. Position of the Enemy's troops reconnoitred. Colonel Platen's house and grounds. His honourable conduct. His daughter. Reception by the Americans of our flag of truce. Captain Jabo uncereemoniously captured. A reconnoitring party. Heroism of a Marine. 207

CHAPTER IX.

Increase of force. Designs against the city of Washington. Seamen trained to small arms. Ascend the Potomac. Attack of St. Leonard's. Intercepted letters. General Stuart's three reasons. Anchor abreast St. Clement's creek. Conflict with the Enemy. Their retreat. Diabolical device. Land at St. Clement's. Capture five schooners. Ascend the Machodic river. American mis-statements. Proceed with the boats to Hamburg and Chaptico. An old acquaintance. My American namesake. Attack on the Enemy's position. Narrow escape. Chase and capture of a Field-piece. A party of cavalry taken. Other advantages. Flight of the Enemy. Exhaustion of our men. Proceed to Kinsale. Take possession of the batteries and of the town. Arrival of the Hebrus and the Menelaus. American exaggeration. Proceed up St. Mary's creek. 238

CHAPTER X.

Sir Alexander Cochrane joins company in the Tonnant. Termination of the operations in the Potomac. Calumnies of the American press. Plan for the capture of Washington. Seizure of horses. Jack a jockey. Land the troops. Meeting of General Ross and the Rear-admiral. Attack the Enemy's flotilla. Conflagration of the Scorpion and other vessels. Reconnoitring. The Admiral proceeds to Upper Marlborough. Mission to the Commander-in-chief. My instructions. A consultation. The army marches for the capital of the United States. Incidents in the route. Affair at Bladensburg. Capture of Commodore Barney. Anecdote. 268

CHAPTER XI.

Number of our troops. A Halt. March towards Washington resumed. Approach to that City. General Ross sounds a parley. Assailed by a volley from three hundred men. Destruction of the Capitol. Capture of Washington. The President's palace. Demolition of the office of the National Intelligencer. Ladies of Washington. Interchange of civilities. Destruction of the War Office, and of the Government Rope-walk. A serious accident. A tornado. Take possession of Fort Washington. Capitulation. 294

CHAPTER XII.

Enemy's squadron under Commodore Rodgers. Captain Porter. Sir James Gordon's gallant conduct. An American runaway. Loss inflicted by us on the enemy. "Scaring" announcement. Quit Washington. Halt at Bladensburg. Resume our retreat. Reach Benedict. Disappointed in my hope of carrying home the despatches. Again enter the Chesapeake. Abandonment of further operations. Determination to attack Baltimore. The troops march towards that town. Death of General Ross. The engagement. Visit to the field of battle. Move on again towards Baltimore. Arrive near the town. Express to the Commander-in-chief. His answer. A council of War. A retreat determined on. Our retrograde march. False alarm. Mortifying result. 316

CHAPTER XIII.

Quit the Chesapeake for Bermuda. Funeral of the late Sir Peter Parker. Moments of bitterness in an officer's life. Again enter the Capes of Virginia. A snare. Our rocket-boat. Jonathan's dismay. Recapture an English merchant-vessel. Tail of an hurricane. A wreck. Chase a large ship. Reach Cumberland Island. Take possession of St. Mary's. Arrival off the station. My promotion. Quit St. Mary's. Flags of truce. Young Ladies. A pretended deserter. Reward of his perfidy. Peace between Great Britain and the United States. Offer to take charge of the Countess of Harcourt, Indianman. Departure from Cumberland Island. A severe gale. Appalling situation. Get safe to anchor. Arrival at Bermuda. An anxious chase. My success. Passage home in the Endymion. Conclusion. 348

RECOLLECTIONS

OF A

NAVAL LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

A Phenomenon—Islands originating in Volcanic matter—Hospitality of Mr. Read—Arrival of the *Dotterel*—News—Arrival at Portsmouth—Leave of Absence—Ordered a passage in the *Cleopatra*—Reach Lisbon and rejoin the *Barfleur*—Shooting excursions—Evening amusements—A sad Story—Gambling—Portuguese etiquette—Anecdote—The Author and his Friend are attacked by Bravoes—Frolics.

As we approached St. Michael's we observed, to our astonishment, at a short distance from the main land, a conspicuous islet, which was not laid down in the chart spread before us on the capstan. On anchoring in Delgada Roads, Mr. Read, the Consul, came off, and the fancied omission was speedily explained. It was one of the first of those phenomena which have lately asto-

nished the world, of islands rising out of the sea. Mr. Read had taken different views of it from the commencement of its appearance to its highest formation : they were very interesting, and doubly so accompanied by his remarks. The first circumstance that drew his attention to the spot, (one hundred fathoms deep,) was a column of smoke rising from the water : this increased rapidly in space and thickness, and was succeeded by flames rising above the surface, throwing up at the same time an immense quantity of black ashes and pumice-stones. Vast quantities of fish were cast on the neighbouring shores, boiled by the heat of the waters. In a few days an island was discovered, which had risen from a depth of six hundred feet : every day added to its height, till it had attained three or four hundred feet above the surface of the sea, when the volcanic fire ceased. During the formation of the island the whole of St. Michael's was more or less convulsed.

The Captain of His Majesty's ship *Sabrina*, cruising off St. Michael's, was the first person who landed upon it ; he hoisted the English ensign, and named it *Sabrina Island*,—an act which much displeased the Portuguese authorities. In this state we saw it *en passant*, but had no opportunity of visiting it. It remained stationary for

some time, but finally, like most islands of the same nature, gradually disappeared.

This was not the first phenomenon of that description at St. Michael's, for in the year 1638, after an agitation of several weeks, an island, six miles round in extent, arose under similar circumstances from the depth of one hundred and twenty feet, and was again swallowed up. Another instance occurred in 1691, and caused much damage to the immediate neighbourhood of St. Michael's. Other submarine eruptions in the same locality took place in 1720 and 1757, accompanied by terrible earthquakes.

There can be no doubt that the whole of this group of islands derive their origin from volcanic matter. At St. Michael's a crust of lava from six to twelve inches thick forms the upper surface of the earth, under which is found a rich black mould. This coating serves the purpose of building walls round the ground brought into cultivation : if the quantity is too great, a large hole is dug, the soil from which is scattered around, and the surplus lava buried.

The attention and hospitality of Mr. Read have been experienced by every officer who has been at St. Michael's; it would therefore be a work of supererogation to dwell upon his kindness. It sprang spontaneously from a warm heart, and

made his guests feel they were at home, and they enjoyed themselves accordingly. The Captain, and as many of the officers as could be spared from the duty of the ship, visited his country-house; the surrounding scenery was truly beautiful, and the domain of the Consul a little paradise.

It is impossible that any class of men can enjoy the beauties of nature to such an exquisite degree of perfection as sailors, who are so frequently and so long debarred from them. After a long spell at sea, we see points of interest, and search out subjects of delight, quite unintelligible to the satiated eyes and senses of landsmen. Seldom have I passed a more agreeable day than this inland trip afforded me at St. Michael's.

The arrival of the Dotterel, one of the Lisbon squadron, gave us a budget of news. Among other intelligence we learned that his Majesty's ship Myrtle was given up as lost, and that the Admiral had reported us missing: this was not to be wondered at, for Captain S—d had no opportunity of communicating with Lisbon or England to inform him of our movements.

We quitted St. Michael's in company with the brig for Lisbon. Sailing two feet to our one, she was in a few hours out of sight, and reached her port long before we got off the rock, when it blew so heavy a gale of wind that we could not attempt

to take the bar. The weather continued so bad that, after having split and lost our sails, and shipped several heavy seas, we were finally obliged to bear up for England. We fell in with an enemy's privateer in the Channel, but, from want of sails and stores, were in such a state that she laughed at us; all we could do was to drive her over towards the French coast. On our arrival at Portsmouth we learned with unfeigned pleasure the promotion of our commander to post rank, and that he was to keep the *Myrtle*, she having at the same time received a step in the ladder of promotion, viz. from a sloop of war to a sixth rate.

Having refitted at Spithead, I obtained a week's leave of absence, and, landing with my black boy and parrot, set off for the interior. The departure of Poll drew upon me the heavy displeasure of the whole gun-room mess; they severally felt not a little inclined to quarrel with me upon the occasion. She was a source of never-failing amusement. Had the matter been put to the vote, I think I should not have found one out of the whole ship's company in favour of her abduction from the ship. Boatswain and Poll were rivals in the affections of all on board. It was not altogether fair on my part; for when once an animal or bird becomes a general favourite and pet, it is (as it

has been justly observed) looked upon as public property, and any act of the legal proprietor indicating personal right, is regarded as little less than a gross injustice and an illegal assumption.

We started off by the night coach, occupying a seat behind. My negro boy lost his wits from fear and astonishment at all he saw; but, as we passed through the archway under the ramparts, and over the drawbridge, he could contain himself no longer; he screamed with fright, and grasped hold of me as if he feared being hurled into the lower regions: he was only to be reassured and quieted as we emerged from the dark passage.

I arrived at my friend's house late at night. When I descended the following morning, I found Poll perched upon the sill of the window, clucking inimitably to a young brood of chickens that were chirping below her. The anxious mother was dismayed at this usurpation of her rights, and vainly essayed to entice her fascinated progeny away from the neighbourhood of the impostor. In the course of the day a visitor called upon the lady, accompanied by a favourite lap-dog. Poll had mounted the cornice of the window-curtains, where she lay *perdue*. The visitor called her favourite "Bijou, Bijou;" the call was immediately repeated by Poll: she looked round and fancied

she must have been mistaken, but a repetition of her words when she again addressed the dog, left no doubt upon her mind that some person was in the room mocking her; she was only undeceived by the bird discovering herself as she fluttered her wings laughing most heartily. I left dear Polly here, and never saw her afterwards.

On returning to Portsmouth I had the mortification to find that my ship had been suddenly ordered off, and I adrift. I was not long allowed to kick my heels in that most delectable of all sea-port towns; I was promptly ordered a passage in the *Cleopatra*, then collecting a convoy for Portugal, at Spithead. The ship was full of passengers, comprising red and blue coats. The friendly welcome of most naval messes, notwithstanding the inconvenience attendant on the admission of strangers, is universally known and acknowledged; that of the *Cleopatra* was not behindhand in the duties of hospitality.

I there had the pleasure of being introduced to my gallant friend P-lk-g-e, who was first Lieutenant of the ship: we afterwards served together against the enemy in America. I shall have occasion to speak of this officer hereafter, and the neglect of his claims to promotion: it will serve as evidence, that intrinsic merit may be passed over, merely from a proper display of

that modest feeling which ought to actuate every commander when he gives his official account of the success of an expedition under his orders : whilst trifling affairs frequently secure disproportionate rewards from the bombastic manner in which they are detailed. It is really wonderful how much a good share of brass will accomplish, even with persons of presumed penetration and sound judgment. How frequently do we find that characters *minus* claims of any description oust the man of service : the talents, gallantry, and worth of the latter are drowned in the incessant clatter of some busy, meddling political *Plap-permaul*, who by his amazing impudence succeeds in carrying off the prize from the more able candidates, in favour of his, or of his friend's *protegé*.

Contrary winds sent us into Torbay. After a tedious passage, which must always be the case with a convoy, we at length reached Lisbon, when I again took up my comfortable old quarters on board the *Barfleur*, the *Myrtle* having a few days before sailed for England. The disappointment I experienced was compensated by the enjoyment I felt in the society of the members composing the *Barfleur's* mess. The amusements were as multifarious and variable as the most sickly fancy could well desire : horse-racing, shooting, fishing, opera, balls and parties, *cum multis aliis*. All the

roses of the service were to be collected here without any of its thorns,—not a very frequent occurrence in His Majesty's naval service during the last war.

My friend B—n was a capital shot; I frequently accompanied him on his shooting excursions on the south side of the Tagus, in the Kinta belonging to the Royal family. Here were to be found lots of snipes, some woodcocks, and red-legged partridges: the former game contributed principally to our sport, at which B— was a dead hand. Our dogs were good, but the sandy dry soil of the Kinta did away with all scent, and consequently few partridges decked the board; we were indemnified, however, by signal success against the snipes, which abounded in the swampy grounds surrounding the royal precincts.

If our game failed in the anticipated quantity, a visit to the fish-ponds in the Prince's enclosure made up the deficiency. I did not quite comprehend B—'s remarks, when he said "Well, if we cannot sport fowl to-day, we shall be sure of shooting some fish." The mystery was explained on arriving at the reservoirs of water well stocked with the finny tribe. These reservoirs seldom exceeded two or three feet in depth; some of the fish were always to be seen near the surface. By firing more or less on one side of them, according

to their depth below the surface, the shot after striking the water took a diagonal direction upwards, and entering their bodies from underneath turned them over at once; to have aimed directly down upon them would have ensured a failure. A Portuguese boy then waded in for them, and in a few hours the product of our morning's sport smoked upon the ward-room table.

After the French retreated from Santarem, the islands in the Tagus above that place were visited by the sporting part of the mess: the quantity of game sent on board after one of these excursions might literally be termed boat-loads; comprising partridges, quails, woodcocks, snipes, hares, and rabbits: it was the slaughter of a regular *battue*.

The evening's amusements were sometimes not so conducive to the health of either body or mind as our morning exercises. Among the most notorious of the gambling-houses was one situated in the Rua de la Pailla: there daily and nightly might be seen several of our countrymen amidst a motley crew of foreigners; Signor Paolo presiding, assisted by his whiteheaded coadjutor the dealer of the cards, whose keen imperturbable countenance appeared incapable of expressing any other feeling than that of an acute observation of the cards, as he deliberately turned up the pack,

right and left. Our visits to this h—ll were too frequent. Sometimes a run of good luck, more frequently bad, attended us, till we were all pretty well cleared out of our loose cash. A young English merchant often accompanied us, and, when in want of a few dollars to endeavour to recover our losses, was ever good-humouredly inclined to assist us. Fortunately, we saw the folly of persevering in this ignoble, heartless track. The majority of us abandoned the fatal table altogether, and the remainder had sufficient prudence to visit it but seldom, and then under certain limitations. One alone exceeded this sage resolve, and he, unhappy young man ! suffered himself to be carried away by the delusions of this blighting evil until he played a conspicuous part in a terrible drama.

It is a sad story, fraught with misery and infamy to the subject of it, but it presents a warning too impressive, and too awful, to be disregarded by those who would wish to inculcate upon the youthful mind the dangers that must ever attend a gaming-table. A young officer, hitherto worthy of esteem in every respect, had first from curiosity, and afterwards from passion, acquired the constant habit of visiting Signor Paolo's establishment. At starting he played for trifling sums ; but each succeeding visit only increased his appetite for gambling, and his stakes became greater.

He was on intimate terms with the young merchant I have before mentioned. One fatal night, having lost all he possessed, and afterwards far more than he had the means of paying at the moment, he left the gambling-house in frenzied agony, and repaired to his friend's residence for the purpose of procuring more money, with which he intended again to try his fortune. It so happened that the young merchant was absent. Knowing where the money was kept, he went to the desk for the purpose of taking the sum he required: he had no intention to defraud his friend, for he could have commanded double the amount had he been at home. I believe he had obtained possession of the cash, when the Portuguese servant, entering the room, interfered, and would not allow him to depart unless he replaced the money in the desk. The young officer became desperate. Maddened by his previous losses and the impediment now thrown in his way, foreseeing the opprobrium that was likely to attach to him for this last rash act, he lost all power of control over the impetuous feelings raging in his bosom: he struggled with the faithful domestic for freedom, the fever of his blood increased, and, reckless of consequences, he drew one of his pocket-pistols and shot the man dead upon the spot. All Lisbon appeared to join

in the cry of vengeance upon the unhappy murderer. He was given up to the Portuguese authorities, tried, condemned, and ignominiously executed.

Those who were stationed there at the time must well remember the deep sensation this unhappy affair created. Poor —— was a young offender, and, taking into consideration the frenzied state of his mind at the time of the deed, and the total absence of all malice prepense, together with the circumstance of so many British officers having fallen victims to the knives of Portuguese assassins, whose manes were yet unappeased, it was thought that no great violation of the rights of humanity would have been committed, had he been suffered to escape, and the ignominious shedding of English blood been prevented. The action would have carried its own bitter punishment with it into the breast of the unhappy ——, who was formed in a mould susceptible of embodying all the finer feelings of human nature.

The love of gambling paves the way to a labyrinth of error, vice, and crime. It is a passion, when carried to excess, that absorbs all other feelings : it becomes the parent of drunkenness, debauchery, murder, and suicide ; it severs the tie of kindred and affection ; it leads to the abandonment of every honourable principle, to the rob-

bery and sacrifice of the property of wives, children, and parents ; it degrades and brutifies the very nature of man—his heart is turned into stone, his blood into gall. He stalks forth from his den of infamy a debased, dishonoured being, his senses stultified, the bounty of his Creator insulted ; a curse to himself, his family, and friends.

The professed and hardened gambler, who thrives upon the ruin and gloats upon the agony and pangs of his inexperienced victim, is a character to be avoided as a walking pestilence. There is poison in his breath, and pollution in his touch ; he should be abhorred and rejected of men. A day of reckoning will surely come, when virtue and vice shall not be confounded together ; when the virtuous and the vicious shall find their accounts scrupulously balanced by the hands of an all-righteous, all-seeing Judge.

The Portuguese evening parties presented a striking contrast to our own more sociable arrangements. The ladies generally presented a compact semicircle at one end of the room ; and the gentlemen, with an inexcusable want of gallantry, arrayed themselves on the opposite side. This state of affairs was not according to our taste, and we adopted the manœuvre so successfully carried into execution by our naval commanders-in-chief, viz. breaking the line, whenever we could

discover a glance of recognition from amidst the formidable phalanx of ladies' eyes. I suspect the invasion of Portuguese etiquette was by no means disagreeable or inopportune, for we encountered no other missiles but bright glances and winning smiles.

These parties, but more frequently those of the Opera and Rua de la Pailla, detained us to a late hour: at such times, if the wind blew fresh from the westward, it required force to induce the lazy loons of watermen to take us off to our ships. These fellows sleep in their boats; aware of our late hours, and of our coercive measures, they cunningly moored at a trifling distance from the quay. Our tactics now changed, and we were obliged to enter into a parley with them: this generally failing, a regular bombardment of pebbles brought them to a due sense of their interest. Sometimes our stony arguments were so heavy and skilfully directed that they speedily brought the indolent sleepy rogues to terms. In consequence of the packs of hungry curs that infest the streets of Lisbon, we found side-arms to be an absolute necessary appendage to our walking costume, and, as bravoos were by no means uncommon, a brace of pocket-pistols completed our warlike attire.

One blowing night my friend B— and his companion, after much difficulty, were fortunate

enough to secure a boat with two men to take them off to the Barfleur. When they reached the middle of the stream, the spray that flew over the boat, and the increased exertion of the oars, so disheartened the boatmen, that, after grumbling and growling for some time, they at length lay on their oars, and flatly refused to proceed to their destination. Threats were unavailing; they stoutly resisted all commands, and even attempted to put back to the shore. Here was a dilemma. As a last resource before coming to blows with the refractory rogues, B— drew forth one of his pocket-pistols, with the intention of frightening them into compliance, and, levelling it at the most obstreperous of the two, swore he would shoot him if he persevered in his disobedience. To the horror of the friends, the pistol snapped; fortunately it only burnt priming. The alarmed wretches no longer doubted the determination of the young men; their vociferous defiance instantly dropped to the whining tones of supplication, and they pulled away quiet as lambs, too much occupied with their own fears to heed the agitated state of their passengers. The friends reached their ship in silence, when poor B— gave way to the feelings of horror, regret, and gratitude, that by turns rushed tumultuously through his mind. Those who have known B— will bear testimony

out of range, in perfect safety from a bombardment. It was one o'clock; no lodging could be obtained, and the friends were fairly adrift. There was nothing to be done but to walk to Buenos Ayres; they were too fagged to attempt the promenade, and had the pleasing prospect of being quartered in the streets for the night. Suddenly T—p, (who went by the name of Tommy,) observed an hidalgo's carriage at an open door waiting for its owner. The postilion was snugly ensconced within the *porte-cochère*, snoring his soul away. T—p having reconnoitred the premises, rejoined his friends in full glee, stating that he had got a carriage for them. They suspected the real state of the case, and hesitated to follow his advice of "Come, step in, there is no time to lose." An offer on his part to ride postilion decided the business, and they seated their weary selves in his lordship's comfortable vehicle: but, as mules occasionally require the powerful stimulus of a good thong, Tommy cautiously approached the sleeping coachee, and gently disengaged the whip from his unresisting hand; he then vaulted into the high peaked saddle, cracked his whip, and off they sped. The clatter of the animals' hoofs and the rumbling of the wheels awoke the despoiled charioteer; as the carriage turned the corner of the street they plainly heard the uproarious out-

cries of the bewildered man ; an additional share of whipcord was bestowed upon the haunches of the poor beasts in consequence. The intruders could scarcely maintain their seats, being absolutely convulsed with laughter, in witnessing the dexterity of the driver, and at the idea of the utter discomfiture which both master and man would experience at their freak. T—p performed his part to admiration. Their merriment was speedily cut short by the clatter of horses' hoofs behind them ; the mounted *gens-d'armes* were in pursuit. The sparks of fire that flew from the feet of their chargers caused additional exertions on the part of the indefatigable driver. The poor mules must have been sorely perplexed at the cause of this unwonted hurry : the faster the *gens-d'armes* rode, the heavier and quicker fell Tommy's blows. Up hill and down hill they scudded, *ventre à terre*, at the risk of demolishing the hidalgo's carriage, and breaking their own necks into the bargain. The goal, viz. the packet stairs, thanks to the capital Yorkshire jockeyship of T—p, was won, and, pulling up, they jumped out. Tommy leaped from off the saddle, and, giving his nags a parting salute, set them off at a smart trot again, having thrown his staff of office into the carriage. They slipped down the passage leading to the water side just in time to escape the Argus eyes of

their pursuers, half a score of whom swept swiftly by, while the performers of this trick were chuckling at the successful result of their operations, which, had they been caught *in flagranti delicto*, would have proved any thing but a joke. They never heard a word on the subject. The poor brutes, whose hides had been so unmercifully belaboured, doubtless gained the credit of having run away from being tired of waiting for his lordship; and the napping coachman's having heard the well-known crack of his own whip as the carriage receded from his view, could only be considered as the chimera of a sleepy brain. They wisely kept their secret until the proper time for declaring the matter of fact to the astonished natives.

Another night, two sparks who shall be nameless, one belonging to the marines, the other a wild lieutenant in his Majesty's navy, took it into their heads that an attempt to escalade the windows of two laughter-loving dames would not be repulsed by the fair occupants of the apartments. When threatened with such an attack, it is quite certain that the arch smiles of the ladies added fuel to the fire that was raging in the hearts of these men of war. How prone we poor mortals are to deceive ourselves when a favourite object is in view ! Those beams of intelligence that shot

from the wicked eyes of the beauties as they listened to the daring intrusion to be made that night upon their repose, originated in their incredulity, and conscious security against the mad scheme contemplated by their enamoured swains. These Spanish houries dwelt two stories high ; but what obstacles will not love and passion conquer ? The swaddy and his companion departed in high glee, determined upon the attack when the still hour of midnight should favour their designs.

At the back of the habitation to be thus carried by storm, an outhouse rose within six or seven feet of the small iron balconies outside the rooms that contained the objects of their adoration, but separated four or five feet from the main building. This had been carefully noted, and not a doubt remained on the mind of the blue jacket that the lodgement might be successfully executed from this point, which to a sailor was of easy ascent. These gallant sons of Mars and Neptune having obtained this first post in Love's assault, an iron hook attached to the end of a line was thrown over the balcony and hooked on to the iron work. Thus secured, the sailor, with rope in hand, leaped from the outhouse, and, with his feet against the wall of the house, hauled himself up hand over hand to the balcony, but not without having startled the sleeping inmates from their slumbers.

An attempt on his part to open the window caused a duetto pitched in so high a key as astonished both soldier and sailor: the latter endeavoured to still the uproar by addressing the fair in their own language. “Quita il impedimento que hay parar entrar. Chiton ! silencio Señorita, carissima Señorita silencio por l’amor de Dios !” uttered in a dulcet tone, only increased the uproar, which had now evidently extended to the interior of the mansion. The clacking, banging of doors, hurry and bustle, convinced the intruders that they had no time to lose in making their escape. Down slipped the lieutenant by the aid of the rope, and stood in safety on terra firma ; but the marine was not quite so alert in descending from his elevated post : his companion had mounted to assist him down, when the windows of the fair donnas opened, and out stalked one of the masculine gender, who, in no very mild tone, demanded “Who was there ?” accompanied by the agreeable information that if they moved he would shoot them. This polite warning was unheeded by the foiled lovers, and just as the marine reached the ground, the Don let fly, and knocked off the fourth finger of the poor soldier’s left hand. Before he had time to repeat his salute, the discomfited pair made their escape, leaving the hook and line as a trophy in the hands of their opponent,

from which he could extract no further evidence than that which the tell-tale broad arrow impressed upon the hook declared, and thence it was inferred that the delinquents were English.

The ladies of the family might perhaps have supplied a clue that would have led to their discovery, but, as one of the adventurers had already bled in their service, they compassionately retained their suspicions, and I believe would rather have submitted to any inconvenience than that the joke should have ended so unfavourably to one of them. The truth is, they considered the threat of an escalade on the part of their admirers as mere rhodomontade, and were in a sound repose when the hook thrown over the balcony startled the fair sleepers, and prevented them from recollecting the conversation of the preceding day: fear overpowered them; the attempt to uncloset the window completed their dismay, and they opened out an animated chorus of cries for assistance, which were alone exceeded by the loud shriek that escaped them at the report of their guardian's fire.

CHAPTER II.

Racing at Lisbon—An unlucky purchase—Excursion to Cintra—Achievements of our army—Resume my duties on board the Myrtle—The ship on fire—Trip to Cadiz—Arrival of Commodore C. in the Grampus—Join the Commodore—A jesting order literally obeyed—Its consequences—Flotilla of gun-boats—Study of the Spanish language.

OUR numerous military friends were always ready to supply us with horses, and a ride to Campo Grande, to witness the racing, served not a little to vary the pleasures of Lisbon. So enamoured were some of His Majesty's naval officers with this amusement, that many of them set up their stud, and these *engoués* might be frequently seen rigged out on the ground in silk caps and jackets, top-boots, &c. whipping and spurring their highflyers as they approached the winning post in such jockey-like style, as to elicit the applause, and occasionally contribute to the amusement of their military companions.

I was myself infected by this mania for horse-flesh, and a proposal of making a tour round the lines of Torres Vedras, with three or four comrades, almost determined me to purchase a nag for the occasion. An acquaintance, who was on the point of quitting for England, strengthened my inclination this way, by urging me to purchase his own, which he assured me was a superior animal in every point of view; saying that I should deem it a fortunate bargain; that the journey I contemplated would only tend to improve his condition, and he would be worth at least fifty per cent. more on my return. All this sounded so very specious that I took my acquaintance at his word, and the affair was settled by requesting he would order his servant to take the nag to the stables of a military friend. As the vendor was to embark that night, I of course settled with him immediately. The next morning, while sitting at the breakfast-table in the Bar-fleur's ward-room, a note was delivered to me from the proprietor of the stables in which my nag was housed: it ran as follows.

“MY DEAR S,”

“Your horse arrived here last night. I have only just seen him, and my advice is, that you send him immediately to the slaughter-house, by

which you will probably save the expense of having him carried there.

“Your’s very truly —.”

I could scarcely believe my eyesight, nor could I be thoroughly convinced of the fact till I had visited my unlucky purchase. The *friend* who had been so anxious to accommodate me, was, however, wind-bound between Belem and St. Julian’s Castle. I despatched a note requesting an explanation of this extraordinary affair, and no notice being taken of it, accompanied by my friend B—, I sought the Yorkshireman. He suspected a visit, and one of no pleasant nature, for on perceiving a boat approaching the ship, he with the aid of a telescope reconnoitred its occupants, and succeeded in procuring a cobble to land him on the south side, and we missed him. A message was then left with the commanding officer of his detachment (to whom the affair was explained), that, unless he came forward, measures would be adopted to prevent his receiving the amount of the bill given him. He did not appear; but in justice I must add, he never presented the bill, nor have I ever heard further of it. A veterinary surgeon belonging to one of the regiments kindly took charge of the horse, and after six months’ physicking and coddling,

during which period I had the use of him about ten days, I succeeded in selling him for one hundred dollars. The expenses (the veterinary surgeon having given his own attention gratis, and the medicines at prime cost) did not exceed one hundred and fifty dollars, so that I got off remarkably cheap, and better than my folly deserved.

The expedition to Cintra and the lines of Torres Vedras was not to be abandoned on this account. We had obtained permission of our own Commander-in-chief, but it was necessary likewise to obtain that of the military Commandant of Lisbon, General P—. We waited upon the latter, who gave us the trouble of calling several times, when we at length received a positive refusal. We were mightily indignant at this unexpected rebuff, and determined to pursue our excursion without his concurrence. I imagine his refusal originated in some mistake.

B—n, C—ll—y, our friend the young English merchant, and myself, all properly mounted, accompanied by a sumpter-horse in charge of a sharp-witted Portuguese boy, well loaded with all the good things necessary to the comfort of the inward man, set off one fine morning on the road to Cintra, full of life and spirits. In the evening we reached that paradise on earth ; for certainly, of all the countries I have visited

during many years' pilgrimage, whether it be to the North, South, East, or West, I know of none that, in romantic scenery, or variegated charms, can equal that most beautiful of all beautiful spots. To attempt the description of a place immortalized by the pen of the greatest poet of the age, would be to expose myself to the charge of presumption, and betray my want of language to do it justice; nor will I now describe the course of our adventures in that delightful expedition. Our steeds being well provided for, we resigned ourselves to the goodly care of Mrs. —, a worthy Hibernian dame, who kept the inn there.

We rose with the lark, our spirits as elastic as the breezes that swept the mountain-tops, and feasted our bewildered senses with the enchanting prospect that everywhere presented itself to our dazzled vision. The Palace of Marialva, where the famed treaty was signed that robbed our brethren and their able leader of the laurels they had so nobly won, was one of the first places visited. There stood the table upon which the treaty was placed to receive the signatures of the parties; the blotch caused by the upsetting of the inkstand on that occasion still remained on the floor.

Many were the brilliant feats of arms achieved

by our countrymen since the ratification of that untoward treaty. The charm thrown around the French arms had been broken by British valour and discipline, and had inspired those nations who looked upon the soldiers of Napoleon as invincible, with fresh energy to throw off his victorious yoke; British exertion finally led to their emancipation, and the overthrow of the most mighty conqueror that has ever graced the annals of history. And must not every Englishman's heart warm within him, when he recalls the deeds of compatriots, which raised the military prowess and achievements of his country to a pinnacle of fame and foreign estimation it had never before attained? But vile passions, under the garb of liberal feeling, are, by a portion, allowed to intervene and darken the glories of her best sons: their services are forgotten, and degenerate men seek to decry them as a means of hereafter pursuing unmolested their own selfish schemes of ambition. But let us hope the time is not far distant when common sense will point out the political adventurers of the present day in their native deformity.

While we were running down the lines of Torres Vedras, our army, under the talented man who led it on from one scene of glory to another, was investing the stronghold of Bada-

joz: before we returned, it had fallen to his conquering arms under circumstances redounding largely to the renown of England's military character. The list of killed and wounded was frightful, and plainly showed the obstacles to be surmounted by the assailants,—obstacles which might have awed other troops than those famed for their courage and sterling worth in the hour of arduous enterprise. John Bull, when guided by intrepid, decisive officers, will accomplish any undertaking within the sphere of practicability and possibility.

The success attending their efforts was hailed by the large naval force then in the Tagus, with as pure a feeling of pride as if they themselves had participated in the glory of the affair. If any degree of jealousy formerly existed between the two services, the seeds of it have long since been eradicated. During my career no trace of it was visible; on the contrary, there existed a perfect unanimity of good and kindly feeling between the two professions, such as should ever reign among men who, though nominally divided into two bodies, and destined to act separately, should yet be one and indivisible in spirit and desire for their country's weal. The demand for reinforcements on the part of Marshal Beresford was so urgent, and the success attendant upon Lord Wellington's

operations had so much influence on the members of the Portuguese Regency, that they promulgated an order to the effect that the young men who had taken shelter in the cloisters for the purpose of embracing the clerical profession, were, after a certain antecedent date, to be regarded as liable to bear arms.

In a bigoted country like Portugal, such an order speaks volumes for the opinion which the heads of the government entertained of their allies. The suggestion, I believe, originated in English councils. The consequences were, that a vast number of fine stout young fellows, who were performing the part of drones, were brought forward as useful subjects, and sent off to recruit the thinned ranks of their army. I witnessed a convoy of these recruits marched off, under the title of *voluntarios*, tied together two and two, and again made fast to a rope that passed between them leading from van to rear, thus binding them altogether like a gang of galley-slaves. In this state, however, they good-humouredly called to the guard at Black-horse square, in passing, to turn out and salute the voluntarios.

I had scarcely been reinstated in my snug cabin on board the *Barfleur*, after our inland cruise, when the return of the *Myrtle* from England, (where she had remained much longer

than had been contemplated,) obliged me to renounce parties, balls, operas, nightly rencontres, and the long list of agreeable et-ceteras that followed in the train of our evening visitations to the shore. The duties of my office were to be resumed on board the *Myrtle*, from which I had been exempted four months.

Captain S—d was one of those officers who could readily distinguish between premeditated wrong and accidental trespass; and though he had been put to much inconvenience by my absence, expressions of regret on my account alone passed his lips, and a friendly welcome greeted my re-appearance. He had during my absence kept watch, preferring to do so rather than put the second lieutenant and master in watch and watch. On our passage from Africa he did the same thing. It was a pleasure to anticipate the wishes of such a commanding officer. If I were to say I did not regret the society of the friends with whom I had spent so many agreeable hours on board the *Barfleur*, I am sure I should meet with the credit hazarded by such an assertion. I did sincerely regret them, but men on the service of their country must put aside private feelings, and embark with devotion in the duties of their profession.

A few days after my return, sitting at the gun-

room table taking our wine after dinner, one of those unaccountable automatical beings we occasionally meet with, (whose placidity of manner and countenance, under circumstances the most dangerous and distressing, is never ruffled, leaving us in doubt whether it arises from stupidity or want of proper feeling,) entered the gun-room, and, with the greatest indifference, reported most leisurely—"The ship is—on—fire—forward—sir." "What!"—"The ship is on—fire—forward—sir." I believe I upset him in my exit, and running forward, perceived a volume of smoke issuing from the gunner's store-room. The door was instantly closed, the boatswain piped to quarters, and in a very few minutes the firemen had their buckets filled. The fire was immediately over the magazine, and the smell of powder was so strong that it was evident some had been burned. In the short time that elapsed before all was ready, I had descended into the magazine. I certainly expected that the moment I opened the door would prove the last of my existence; but I was agreeably relieved, on finding every thing safe; and, thus re-assured, I secured the passage, and commenced with the store-room. The smoke was suffocating, but the effects of closing the door had not only retarded the progress of the flames, but nearly smothered them, so that with a few buckets of water the fire was soon extinguished.

When our safety was secured, a course of inquiry began ; and it appeared that the gunner's-mate, contrary to the standing orders, had taken the candle out of the sconce, and was examining a broken rocket by its light: the composition took fire, and the good-for-nothing scoundrel rushed out, locked the door, and went upon deck as if nothing had happened. The alarm of fire was very soon after given, and the happy result I have detailed. I was excessively incensed, and ordered the culprit to be placed in irons till the captain came on board.

There is no accident so awful and so horrible in its consequences as fire in a ship ; nor is any conduct more deserving of severe punishment than the infringement of the strict regulations regarding fire and lights on board his Majesty's ships. While the guilty gunner's-mate, whose disobedience and subsequent unpardonable conduct had nearly been the means of sending us high in air, was waiting in confinement the punishment due to his fault, I received a letter from him so full of jaw-breaking words that I was completely puzzled. I regret that I have long since lost the precious literary *morceau* : it was, doubtless, intended to overwhelm me with astonishment at the deep erudition of the prisoner. He had for four-and-twenty hours been busily employed in culling from the dictionary the

catalogue of hard words that had so completely posed the first-lieutenant. I can only recollect the concluding sentence—"And I trust your honour will pensitate upon my pensitive situation." Unfortunately for him, the more I pensitated the more guilty he appeared; his literary genius could not save him from being disrated, and receiving the chastisement he had so richly earned.

A trip to Cadiz was again cut out for us. While at anchor there, a violent gale of wind from the westward came on, with a heavy rolling sea; during which a galliot was seen in the offing, steering for the Bay. Instead of giving the Puerco rocks a wide berth, she steered directly for them; nor did the unfortunate crew perceive their danger until it was too late to avoid their fatal destiny. She struck, and in less than a minute disappeared from the face of the waters—she was dashed to splinters, and every soul perished. Not a possibility existed of offering the sufferers assistance. We were all gazing with melancholy feelings at the spot where she was lost to view, when a part of the wreck floated by the ship. Our favourite dog, Boatswain, observing everybody intently watching over the side, jumped on the hammocks, and, catching sight of the wreck, leaped overboard before he could be arrested, swam

to the splinters, seized hold of a large piece, and was swept away astern of the ship. To allow the noble brute to perish without an attempt to save him, was not to be thought of; there was not a man in the ship who would not have willingly ventured his life to save that of the dog. At the risk of the boat and crew, the quarter-gig was lowered down and pushed off to the rescue. The sagacious animal, although nearly drowned, kept firm hold of the piece of the wreck, and, when the boat reached him, was well nigh exhausted; three or four minutes later, it would have been all over with the gallant Boatswain. They reached the shore in safety; and on the return of fine weather, the deservedly general favourite was safe and well on board again, receiving the caresses of his friends and messmates.

While lying in the bay, Commodore C— arrived in the *Grampus*. I lost no time in paying my respects, and was much gratified at having a vacancy offered me on board of her. As the *Myrtle* belonged to the Lisbon station, it was necessary to obtain the sanction of the Admiral in command there to the exchange. I therefore returned to the *Tagus*, when the request of the Commodore was instantly complied with, and I lost no time in proceeding to join him. A miserable Spanish merchant brig was the only imme-

diate means that offered ; and the overscrupulous caution of the master, as related to his spars and masts, almost drove me crazy. During the performance of vespers they might have all gone over the side, rather than the Ave Maria they were chanting should be interrupted.

The smell of garlic, and a compound of other horrible accompaniments on board, would, but for the aid of some good cigars, have been insupportable ; a ham, a few bottles of porter, and plenty of good biscuits, preserved me from the necessity of running the risk of being poisoned by partaking of their olla podrida. A fortnight passed away before

“ Fair Cadiz rising o’er the dark blue sea,”

gladdened my eye-sight ; and sincerely did I congratulate myself when I was safely shipped in the gun-room of His Majesty’s ship Grampus.

Three of the lieutenants were old ship and messmates, therefore I was quite at home. The Grampus was fitted out for the express purpose of proceeding with the approbation of the Spanish Cortes to South America, to settle the disputes between the colonies and the mother country. The Commodore was appointed first Commissioner, in conjunction with Messrs. Morier and Sydenham. In all my visits to foreign countries this

visit to Cadiz rests on my mind as the most agreeable I ever paid out of England, though the city was hotly besieged by Soult. The afternoons and evenings until eight o'clock were passed on shore, in the first society which Spain could present, basking in the fascinating glances of the Andalusian beauties; at night, watching and exchanging compliments with the enemy. Here were to be found concentrated all the excitements of war which love and glory can produce; one hour sighing at the feet of a mistress, the next engaged with the foe—again, enjoying the pleasures of the dance, and ere Aurora tinged the eastern sky, the angry messengers of Fort Napoleon and the Trocadero would perhaps give the quietus to many a gallant spark, and curtail the locomotive powers of many a votary of Terpsichore. If variety is charming, Cadiz afforded an exquisite sample of that commodity. The distance between the Castle of Puntales and Fort Napoleon, the nearest French battery situated on the Trocadero, was about seven or eight hundred yards, across the narrow channel which separated them, leading up to the Isla; and four hours rarely passed over without their battering each other in high style. Between these contending points the boats of the squadron rowed guard; shot and shell flew over the heads of their crews from both parties.

The guard boats were divided into two divisions, one stationed off St. Mary's, the other in the Trocadero channel. My first night's duty was in the latter guard. The lieutenant commanding the boats for the night gave me the following singular order, "You will remember, sir, to be very particular in keeping as close in as possible to the Trocadero."

"As close as possible," I repeated.

"Yes, sir, as close as possible."

Thus distinctly ordered, and a novice on that particular service, I was far from suspecting any jest, and literally obeyed the orders. The moon was up, but that luminary was so obscured by heavy clouds, that I got to my destination without being noticed; but the moment I lay on my oars, I was hailed by the French sentries, and saluted, without waiting for a reply, with a volley of musketry, and then grape and round in double-quick time. This was really no joking matter for us, and we moved off as fast as my fellows could propel the cutter through the water. On the first blaze the clouds broke away, and the moon shone brilliantly, as if to favour the design of the enemy of sending myself and crew to kingdom come.

I pulled over towards Puntales, where I fell in with my jesting commanding officer, who, find-

ing the fire of the enemy following me up, called out most angrily as if I had been a stricken deer, "Pull away to port, sir; you'll bring their fire upon us, pull away to port," and appeared inclined to pass a heavy censure upon me; but this I thought rather too good a joke, and begged leave to remind him I had only obeyed his instructions. As I was a fresh hand, he had very sillily let me in for a wrinkle, as he was pleased to style it. The French seldom fired upon the boats at night unless we got too close in. If an English boat was struck by their shot, their fire would cease, in order to allow others to come to their rescue, but no such complaisance was shown to the Spaniards, their fire was redoubled on such occasions. a deadly hatred appeared to exist between the invaders and the inhabitants of the country.

The flotilla of gun-boats under the command of Captain Carrol was in beautiful order, and commonly ran along the French batteries every day, exchanging shots with the enemy. They were of the same kind of boat as that used at Walcheren, but in some points improved upon. They were perfectly adapted for that particular service, but the accommodation was wretched for the officer and men who remained on board. These boats were constantly engaged with the enemy during the siege; the casualties were trifling for

so long a period of service. Captain Carroll manœuvred them in a masterly manner, giving perpetual annoyance to the enemy's works, and eliciting much admiration from the whole squadron.

Our forenoons in the Grampus were dedicated by the majority of the officers to the study of the Spanish language, assisted by a professor of that nation. *Hablar la lenga Español* appeared the ruling passion of our mess. *Haber* and *Ser*, might be heard conjugated in all their different tenses, moods, and persons. *Tenér* proved a stumbling-block to one of our honorary members, and I believe he never succeeded in mastering it. He stuck fast in the present tense, and thus acquired the soubriquet of Old Tengo. He was one of those good fellows we delight to look back upon; one who was loved and respected by all who knew him. He received his promotion as a commander; the peace overtook him, and from having wielded the weapons of offence and defence with credit to himself, and to the annoyance and frequent annihilation of the enemies of his country, he became one of the inspired of heaven, and died in the odour of sanctity.

Having acquired our lessons in the morning, we brought them into play in the afternoon, by seeking the society of the charming Señoritas.

There is certainly no method so propitious to the acquirement of a language as conversation with the native ladies. And when such women as Cadiz could then boast of, undertook the task of correcting our errors and harmonizing our pronunciation, the man (save and except my friend Tengo) who did not profit by such advantages must have been made of dull materials indeed.

I pretend not to say whether the erudite professor, or our bewitching instructresses, had the greatest claim to the credit to be derived from our rapid progress in the Spanish tongue; but with the exception of Tengo, who could make himself intelligible to his inamorata alone, we in a few weeks astonished ourselves and the ladies by our fluent rattle.

CHAPTER III.

Hospitality of Mr. B-r-r-n—His daughters—Visit to the Artillery Officers at the Isla—A severe Skirmish—Fox-hunting—Castle of Puntales—Its gallant Commandant—Lively promenade—Effects of the Vesper bell—An alarm—Join the Corps Diplomatique—Bombardment from Fort Napoleon—Delightful society—Our Commodore promoted to his Flag—Removal to the Marlborough—Driven into Torbay—A critical situation—A strange Sail—Renewed delights at Cadiz—Bermuda—Operations against America—Bend our course for the Chesapeake—Take an American schooner—Light on Cape Henry—Admirable sailing of American schooners—Infernal machines—A narrow escape.

THE house of Mr. B-r-r-n, an Hibernian, who had married and had been long settled in Spain, was constantly open to us : his hospitality was boundless, and the frank, fascinating attentions of his lady and two daughters were universally admired. A strong naval party were generally to be found in possession of the premises. These fair damsels might be truly said to count a regiment

of admirers in their train, and to have turned the brains of half of them. The walking-dress of the Andalusian ladies displays their figures to great advantage; it consists of a plain black silk petticoat, white body, and a veil thrown over the head. Nothing can be more becoming than their mantillas; the snow-white stockings and black shoes enclose the prettiest, smallest, neatest feet and ankles in the world, and cannot easily be forgotten: the flirting of their fans, and the bewitching airy style with which they tread the ground, are as graceful as they are peculiar to themselves. But I must quit this inspiring subject; it recalls too forcibly to my memory that one-and-twenty years have passed over my head since these syrens led so many of us captives in their silken bonds. I had heard a vast deal about Spanish jealousy and its disagreeable consequences, but among my numerous friends and acquaintances I never knew an instance of annoyance or molestation on the part of the haughty Dons.

Our brother blues, of the Artillery, were quartered at the Isla. It proved a pleasant interruption to the sweets of Cadiz and the disagreeables of Cadiz Bay, to pay a visit to them at their quarters for a day or two, for which purpose we were accommodated by them with nags. Their mess resembled all artillery messes: gentlemanly and agree-

able, their attentions friendly, warm, and kind. My intimacy with many branches of the army admits of pleasing retrospections; our cordial co-operation together when on service, and our unanimity of feeling in private, have impressed me with esteem for the whole body. Whilst on a visit to these gallant sons of Mars a severe skirmish had taken place the preceding evening, the French having driven in our advanced sentries; many had fallen on both sides, but the great loss rested with the enemy. We passed over the scene of the bloody conflict, and here and there the mounds that covered the remains of friends and foes were plainly observable. We proceeded on to the advance: a small space (pistol-shot distance) intervened between the opposing sentries; a ditch formed the line of demarcation between them. We had not been there long before two French officers saluted us, which being returned, both parties advanced on either side the ditch, and entered into an amicable conversation, with all the apparent cordiality and frankness of friends. The skirmish of the night before became the subject of conversation, and all the little incidents were recounted by both parties. "How many men did you lose in the affair?" was the question of one of our party. "A mere bagatelle; eight or ten, I believe."—"Encore, Mon-

sieur le Capitaine, n'est-ce pas !—we have buried nearly double that number.”—“C'est bien possible !—but how many accompanied them on your side ?”—“About the same number.”—“Ah ! ah !” and the veteran could not restrain a smile of gratification that his countrymen had fallen avenged. We continued in friendly chat upon indifferent subjects, for both parties appeared tacitly to understand that any questions leading to the subject of their mutual operations would have been at once useless and impolitic.

At sunset, with all the *politesse* imaginable, the Frenchmen, after expressing their regret that the situation of affairs would not allow any interchange of civilities, took leave of us. We departed, and entered the slight breastwork of our advanced post. Had we moved one step out of it afterwards in the direction we had just quitted, the French sentries would have instantly fired upon us. Such are the incongruities of life.

A bagged fox, from the shores of Barbary, occasionally administered to the amusement of the lovers of the chase, in which, by the assistance of their hosts, the naval visitors were not backward in joining heart and soul. In return for all this hospitality, they would frequently favour us with their company on board, and thus an exchange of friendly intercourse

cemented the good feeling between both services. Many of these our artillery friends have honourably distinguished themselves, and many have nobly fallen on the battle-field.

The Castle of Puntales was in command of one of the corps, who, at his own request, remained there instead of being relieved by his brethren at stated periods. I forget how long this gallant officer had held the post previously to our arrival, but for several months not a day had elapsed without his being engaged with the enemy many times during the twenty-four hours: his quarters were situated in the upper part of the castle, and were pretty well defended from shot and howitzer shells; but they had been several times totally destroyed by those from the mortars. As he was always at his post the moment the cannonade commenced, he had escaped scatheless in the destruction of his hurricane house. His coolness, intrepidity, and ability, had called forth the admiration of all who knew him. After having been exposed to the daily, hourly cannonading of the foe for months, and to the fatigue attendant on repairing the damages inflicted upon the place, to the last hour of the siege, this meritorious and gallant young man joined in the pursuit of the enemy: and on entering the city of Seville, a chance shot

from the rear-guard of the retreating French army, ended the career of an officer who bade fair to attain the highest honours of his profession. He was (if my memory is correct) the only person killed upon that occasion. His loss was deeply and deservedly deplored, not only by his own brother officers, but by all his countrymen who had, for so long a period, witnessed his noble daring. His was a singular destiny, but who shall struggle against fate?

We occasionally visited him in his fiery quarters, and more than once it occurred that we had to witness the effects of the Frenchman's fire, and of course to contribute our humble services in returning the compliment of the iron salute.

The enemy's shells had so far increased their range, that three-fourths of the city were exposed to their effects; happily, few exploded, from the small quantity of powder they contained, being nearly filled with lead, to give them an additional range. The promenade, situated on the north side of the city, where the fashionables of both sexes assembled every evening, was looked upon as quite out of reach of these disagreeable intruders; and in the perfect confidence of security, the noble Spaniards indulged their gaiety, and the beauteous belles complacently received the compliments of their enthusiastic

admirers. All was animation, enjoyment, and pleasure: a passing spectator gazing on the panorama, would have found it difficult to believe that he beheld the inhabitants of a besieged town. The change that 'came o'er the scene,' as the tinkling of the vesper-bell in the neighbouring convent announced sunset, was curious and striking enough: the busy hum of human voices suddenly ceased,—all stood still,—the joyous smile was exchanged for the look of devotion,—every man was uncovered, and repeated, or appeared to repeat, the Ave Maria to himself,—the lips alone moved without the slightest whisper being audible; not a limb, not a finger was seen to stir; all were transfixed to the spot, so long as the bell continued ringing. When it ceased, devotion was as suddenly thrown aside as it had been assumed, the thread of conversation was again taken up at the point at which it had been broken off, and hilarity and compliment resumed their sway.

One evening the cry of "Bomba, bomba!" and immediately afterwards the heavy fall of one of Fort Napoleon's messengers, destroyed the mirth and beauty of the scene; the women were seen flying and screaming in every direction, and the dignified bearing of the noble Spaniards themselves was somewhat deranged for the moment by

their clownish endeavours to place their precious persons in greater security. The place was cleared of its company, with the exception of a few English officers, in the twinkling of an eye. The wind was from the eastward at the time: either an extra charge of powder in the mortar, or a strong favourable squall in its flight, assisted in propelling it so far. It was the only one that ever attained that distance. Be it as it may, the charm of security was broken; and for the remainder of the siege the Almeida was shorn of its glories. I must confess the hurry of the grave Spaniards in skurrying away from the dreaded bomb far exceeded the exertions of their dark-eyed countrywomen, whom they most ungallantly left to take care of themselves. Telegraphic communications were daily received by the flag-ship from St. Mary's, reporting the movements of the enemy, who occupied the town. They were successfully and cleverly executed, even to the conclusion of the operations against Cadiz; and were never discovered by the French. These signals would be frequently interchanged several times a day; all the officers of the squadron were aware of the existence of this intercourse and when it took place, but none could ever discover the mode adopted by the communicant at St. Mary's.

My friend B-g-d, whose vacancy I had filled,

came out from England, and I was superseded ; and Mr. D-k-s, the private secretary to the first Commissioner, having joined the suite of Sir Henry Wellesley as an attaché, I was placed in the vacant situation. I had thus the honour of nominally joining the corps diplomatique, but continued to perform those duties that were much more congenial to my habits and inclination.

After waiting several weeks, the discussion in the Cortes came on respecting the English mediation with the Spanish colonies. It lingered from week to week ; the natural repugnance felt by the nation at foreign interference in their colonial squabbles, gained the day, and their sanction was refused to the commissioners proceeding for such purpose : and thus was destroyed the last hope that remained of bringing them again under the sway of the mother country. The decree of non-interference having been ratified, our stay at Cadiz was no longer necessary, and we prepared to quit scenes of war, love, and gaiety, for our native land.

The bombardment from Fort Napoleon continued more briskly, and with greater effect, than had before been experienced ; scarcely a day now passed without several suffering from the fire of the enemy, and thrice happy were those considered among the Spanish ladies, (I do not think I should err if I included the Spanish gentlemen,)

who had the opportunity offered to them of escaping being crushed or maimed by the ponderous shells which fell into the city. I am quite certain that the pleasure among the officers must have equalled, if not exceeded, that of the female part of the family of Mr. B-rr-n, when it was announced that the Commodore had offered them a passage to England, and that it had been accepted. Their fascinating society was the only solace left us in quitting that charming town.

The corps diplomatique being re-embarked, and the ladies who were to accompany us having likewise taken up their quarters in the Grampus, we bade adieu to the beleaguered city.

I must pass over the scenes of love and rivalry created by M-rg-ta and M-q-ta among his Majesty's officers; not a few of them were guilty of a breach of orders as officers of the watch, in allowing that attention to be directed towards their tottering steps, which, in duty bound, ought alone to have been paid to their more bulky charge. They might be truly styled queens of hearts, for they reigned triumphant; except the master, it would have been difficult to have found one individual out of the whole ward-room mess, who was not more or less shattered in the region of the heart, so admirably did the lady artillerists use their fire-flashing weapons.

Delightful as was the society of the charming M-rg-ta and M-q-ta to the lieutenants and officers of his Majesty's ship Grampus, and convinced as I am at all times of the magical powers of the fair sex in calling forth all that is good and great in man, devotedly as I admire and prize them, I much doubt whether I should covet the presence of such an enchantress as M-rg-ta on board my ship, to ignite the upper works of inflammable lieutenants and midshipmen.

The prolonged passage between Cadiz and Spithead, which at other times would have heaped maledictions upon the old fifty-gun ship, was considered by the enamoured officers as much too short. Our passengers proceeded to London, the coquetish M-rg-ta triumphing in the wicked havoc she had made, and sealing that triumph by the mode of taking leave of her numerous admirers, and the warm manner with which she invited them to visit her family in the metropolis.

The 12th of August was at hand, and the expectation of a general promotion, that never-failing source of interest to both army and navy, engrossed all minds.

Our Commodore was promoted to his flag, and appointed to the naval command in Cadiz Bay; an event which was hailed by the officers who were to follow him into the Marlborough as the ne

plus ultra of good fortune. Their feelings were in some degree damped by the intelligence that Marshal Soult had broken up the siege and retreated, which of course detracted in no small degree from the importance of the station, much as we rejoiced as Englishmen at the object of the enemy being defeated. The disappointment, however, was much alleviated by the company of the ladies back, with the addition of two female relatives, who had previously quitted Cadiz, and were now anxious to return.

By our removal to the Marlborough we were placed under a Captain whose generosity of heart and warmth of feeling endear him to all who have the pleasure of ranking him among their friends. The band on board the Grampus was but indifferent; the most promising of the members were removed to the Marlborough to form the nucleus of another and a better. The charge of disciplining and attending to the musicians was willingly undertaken by the most musical of the lieutenants. By the zeal and perseverance of Lieutenant C—s, no less than twenty aspirants were enrolled, and bade fair, under his able superintendence, to become a credit to his exertions, and a source of pleasure and amusement to all hands. The Lieutenant's task was however ended by Sir Thomas Hardy offering the late band of the *Barfleur* to

his former messmate and captain our Admiral: which being gladly accepted, we became possessed of the very best set of performers in his Majesty's navy, the same I have before spoken of at Lisbon. Out of the men collected by Lieutenant C—s, a small horn-band was selected, and the rest dispersed among other ships. Thus doubly armed with musical delights, our passengers re-embarked, and, with a convoy tacked to our heels, we set off to the westward. Previously to our departure from Spithead, the news of the commencement of hostilities by America was received, but, as the orders in council (the ostensible cause of the war) had been rescinded, and we had not made any counter-declaration, it was conceived the affair would be amicably adjusted.

A gale from the south-west drove us into Torbay; the wind the following morning suddenly chopped round to the south-east, and began to blow so hard that only those of the convoy that lay well out were enabled to get away. The heavy sea that immediately rolled in, and the increasing gale, prevented us from weighing anchor; the close-reefed topsails were set, and the yards braced up for casting to starboard: on the order being given to slip, she paid off, but unfortunately something went wrong on the lower deck; and she was brought up again for the moment with

the wind rather on the starboard bow, at which instant the cable was cleared, the end flew out of the hawse-hole, and the ship cast in-shore. It was doubtful whether there was space to wear and clear Berry Head: our situation was most critical; had we let go another anchor, the probability is we should have snapped the cable, and increased the difficulties of our position. The Admiral decided at once that there was room, put the helm up, and wore her in as short a space as was practicable: intense anxiety and suspense filled our breasts as she came to the wind. By getting the courses upon her, she looked to windward—it was however a ‘touch and go;’ the lee yard-arms appeared as if they would graze the face of the beetling cliff; the angry waves, as they rebounded from the rocks, dashing their spray over our lee-gangway, assisted in keeping us to windward. Her own breadth more to leeward, and I doubt whether any of us would have been left to tell the tale of woe. A number of the military standing on the head above us, saw and trembled at our frightful danger—there could scarcely have been a nearer approach to destruction. Lieutenant B-g-d has taken an exact representation of the Marlborough’s perilous situation. We had good reason to congratulate ourselves.

Before the Marlborough got clear of the Chan-

nel, a French privateer schooner was found at daylight among our convoy : the gentleman had a clean pair of heels, and as we could not leave our charge, we were obliged to abandon the chase. Forty-eight hours afterwards, we observed a stranger with a heavy press of sail coming down upon our weather bow, evidently chased by two others astern ; we immediately tacked to intercept her. The position of the chasing vessels was such that no alternative was left to the pursued but to endeavour to cross our hawse ; she was soon made out to be an enemy's cruiser, and apparently the self-same privateer that had so lately led us a short dance. In her course she passed close to some of the merchant-vessels : she reminded me of a wolf hard pressed passing among a flock of sheep, and whose devouring propensities at any other time would have been satiated only by their destruction, but who now looked neither to the right nor to the left at the tempting prey he so much coveted. The fellow behaved most gallantly, and held out to the last moment. He had got on our weather beam ; his only chance of escape, if chance there existed, was to cross our bows, out of the range of our fire ; but the Dotterel on his weather quarter forced him under our guns. We did not fire any round shot, not wishing to damage property which it was clear

would very soon be our own. The surfeit he got of grape and cannister, and the utter hopelessness of freeing himself from the toils that surrounded him, at length induced the gentleman to give up the ghost—but not before our fire had saved him the trouble of shortening sail. The vessel turned out to be the identical craft we had chased, “*La Léonore*,” of ten guns and eighty men, just out of port, and as likely to have proved a tax upon the pockets of the underwriters as any of her predecessors. The prize being made over to the Dotterel’s charge, we pursued our trackless path to the southward, enlivened by lots of flirtation, waltzing, and music.

The white walls of Cadiz, as they rose from the bosom of the deep, terminated the scenes of love and rivalry on board his Majesty’s ship *Marlborough*. The goddesses at once of love and discord were restored to the paternal roof. We found the city completely changed in appearance: now it was comparatively flat and deserted; previously to our departure it had been crowded with the first families of Spain, who had sought refuge within its walls. The retreat of Marshal Soult enabled them to revisit their properties and friends. The Regency had wisely set to work in cutting canals, and endeavouring to render the Trocadero so strong as to bid defiance to any

future besiegers, being the only spot whence the town could be annoyed by shells.*

Six weeks of the renewed delights of Cadiz, with its tertulias, balls, &c. which, if less brilliant than formerly, were scarcely less agreeable, had passed over our heads, when dispatches were received, ordering the Admiral to the North American station. Our country claimed our services in another hemisphere; and if regret did mingle with deeper and other feelings at our change of destiny, it was only for a moment; the tocsin of war called us to battle with other, bitterer foes, and the call was obeyed with alacrity, by hearts pledged and devoted to their country's weal. Brief was the time permitted for the arrangement of affairs of the heart; important duties urged us onward, and his Majesty's ship Marlborough was quickly seen gliding out of the bay, ploughing her way to colder lands and less congenial skies.

We anchored in Funchal Roads on our way to Bermuda. The Admiral went on shore, and the barge had scarcely returned, when a gale of wind

* Notwithstanding all the additional works and fortifications thrown up for the defence of Cadiz, the Duke d'Angoulême speedily gained possession of them, and the city itself, from which Soult was obliged to retire. In their successful struggle against Soult, the Spaniards had the English as allies; at the latter attack they were left to themselves.

commenced from the westward ; and every vessel excepting ourselves was blown out to sea ; during the night it veered more to the southward, and again His Majesty's ship Marlborough was in imminent danger of shipwreck. When the storm abated, the Admiral re-embarked, and we weighed. On heaving up the anchor it was found that two out of the three strands of the cable had parted at the clinch. The sea was swarming with American privateers, but, though we frequently heard of them by neutrals, on our passage to Bermuda, we did not catch a glimpse of one. We arrived at our destination at the commencement of the new year.

Bermuda assumes the aspect of a paradise when approached on a fine day, and might be supposed the favoured dwelling-place of a race of Ariels. The numerous islands reposing on its glassy lakes, and reflected as in a mirror by the clear blue sea, lend a degree of enchantment to the scene scarcely credible ; but, alas ! like our own weak vain desires, that which appears so delightful and most to be prized in the distant perspective, too often ends in delusion and vexation as we approach the goal of our long-cherished aspirations. So it is with the sunny islands of Bermuda : rapture and delight are the first sensations that fill the mind ; they are speedily chased away, and succeeded by

more than disappointment, as the weary mariner, sick of the sea, treads the deceptive shore :—some spots there are, however, which will live in song.

The entrance to Murray's anchorage is very properly styled the Narrows ; there is not a greater space between the rocks than will admit of one ship passing at a time ; while she touches the buoy on one side, the other is scarcely ten or fifteen feet distant from the opposite friendly mark. Among the men-of-war lying here, we found the *Belvidera*, Captain Byron, whose brilliant retreat from Commodore Rodgers and his squadron, under very disadvantageous circumstances, was as gratifying to the naval circle as to his countrymen at large. The news so anxiously expected of the operations against America, by no means corresponded with the justifiable hopes formed by the successful exertions of Captain Byron ; it only created an ardent wish to take our departure for the coast : and though we knew the enemy had no ship to oppose to an English seventy-four, we were fully aware that Admiral Cockburn would cut out plenty of work for the Americans, as well as sufficient employment for those placed under his command. The continual arrival of captured vessels clearly showed that a rich harvest was to be gathered by only putting in our sickle ; but we had to wait a month for

the Commander-in-chief, Sir John Warren. A tantalizing month passed away on leaden wings before we saluted his flag. Three days more were consumed in courts-martial on the Captain of the Victorious, relative to a convoy, and the Commander of the Frolic, which vessel had been captured by the enemy: both were honourably acquitted. On the fifth, we put to sea with four line-of-battle ships, two frigates, and a brig, and bent our course towards the Chesapeake. The passage was long and stormy, but several prizes were captured *en route*. The Rear Admiral, being extremely desirous of arriving at his destination, carried on against contrary winds, in a style that astonished some of the senior captains of the squadron, and in a fortnight we arrived off Cape Henry.

The day we made the land the Dragon was sent in chase of two schooners, and succeeded in capturing both: they were commanded by officers in the American navy, who had been stationed off the Chesapeake for the purpose of warning off their countrymen from entering the bay: they were beautiful pilot-schooners, and proved invaluable as tenders, to which purpose they were immediately converted. We found our little squadron lying in Lynhaven Bay, consisting of the Maidstone, Belvidera, and two or three sloops

of war. The boats' crews' of the frigates, under Lieutenant Kelly Nazer, had two or three days previous to our arrival distinguished themselves in boarding and capturing, after a severe resistance, the Lottery, a large letter of marque schooner, mounting six twelve-pounders. The commander of the American vessel entitled himself to the highest respect from his captors, by the determined manner in which he fought his vessel; nor did he yield till he had lost eighteen men out of twenty-eight, and was himself mortally wounded; the boats had one man killed and five wounded. It was considered so brilliant an affair, that the Rear Admiral expressed his approbation of it in public orders.

The Ramillies, Poictiers, and some of the smaller craft, were despatched off Philadelphia and New York; the rest remained to be distributed up and down the Chesapeake.

In less than a week, our acquaintance with Brother Jonathan commenced. A fine schooner had attempted to run through Lynhaven Bay during the night; she failed in her purpose, and was discovered at daylight, six or seven miles off, endeavouring to gain Hampton Roads. The boats were despatched, under Lieutenant Westphal: he soon came up with her, and, pushing alongside under a smart fire of grape and musketry, gained

her decks, and added another clipper to the prize list.

The enemy, contrary to his own interest, (a rare occurrence with citizens of the United States,) had extinguished the light on Cape Henry : this gratuitous act saved us the trouble of "dowsing the glim." None of our vessels had yet ascended the bay : the enterprising inhabitants of Baltimore wisely took advantage of this circumstance, by sending their letters of marque and privateers down in the neighbourhood of New Point Comfort, there to wait for one of the severe north-west gales that frequently blow at that period of the year. During the dark nights, six and eight at a time would endeavour to push by the squadron lying in Lynhaven Bay. Our sloops-of-war and frigates would slip on these occasions in chase ; but, if the clippers succeeded in getting outside the Capes, they dispersed, and some were sure of escaping : it, however, frequently occurred that they ran aground on Cape Henry, and were of course destroyed by us. Had the light been burning, it would have proved a certain guide to them in avoiding the middle ground, and have enabled them to clear the dangers of the channel, and proceed to sea. To vessels coming in, it would have proved invaluable, as, after nightfall, they might have made

the light, and by its assistance passed sufficiently high up the bay to be out of sight of us at daylight. It is very possible many would have fallen into our hands, but escape, in a stiff breeze and dark night, was not only possible but highly probable: the light would have been a source of annoyance to us, and its extinction did us good service. No less than four or five beautiful American clippers, from two hundred and fifty to three hundred tons, were lost one night inside Cape Henry; and it repeatedly happened that, fearful of the middle ground, they erred on the opposite side. On quitting New Point Comfort they were of course obliged to trust solely to the compass, which probably varied from some local cause of attraction. Soundings were out of the question, running at the rate of eleven knots an hour; the first shock on striking the ground sent their masts over the side, and rendered them complete wrecks. Those of our own squadron who slipped, generally managed to take each his bird; but the chase frequently continued one, two, and sometimes three days, so admirably did these beautiful schooners sail.

Their great and favourite point of sailing, when not close hauled, was dead before the wind, as they were enabled to spread an immense cloud of canvass on one mast; when chased by our square-

rigged vessels, and pressed hard, they generally endeavoured to get on that point. Many escaped by this manœuvre. Ships which do not shine before the wind, indeed every square-rigged vessel, might advantageously adopt the plan of beating to leeward. As the expression of beating to leeward may appear somewhat enigmatical to many of my readers, it will be well to explain my meaning. In square-rigged vessels, the head sails going before the wind are becalmed, and, instead of accelerating the sailing of the vessel, rather retard her progress. The sails on the mizen-mast contribute to deaden those on the main-mast, therefore not half the canvass spread proves of any utility; what is found to be a light breeze going before it, on crossing it obliquely is felt to be a fresh wind. When therefore a vessel of which you are in pursuit adopts the first-named manœuvre, and it is found she outsails you, or you do not gain upon her, instead of keeping directly in her wake, by hauling up a couple of points the head-sails draw, and the velocity of the ship is increased full one-fifth. Suppose a ship before the wind steering north, going at the rate of five knots an hour, and holding her own with another vessel two miles ahead of her; by hauling up two or three points all her sails draw, and she increases her rate immediately to six knots,—the probability is

she would exceed that computation; steering north-north-east and north-north-west alternately, you would gain nine-tenths of a knot an hour upon the north course, and by not bringing the chase to the westward or eastward of the above two named points, you could never increase your distance from her at any one time by remaining too long on one tack. Thus you would in little more than two hours be alongside of her, or force her out of her best point of sailing. Sir George Cockburn, when he commanded *La Minerve*, by adopting this plan took *La Mouche*, one of the fastest-sailing privateers out of France. On making a passage I always followed this course, particularly in the trade winds; reaping the advantage of making much greater way, with the additional comfort of keeping the ship steadier, and the wear and tear of sails and rigging considerably lessened.

While the squadron remained in Lynhaven Bay, the guard-boats were stationed in advance every night, as the enemy's determination to attempt the destruction of our vessels by means of torpedoes was known. We had never seen any of these much-vaunted infernal machines, which were to blow us into the air;—to defeat this American project, buoys were moored ahead of each vessel when riding to the ebb tide. Our curi-

osity was shortly to be indulged with a view of the whole apparatus, which materially lessened the danger in our eyes.

One dark night, when in command of the advanced-guard, I fell in with an American schooner attempting to escape from Hampton Roads; having succeeded in capturing her, I brought her to an anchor, not wishing to disturb the squadron at that hour by sending a strange sail in among them. I left a midshipman and six hands in charge of her, and, distributing the prisoners among the boats, resumed my occupation. Shortly afterwards we fell in with a strange gig, which not answering the parole, we gave chase to her: it was a torpedo boat, and it was lucky for the crew they escaped. At dawn of day I returned on board the prize for the purpose of getting her under weigh, and taking her down to the squadron. On arriving alongside, I found Mr. P—], the midshipman whom I had left in charge, busily employed with his men hauling on board what he conceived to be a great prize. As I stepped on board, their united endeavours had succeeded in landing it on the schooner's deck. At the first glance the truth flashed across my mind. It was a torpedo. By some singular good agency the men in hoisting it on board had seized upon the only line of the many attached to the machine

that would not have ensured their destruction. The boat we had chased in the night, on being discovered, was supposed to have cut it away. Observing the arrow and buoys floating alongside, Jack got hold of the spar, and finding something attached to it kept hauling away, wondering with all his might what the devil he had got hold of. Had I not arrived at that precise moment, it is more than probable they would have pulled one of the fatal laniards that must have launched them into eternity. I instantly ordered every man to quit it, and, carefully cutting away the ropes and lines attached to it, I felt more at my ease, and began to scrutinize the diabolical messenger. It was nothing more than a long cask with a thick square piece of iron containing the gun-lock fixed on to the bunghole; in this piece of iron was inserted a peg of the same material, to which the lines were fastened; the withdrawal of the peg, as I suspected, would have completed friend Jonathan's humane intention. But I took especial good care to leave it unmolested till all danger should cease in handling it. Having cleared it from its gear, I broke in the head, and, starting the three hundred pounds of gunpowder it contained into the sea, commenced my examination. The sting extracted, I pulled out the peg, and the click of the lock and the flash in the

pan confirmed the wisdom of my precaution. The clearance I made of the gear debarred me from forming perhaps a correct idea of the manner in which it was to be guided to its destination, but I will state the inference I then drew from its “appliances and means to boot.” The torpedo appeared to have been slung to the centre of a small spar supported at each end by a buoy; about fourteen or fifteen feet below the surface of the water. To each of these buoys a line was made fast, leading to the peg before mentioned. To keep the buoys parallel to the beam of the vessel to be attacked, other lines from the buoys were attached to the end of another spar, styled an arrow, which floated in a line with the stream, forming a triangle, the spar between the buoys being the base; to the opposite end of the arrow, the line was made fast which was to veer it astern in the hawse of the vessel. If it came athwart hawse as intended, the buoys must pass on either side of the cable—the force of the tide then sweeping the torpedo under the bows, and the whole weight of the apparatus coming upon the line from the peg to the buoy caught by the ship’s cable, drew the fatal peg, and the explosion took place. If the machine could be fixed to the bottom of the ship, her destruction must ensue; but the folly of setting them adrift in the manner

pursued by the Americans must be obvious: even allowing they had got athwart hawse, it is extremely doubtful whether they would have effected any material mischief; besides, the precaution of mooring buoys ahead of the ships would have completely frustrated such futile attempts. I believe a great many were set adrift, and found their way into the Atlantic—one exploded near the Plantagenet, but we never experienced any damage from them. They only tended to irritate the minds of our men, so that, had the enemy been caught in the fact, I doubt whether mercy would have been shown to him.

These attempts were cut short for the time by taking up our anchorage, two days after the torpedo business, in Hampton Roads. On our approach, the enemy's frigate *Constellation* moved higher up, above Crany Island, surrounded by large gun-boats, each mounting two twenty-four pounders.

From this anchorage we scoured the different rivers with our boats, and took a great many vessels, some valuably laden, comprising ships, brigs, and schooners; not a day passed without adding to the list of captures.

CHAPTER IV.

British Licences sold in the United States—Plan to capture the Constellation—Establish an understanding with some Americans—Leave our Anchorage—Capture of an American Privateer—An Action—Its result—Anchor the Prizes—A drunken Crew—Dangerous situation—Flattering opinion of themselves entertained by the Americans—American method of stating “facts”—Attack upon French-town.

AT this period, in consequence of the course events had taken in the Peninsula, a number of British licences were sent over to America, to protect any vessel bound to Lisbon with supplies. I believe it is a well-known fact that they were publicly sold in the United States. We captured a fine ship in James's river; when the boats took possession of her, the master was absent. The poor man endeavoured to humbug us by purchasing a licence at Norfolk; a few days afterwards he made his appearance in a flag of truce, assuring the Admiral he was bound to Lis-

bon with supplies for our army, and as a proof of his assertion, he tendered the licence just purchased, filled up with his own and the vessel's name, stating that he had by accident taken it on shore with him. Jonathan's manœuvre was worth trying, but it did not succeed. Two or three vessels that we found in the river, who produced their licences on boarding them, were not captured, but warned not to proceed on account of the blockade.

Our guard-boats approached so near the Constellation and the gun-boats every night, that a plan was formed to capture or destroy her by the boats under our first lieutenant Westphal. The time of attack fixed upon was immediately after the frigate swung to the ebb tide, when her stern would be presented to our advance. The line of gun-boats lying outside of her were to be attacked by a strong division of boats, at the same time two fitted with rockets were to endeavour to push on under the stern of the frigate, and discharge them into her; another strong detachment of boats was to support these, and it was hoped, amidst the uproar and confusion that must have ensued on board, that by pushing alongside, and taking advantage of the moment, she might have been captured and destroyed, if the rockets of themselves did not settle the latter

business. It was a well-arranged plan, and every officer was so thoroughly cognizant of the particular duty expected of him, that the success of the expedition was never doubted. Two or three days elapsed before the wind and tide answered our purpose. At ten o'clock the boats of the squadron assembled, and, each officer having received his instructions, we started off for our destination. The distance was not more than four or five miles; but the weather, which had assumed a threatening aspect the whole evening, changed soon after we quitted the ships, and began to blow so hard as materially to impede our progress: when within a couple of miles of the Constellation, the gale increased so heavily that we were unable to hold our own, and the launches were dropping rapidly astern. Lieutenant Westphal persevered to the last moment in hopes of a lull; too long indeed, for day broke and discovered us to the enemy, who, taking advantage of the hint, moved higher up, and adopted such additional precautions for his security that all further attempts must have been fruitless. The anxious mind of my messmate, and the brilliancy of the exploit in perspective, goaded him on, for we all know how loth every officer is to abandon an enterprise of such a nature entrusted to his command, until absolute necessity

compels him to relinquish it ; but we cannot war against the elements, and the Constellation was fated to remain in security during the whole war ready for sea in Norfolk river.

We landed in several places up James's river, and obtained supplies and intelligence, nightly, of what was going on in the neighbourhood. Wild fowl abounds in the Chesapeake and its tributary streams ; rowing up the rivers during the night, the quack-quacking was continuous as we broke in upon their nocturnal slumbers. We could hardly believe ourselves in an enemy's country, as we silently swept over the still waters with our muffled oars, listening to the rustling of the trees on the banks, the barking of the watch-dogs, and the midnight crowing of chanticleer, as they occasionally broke in upon the silence of the night.

We very soon established an understanding with some of the inhabitants in the immediate vicinity of the river, who willingly met our views and cared for our safety when landed. We cannot suppose that their friendship originated in regard for us, but certainly they found protection and profit in the alliance. If any force was lurking in the vicinity, and we were expected by our friends, a signal from them, not perceptible to their compatriots, warned us of the danger, and we were

prepared accordingly. Our means of security were afterwards greatly increased by the assistance of the negroes. Though several snares and ambushes were laid for me during our after services in the Chesapeake, I escaped them through the agency of my invisible friends ; but I am likewise bound to confess that I suspect the same courtesy was shown by my coadjutors to their own immediate partisans, and that an exposé of the movements on either side was carefully reported to the contending parties, thereby fairly balancing in their own minds the account of services rendered.

While remaining in Hampton Roads, an American ship, during a gale of wind, ran in from sea, passed our ships in Lynhaven Bay, and, steering for Hampton, appeared determined to try the same game with the squadron lying off there. Every ship was prepared, and she must have been knocked to pieces had she persisted; but, fortunately for the Master and crew, she took the ground on the horse-shoe shoal, and was taken possession of. When the gale moderated, we hove her off.

Having cleared the surrounding waters of every craft within our ken, and the Commander-in-chief arriving in Lynhaven Bay, we left our snug anchorage in Hampton Roads, and joined him in the

former place, accompanied by a convoy of prizes, which the *Junon* took under her charge to conduct into port.

A fine American privateer brig of sixteen guns entered the bay just before daybreak, and was discovered within gun-shot, endeavouring to pass our frigates. The *Acasta*, *Narcissus*, and *Statira*, were instantly under weigh; some well-directed shot from the latter obliged her to surrender before the master could accomplish his purpose of running her on shore. She had proved an unfortunate speculation for her owners, having been at sea six months without having made a single capture.

On the first of April we weighed to proceed up the bay. On the second, when abreast of New Point Comfort, we gave chase to five vessels, four of which were large schooners. As we brought a breeze up with us, they took shelter in the Rappahannock river. At four o'clock, the squadron anchored at the mouth off Windmill Point, and the boats of the squadron were despatched in pursuit of the strangers, who were lost sight of by a turn of the river. We continued in chase all night; at daylight the enemy was discovered at anchor, but, on perceiving us, immediately weighed and formed in line of battle, with their sweeps out. Lieutenant Polkinghorne, the

commanding officer of the expedition, in the St. Domingo's barge ; the Statira's pinnace, Lieutenant Bishop ; the Maidstone's yawl, Lieutenant Liddon ; and the first and second barges of the Marlborough, under Lieutenant Urmston and myself, were the only boats in sight :—all the others had been left far behind in the extraordinary long pull since we left the ships. The morning was beautiful, with a light air from the eastward. The river here formed a large bay, in which our enemies were drawn up in battle array on the larboard tack, with just a sufficiency of wind to keep them under command. The stars and stripes were floating proudly at their peaks, and the pendants at their mast-heads informed us they were men-of-war: their guns were run out, and all prepared to receive us. Their aspect was formidable to our small force, but it in no way diminished the confidence of our commanding officer, or those under him.

The Marlborough's boats, from being much faster, were a considerable way ahead of the others, and had lain on their oars waiting for their consorts to come up, when, the wind freshening a little, and fearing a further increase might prevent the attack, it was determined not to wait for them, but to endeavour to delay their escape, by bringing on a cannonade, and thereby affording the chance

of lulling the freshening breeze. Under these circumstances we pulled down upon the centre of their line. On getting well within gun-shot, the whole of the enemy's vessels opened their broad-sides upon us : this salute, however, created only an additional desire in the hearts of our brave fellows to close.

In the conversation that passed between the two boats as they approached the enemy, it was decided, after getting well down upon the centre of the enemy's line, that our course should be altered, and our attention turned to cutting off the sternmost, largest, and most warlike-looking of the whole. It is but justice to the memory of Lieutenant Urmston to state, that he believed the vessel we had fixed upon to be the Fox privateer, one of the largest of the schooner rig out of America, and which we knew had been fitting out at Baltimore.

The object of pulling down in the manner I have described having succeeded, we forthwith pursued our ulterior intention of attack. The excitation of the affair increased every moment as the shot whizzed and splashed around us ; every salvo of the enemy's artillery was answered by a cheer.

“ Hurrah, my men, give way ! we shall soon be alongside of her.”

"Hurrah! my nobles," repeated Brush, the strokesman, "let's get on board and pipe to breakfast; don't you see the cook standing by his coppers already for serving you out your whack?" and Brush nearly got his whack as the last words were uttered. "D—n your eyes, Mr. Yankee-doodle! I'll pay you off for that presently—Give way, my lads, give way!" and the tough oars bent double under the lusty strokes of the sinewy arms that tugged at them.

As we approached the weather-bow of the Arab, the skipper tacked to bring his starboard broadside upon us; but the manœuvre separated him from his consorts: we immediately pushed in between, and cut him off from rejoining them or doubling upon us. Having got upon his starboard quarter, we continued to gain on the chase. The incessant cannonade lulled the wind, and afforded Polkinghorne the opportunity of speedily closing with his prey; while we gained so rapidly upon our chase, that the skipper's heart failed him, and, seeing no chance of escape, he bore up and ran his vessel on shore, keeping up a constant fire from his great guns and small arms upon the advancing boats. Had he resolutely stood on the defence as we came alongside, protected as he was by his sweeps from our suddenly closing, we might have encountered in-

finite trouble ; but, as we jumped up on one side, the majority of the men jumped over board from the other, and those that remained submitted without further resistance

The size of the vessel was not fully seen till we reached her decks ; her spars were tremendous : some idea may be formed of her when I state that she was upwards of three hundred and eighty tons burthen, schooner-rigged.

In the mean time Lieut. P. had pushed alongside the Lynx, the next in line, which surrendered to him : he then boarded the Racer, and, having overcome her, mustered all his strength to the attack of the headmost and remaining enemy, the Dolphin privateer. The Racer's guns were opened upon her, and Lieutenants Liddon and Bishop gallantly boarded and carried her, after experiencing a severe resistance : thus finally crowning our intrepid leader with the success his distinguished conduct merited, with the loss of two killed and eleven wounded.*

In half an hour four large vessels under sail, with every preparation for battle, mounting thirty-one guns, manned with two hundred and nineteen men, forming a whole of upwards of twelve hundred tons, were attacked in open day and cap-

* Among the latter was Lieutenant Polkinghorne.

tured by five boats with one twelve-pounder carronade and one hundred and five men !*

Polkinghorne's public letter was a short and modest recital of the affair. Conceiving that the facts would speak for themselves, he deemed it unnecessary to enlarge upon particulars ; and in this view of the case he was countenanced by his friend and captain, who I believe, in common with every one else, felt confident that he would meet with the reward he so well deserved. Polkinghorne had, besides, long filled the onerous office of a first lieutenant. But will it be believed when I say, no notice was taken of this exploit by the higher powers in England ! It would be wrong to suppose the Commander-in-chief failed in properly representing it to them ; such a suspicion would be a slur upon his memory. The officers who served under Polkinghorne in this affair considered his promotion as certain, and felt severely the neglect shown to them in the person of their leader. Sixteen months passed away before he obtained the rank of Commander, and it was then

** American Force.*

The Arab of	7 guns	upwards of	380 tons	45 men.
The Lynx	6	.	280	40
The Racer	6	.	280	36
The Dolphin	12	.	300	98

British Force.

Five open boats, one twelve-pounder carronade, and one hundred and five officers and men

extorted by the frequent and urgent representations of his captain: but the intrinsic value of the gift was gone,—it had lost its savour in the eyes of the victor, and he could only receive it as a long-delayed, unwilling act of justice wrung from their Lordships.

Had he profited by the fair opportunity offered him of pointing out in strong colours the number of hours the men were at their oars, the difficulties opposed to them, the immensely superior force of the enemy, and a certain quantum of little et-ceteras that tend to blazon forth the deeds of the writer, he would doubtless have been promoted on the instant of its receipt.

In the various transactions of life, how often do we find circumstances of no real value so cunningly shaped and ably magnified into importance, as to assume the appearance of positive claims, and rewarded as such; while the meritorious individual is neglected and passed by, from a too great diffidence of his own worth. Discrimination is a valuable attribute, and is justly prized by the keen observers of the acts of responsible men.

The prizes were immediately anchored, and before noon we were joined by the captains of the Statira, Maidstone, and Fantome, with the remainder of the boats; their ships had entered the river for our support. The charge of the

Arab, and getting her off the shore, devolved upon me, and I took the command of her for that purpose. At low water our jib-boom nearly plumbed the shore: the anchors were laid out, the cables hove taught, and every precautionary measure adopted for getting off as the tide flowed.

Thus prepared, the crew were desired to lie down and refresh themselves with sleep, of which they stood greatly in need. Before the evening closed in, it was evident that the enemy was mustering in force, but, as we expected to get off at midnight, no apprehensions were entertained on that head. The Marlborough's launch had joined us; the midshipman who commanded her having enjoyed a sound nap the preceding night, I made no hesitation in entrusting him with the charge of the deck, at eight o'clock in the evening, (being myself exhausted from want of rest) accompanied by strict orders that no individual should be allowed to go down the after-hatchway; the others were all secured. With this injunction, and an order to call me half an hour before high water, I stretched myself on the lockers abaft, and was soon fast asleep. It was after the hour appointed for arousing me that I was awakened by a noise proceeding from the shore, and, to my dismay, found the middy enjoying a sound snooze near the hatchway which I had given him such rigid orders

to guard, and both the other hatchways off. The people, with the exception of six, had disappeared from the deck. I at once suspected the true state of affairs ; it was within a few minutes of high water, and if we did not get off, there was scarcely a doubt that we should be attacked in the morning under the greatest disadvantages. In no courteous mood I broke in upon the slumbers of the offending reefer ; a light was obtained, and a search made after the absent crew. The whole of the missing culprits were found in the afterhold, beastly drunk, and incapable of motion : they had, as if by intuition, smelt out the only cask of liquor in the vessel, stowed in the third tier, forming her cargo ; they had cleared it away, tapped, and drank to that excess that they appeared more like corpses than living men. To reanimate them was impossible ; they were absolutely dead to all external applications ; buckets of water plentifully showered over them produced no effect, and the favourable moment for heaving off the Arab passed away.

It would be in vain to represent the feelings of mortification, sorrow, and anger, that by turns agitated my mind, as I reflected upon the consequences that might ensue from this palpable neglect. A prize so earned to be lost !—the exertions of the preceding day to be tarnished through the

influence of such inexcusable causes !—it was madness to dwell upon it, and for half an hour I was in a state little short of that calamity. Lamentations were, however, useless ; no remedy was left but to plan all the means of defence I could devise to meet the enemy, who doubtless would attack me in the morning. They could be distinctly heard collecting in the woods around us. The launch had her carronade, and was ready for action, but I had only six men to man her. Fortunately, the water was as smooth as a looking-glass. From the position in which the schooner was lying, none of her guns could be brought to bear upon the point whence we expected the attack.

At daylight, the commander of the *Fantome* came on board. I pointed out to him the party assembling in the woods ; he appeared to think no attempt would be made against us, got into his gig, and, hoisting a white handkerchief, pulled in towards the spot. He had not proceeded half the schooner's length when a shower of musketry opened upon him ; several bullets perforated his boat, but without killing or wounding any of his people : he quickly backed out, and went to order up assistance to us. This salute was followed by a six-pounder opening out upon our bows, and a continual popping of small arms, that clearly

proved a large force was present. The spot nearest to us, and of which the enemy had taken possession, was an island connected with the main land by a small temporary wooden bridge. I was not aware of this latter circumstance at the moment, but, finding I could do nothing with them on board, shoved off with my six hands in the launch, intending to take up a position on their flank, and to pelt away at them with the twenty-four pounder carronade. My intention was perceived, and their whole fire was directed against the launch; but excepting two of their shot, which knocked away a little of our gunwale, they did us no injury. Had we been fully manned, they would have told a disagreeable tale among the crew; so far, therefore, the scarcity of hands was fortunate. Having gained my intended position, I discovered the bridge, and immediately opened out with round.

The Americans had not *calculated* upon the launch's manœuvre, and I *guess* it mightily astounded brothers John and Nicholas, who had bargained for the friendly protection of the trees, behind which they had posted themselves to shower destruction upon the schooner's decks; the fire of their field-piece was evidently not so correct after our salute. A quarter of an hour was sufficient to shake the stability of the enemy's column, and one or two militiamen were seen

rapidly retreating across the bridge, the only pass for them to the main land : these were soon followed by others. I lost no time in pushing farther in, when a complete rout of the whole body towards the bridge took place, and blocked up the passage. This advantage was not to be lost, and, shoving the boat in as close as possible, we directed our fire upon the bridge with grape and cannister as long as they continued crossing : we inflicted a serious punishment upon the gallant militiamen, for they abandoned the bridge and threw themselves into the water. In less than an hour from the first volley, we had routed the nest of hornets that had congregated to sting us to death, with a loss, by the account of one of their own people, of twenty killed and wounded.

The yelping and howling at our second discharge of grape fully convinced us of its efficacy ; not a shot was fired at us afterwards. The relief my mind experienced at the departure of our opponents may be divined : had they been accustomed to war, our exertions to get off might have been easily prevented ; but, at all times, a twenty-four pounder hopping in among a body of raw undisciplined militiamen, breaking a few legs in its passage, has a wonderful effect in clearing away the visions and smoothing down the enthusiastic feelings of glory which dazzle the eyesight of the

would-be heroes, as they buckle on their cartouche-belts, and shoulder their rifles, to meet the daring invaders of their soil.

If the Americans are to be believed, there are no people endowed with a greater portion of valorous ingredients than themselves. The Barbadian's character of himself might be admirably adopted by our Transatlantic friends—"Him hab only one fault, him raally too brave." However, in this affair I am bound to confess, that discretion got the upper hand, and appeared to reign paramount. Honour and glory were left in the lurch, to be picked up at some more favourable opportunity. Had half a dozen men covered their retreat, by placing themselves on the point nearest the launch, under shelter of the shrubs and trees growing there, I could not have advanced within grape distance of the bridge, without incurring the risk, I may say certainty, of having every man picked off.* Such is ever found to be the case with troops unused to the fatigue, dangers, and discipline of regular warfare; too great and ridiculous a sense of liberty and freedom on the part of the Ameri-

* In Nile's Register, vol. iv. page 119, the affair is thus noticed:—"On Sunday the 4th instant, two parties of the enemy landed on the shores of the Rappahannock; one of them had a smart brush with the militia; the other conquered the ducks, turkeys, and old women without resistance."

cans made them spurn the necessary restraint and obedience requisite to ensure success, and in this instance I largely benefited by their errors.

Several boats of the squadron were sent to our assistance, and by their aid, when the tide flowed, we hauled off with great ease; taking especial good care, before that desirable event took place, to station the launch with the muzzle of her gun directed to the passage of the bridge. In the afternoon we all weighed and made sail to join the Admiral: on the morning of the fifth our prizes were safely anchored with the squadron.

On the same evening seven schooners and two brigs were seen to the north-north-east. The Dolphin, Lynx, and Racer, were immediately manned, the latter by the Marlborough, under our first lieutenant, and proceeded in chase. They were all first-rate vessels of their class, fitted out without regard to expense, and sailed like the wind. By daybreak they were between the Potomac and Patuxent rivers, with thirty-six sail of the enemy's vessels ahead of them. American colours and pendants were hoisted, and, sailing abreast of each other, they proceeded on. A pilot-boat, recognizing the vessels, stood towards them, and inquired if they wanted a pilot. A reply was given in the negative. "Have you seen any thing of the Britishers?"—"Yes, they

are coming up the bay." In a very few minutes the Racer had got upon the starboard beam of the enemy's vessels, the Lynx on the larboard, and the Dolphin into the centre. On attaining this position, the American stripes were exchanged for the English ensign, and the broadsides of the schooners opened out upon all around. The scene of dismay, confusion, and indecision exhibited on board the unlucky craft, might be compared to the fright of a flock of sheep surprised by wolves leaping suddenly into the midst of them ; one endeavoured to escape here, another there, but they were speedily stopped by the fire of their unmasked foes.

The vessels were all captured and brought to an anchor. A gale of wind in the night driving four or five of them on shore, they were destroyed ; the remainder were conducted in safety to the squadron. The *ruse de guerre* completely succeeded ; not one, it appeared, entertained the slightest suspicion of the truth till the English ensigns replaced the American.

Some days after the capture of the armed schooners, when we had proceeded off the Patapsco, an Annapolis newspaper fell into our hands, giving a most awful account of the conflict that had taken place in the Rappahannock river. It appeared in the form of a declaration before

certain magistrates, emanating from some of the parties who had succeeded in getting on shore. It was couched to the following effect: "Appeared before me this — day of April 1813, [here followed the names of the parties,] and voluntarily swear by the twelve Apostles and the Holy Evangelists of Almighty God, that on the 3rd instant, the Dolphin privateer, Lynx, Racer, and Arab, letters of marque, belonging to the United States, being in the Rappahannock river, were attacked by British barges, [the number was something outrageous,] each carrying a long gun and from fifty to one hundred men, and after a bloody and obstinate battle, in which several of the British barges were sunk, and an immense slaughter of the enemy on the decks of our vessels, they were overpowered by overwhelming numbers, and taken possession of." As a clencher to the foregoing account appeared another affidavit, deposed to by the fishermen of the Rappahannock. "Appeared before me this — day of April in the year of our Lord 1813, [here are the names] and make oath, that on drawing their nets in the Rappahannock river, off Point —, the 6th instant, they brought up [I think it was] eighty British bodies killed in the combat three days before." These notable declarations, I presume, passed current, like many others

of a similar nature, throughout the States. The officers of the captured vessels appeared to feel ashamed of the barefaced exaggeration, and loudly exclaimed that they would expose the falsity and folly of the statement; but we never saw any paper containing a contradiction of it.*

* I have been unable to procure a sight of the file of the Annapolis papers in which the foregoing account was inserted, but it will not be uninstrusive to subjoin the American account of the affair, from Nile's Register, published at Baltimore.

Vol. iv. page 104. "Friday afternoon, April 10. The city is full of rumours. It is stated that the Dolphin was attacked by seventeen boats, with from forty to fifty men in each, and that she had thirty-six men killed before she struck her colours: two of the enemy's barges were sunk."

Page 119. Capture of the Dolphin.—"On the 3rd instant the St. Domingo, seventy-four, three frigates, and two brigs, anchored off the mouth of the Rappahannock, for the purpose of attacking the schooner Dolphin, Captain Stafford, of ten guns, two letters of marque bound for France, and one ditto with the same destination, but first for Savannah to take in a cargo. The tenders and launches, to the number of seventeen, were manned from forty to fifty men each. The weather being calm, a furious attack soon commenced. Two of the letters of marque were speedily taken, making but a slight resistance; the other was run on shore, and all her people escaped but three. The Dolphin bore the brunt of the action, and the whole enemy's force was soon directed to her. It was indeed a desperate fight against fearful odds. The contest was sustained for two hours, with a gallantry peculiar to American sailors. The enemy finally succeeded in boarding; but the fight was not done. On the Dolphin's deck the battle lasted fifteen minutes, when, overwhelmed by numbers, the brave Stafford submitted: the enemy

When Lieutenant Westphal returned from this short and successful cruise, I took command of the *Racer* as a tender, and accompanied the squadron up the bay. The *Marlborough*, *Dragon*, and *St. Domingo*, managed to ascend as high as the *Patapsco*, the two former without ever ground-

some time before pulled down his colours. It appears very certain that the British had about fifty killed and wounded in the affray; but by the good providence of God only four of our people were wounded, none killed. [We hope to receive a particular account of this affair for record of the facts; as it is now stated, it deserves to be registered in letters of gold.] The four schooners were immediately manned and converted into tenders. for which no vessels that ever floated were perhaps better fitted. They have already been the cause of great depredations on the bay craft, for the noble enemy destroys every thing he can catch, as is usual in civilized war, in the British construction of the word."

Vol. iv. page 149. May 1. "Captain Stafford, of the *Dolphin*, has returned home to Baltimore: his statement of the battle is published, and may be inserted *when room is allowed*. The British acknowledged nineteen killed, and forty wounded; only five wounded on board the *Dolphin*. Captain S. was very politely treated by the enemy, in consequence of his generosity to those he himself had taken prisoners in his last cruise." — No room appears to have ever been allowed for Capt. S.'s statement.

Vol. iv. page 387. "Thomas Forrest, second officer, Walter Rogers, third officer, and James Taylor, prizemaster of the late privateer *Dolphin*, charged by Captain Stafford with having deserted from the vessel while she was engaged with the British in the *Rappahannock*, have been tried by a court-martial and acquitted." — An unwise charge to publish in support of the above stated "gallantry peculiar to American sailors."

ing, and the latter merely hanging for an hour or two, without the assistance of any pilot: which feat the Americans would not, or were determined not to believe. Off Swan Point our boats captured two more of the enemy's schooners and a sloop, which were protected by field-pieces on the shore. The succeeding day the *Racer*, with three boats, which were sent in chase, added two more to the list of prizes, and destroyed three schooners laden with flour and wood, having found it impracticable to get them off the ground without the risk of losing many lives.

Having reconnoitred Pool Island, and finding excellent water, two of the small prize schooners were converted into watering-vessels, and for a few days we were employed in replenishing our water.

At the end of the month of April the Rear-admiral proceeded with the marines and boats of the squadron, accompanied by the *Maidstone*, *Fantome*, and tenders, up to the head of the Chesapeake. The frigate proceeded as high as the depth of water would permit her; again, the *Fantome* and *Mohawk* above her; the tenders took their station still higher up, and, lastly, the boats above all; searching out, capturing, and destroying every vessel or craft floating on the waters.

The first place to which the Rear-admiral directed his attention was Frenchtown, up the Elk river. The Fantome, Mohawk, Dolphin, High-flyer, and Racer tenders, took up their anchorage in the river. About midnight the boats, with the marines and seamen, pushed off under the orders of Lieutenant Westphal, the Rear-admiral superintending the whole. From the total ignorance of all hands as to the localities, the boats went up the Bohemia river, by which means they did not reach the point of attack till eight o'clock the following morning,

Upon our arrival, the enemy was found fully prepared to receive us. A battery of six guns, which had been lately erected for the protection of the town, opened out a brisk fire upon the boats. Lieutenant Alexander, of the Dragon, kept them in play, while the marines and seamen landed to the right, taking the enemy in flank; Jonathan presently took to his heels, and left the town to our tender care, with all its valuable military stores, an ample store of merchandise, and a great quantity of flour belonging to the Government, which were immediately destroyed, as well as five merchant-vessels lying near the town. The guns were effectually disabled by Lieut. Robinson, of the Artillery, who had volunteered his services to the Admiral, and shared in all the dangers

and fatigues of the expedition : the value of the property destroyed was something enormous.*

* Before the attack on Frenchtown, the following appeared in Nile's Register, vol. iv. page 134. " April 24th, 1813. At Elkton and Frenchtown, the upper parts of the bay, and places of great deposit for goods passing to and from Philadelphia, the people are well aware of the movements of the enemy. They have thrown up several breastworks, and mounted a number of cannon, &c. The country is alive with exertion."

What follows is recorded in the same volume, page 163, after the attack.

" May 8th. Gallant expedition ! On the 29th, the bravery of the enemy in the Chesapeake was put to the severest trial. Rear-admiral Cockburn, of the Marlborough, seventy-four, having learned that a large body of well-disciplined stage-drivers, amounting in the whole to ten persons, were in garrison at Frenchtown, which was also defended by a powerful battery of three great guns [four-pounders], lately taken from the hold of a vessel, where they had remained harmless ballast since the revolution, resolved to seize the golden opportunity to impress the cowardly descendants of those who fought in the rebellion with due ideas of British courage and constancy.

" Twelve barges, manned with about four hundred volunteers, picked seamen, and three hundred marines, were allotted for this arduous service. He laid his plans with consummate wisdom and foresight. The marines were landed to attack the fort in the rear, while the barges opened a tremendous fire in front. Shot of all sorts and sizes, from eighteen pounders to musket-balls, flew like hail in all directions. Yet the *sons of the whip* for a considerable time checked the progress of His Majesty's arms. But what can resist the British bayonet ! The marines were at hand, and the whole ammunition of the "*rebels*" being expended, they made one of the Duke of York's retrograde movements without loss, after killing and wounding some of His Majesty's

Admiral Cockburn now proceeded off Spesuci Island with the intention of procuring stock and supplies for the squadron. On our arrival there the

subjects. The fort being thus silenced, the barges approached, and a party of officers and petty officers from them, under cover of the marines, attacked the store-houses. The ponderous doors gave way to the oft repeated stroke of *British* axes, and a large quantity of oats in the lower house, with some valuable goods in the upper, surrendered at discretion. The Commander allots to the different corps the choice of the spoils, mightily extolling the deeds of the day, and declaring the whole should be faithfully registered. Then with the *coolness* that characterises *British* seamen, he applied the torch to the ransacked buildings, and one wide blaze, a bonfire of glory, proclaimed the humane victory : two vessels swell the general flame, and teach the hissing waters the homage due to its sovereign lord, *George Guelf*, Regent of the British Kingdoms. This being performed, His Majesty's forces retired to their ships, each one rejoicing he had done a deed of open valour that might put to the blush the ferocious treachery that humbled Copenhagen. Nelson no more, 'tis *Cockburn* "rules the roast."—Such, without irony, is the substance of the proceedings of the enemy at Frenchtown. The loss of goods is estimated at from twenty to thirty thousand dollars. The place, though called a *town*, contained only the store-houses, a tavern, two or three dwelling-houses, with a few stables and out-houses, deriving its whole importance from being the stopping place of the land and water line of stages between Philadelphia and Baltimore.

"There was a party of militia from Elkton at *Frenchtown*, a little while before the attack was made ; it appeared they had retired in fearless security, but the force was too small to have resisted the enemy had it remained. The dwelling-houses were not damaged, and it is justice to the enemy to say, they treated the women and children with considerable attention and respect."

Americans, who had lately erected a battery at Havre de Grace, commenced firing their guns, and hoisted the American colours, by way of bravado; or, which is more likely, thought they should, by such a silly display of their means to annoy us, deter the Admiral from making any attempt against them. In the latter case, they wofully deceived themselves, for it immediately attracted his attention, and determined him to attack the place;—if it was worth erecting defences for its security, it was worth an attack. The boats were assembled in the middle of the night, under the direction of Lieutenant Westphal, alongside the *Fantome*, whose captain was entrusted with the command. Westphal, with the seamen and the rocket-boats, led the van; Captain Lawrence brought up the rear, with the detachment of marines. The leading boats being discovered before day-dawn, a heavy fire was opened upon them, which was so ably returned by the launches and rocket-boats that the Americans were driven from their guns, which Lieutenant Westphal perceiving, instantly pushed forward, landed, and turned the guns upon the flying foe. The enthusiasm of my messmate induced him to mount a captured horse, and, giving the animal his head, off he started in full chase, leaving his friends far behind him. He soon found himself among his enemies, who,

uncertain of his real character, demanded whether he was a friend or a Britisher, to which he responded, "An Englishman, you Yankee rascals!" and drawing his pistol desired two of the sternmost to surrender; but they making some attempt at resistance, he drew the trigger of his pistol, when it unfortunately only burnt priming. This encouraged his foes, and one of them, presenting his musket, let fly at him; the ball passed through the palm, knocking the pistol out of his hand. Notwithstanding his wound, he managed to draw his sabre, and succeeded in bringing them both prisoners into the town, much to the amusement of the officers and men under his command.

So rapidly was the enemy discomfited, that before Captain Lawrence could arrive with the marines, the town and several prisoners were taken, and he had only to secure the conquest. The Rear-admiral forbade a pursuit of the enemy. The guns in the battery were embarked, and the Admiral himself proceeded to one of the largest iron-founderies in the States, called the Principio foundery, at a short distance from Havre: where fifty-one guns of large calibre were rendered useless, and the whole manufactory destroyed, as well as a number of stand of arms, &c. Five vessels were destroyed by the boats up the

Susquehannah, and a considerable depôt of flour. The town of Havre stands on the high road between Baltimore and Philadelphia; the enemy had fled into the woods, and, it appears, gave no intimation to their travelling countrymen of the change of affairs at Havre; for about noon the stage-coach arrived from Philadelphia on its way to Baltimore, and stopped at the inn before coachee and his affrighted cargo found they had fallen into the hands of the Britishers. Milliners with the latest fashions from Paris, merchants and tradesmen, (few American citizens travel for pleasure,) were alike *pretty considerably* confounded, and wondered with all their might "how in the name of God Almighty" we had reached the high road between their two most flourishing and principal towns. The passengers got off in safety without loss, except a luckless milliner, of whose finery some had been purloined by an individual who ought to have known better, but who was deservedly mortified by the Rear-admiral obliging him to return the spoils *in propria persona* to the forlorn damsel, with an impressive rebuke.

One of the prisoners captured by Lieutenant Westphal, and who wounded him as I have described, turned out to be an Irishman; he was sent off to the Maidstone as a traitor, but Ad-

miral Cockburn, understanding that the man had been many years in America, considerably set him on shore again.* The American authorities opened a pompous correspondence after the man had been liberated, threatening direful retribution

* The mortified feelings of the Americans, on learning the attack upon Frenchtown, were ill concealed under the ironical description given of it in the Baltimore papers; a repetition of the blow nearer home, it will be perceived by the following accounts, changed their key-note.

Vol. iv. page 164, Nile's Register.

" May 8th 1813. " Wanton outrage. On the morning of the 3rd inst. while the great body of the people at Havre de Grace were yet in their beds, nineteen barges from the enemy's squadron suddenly appeared before the place, and without a moment's delay commenced a tremendous discharge of shot, shells, and rockets. When the town had been bombarded about fifteen minutes, a party of marines were landed, whose first business was to set fire to the buildings not yet in flames, which was done with all the deliberation that belongs to veteran incendiaries. Only a single house was left uninjured, and by far the greater part are heaps of ruins. Even the stages were destroyed, and the passengers shared the common fate. Many fled from their burning houses almost in a state of nudity, carrying in their arms their children, clothes, &c. The house that was preserved belongs to Mrs. Pringle; it was removed from the body of the town, and many women and children on the first moment of alarm had retired to it. As the enemy advanced, the owner met them with a white flag, and prevailed upon them to pass it by. In the course of the day they burned Mr. Stump's warehouse, but were repulsed in an attempt to destroy the mill. They also burned Cæcil furnace, the property of Colonel Hughes, situate in the neighbourhood. Parties of them penetrated some distance into

in case of his detention. Fortunately for the individual in question, he was safe on shore before the receipt of the American letter, or the information

the country, and, as highway robbers, attacked the passengers. The history of civilized war, we are happy to say for the honour of human nature, presents few parallels for this barbarous outrage, so eminently characteristic of the British nation, immortal in the history of our revolution for exploits of the kind. There was no legitimate *war object* to obtain by demolishing the *defenceless village* of Havre de Grace, and the attack was savage, directed only by that kind of feeling that impels an Indian in his wars. *No resistance was made or offered* ; the village was surprised, the houses conflagrated by a *coup de main*, and old age and infancy involved in the general wreck. Something had been designed for the defence of the place, but the fatality that has attended the military movements of Maryland neglected to perform it. If such is the character of this contest, and Admirals Cockburn and Brigadier *Tecumseh* shall continue thus to violate all the known usages of honourable war, it is time indeed for the people to open their eyes to their true condition, and shut their ears to the *Syren* songs of British 'religion and magnanimity.' The ruins of Havre de Grace shall stand as a monument of British cruelty, in which, as in a glass, we may see the true spirit of the Government. The villain deed has roused the honest indignation of every man ; no one pretends to justify or excuse it. It has knit the people into a common bond for vengeance on the incendiaries ; it has destroyed party, and by a community of interests effected what patriotism demanded in vain."

Havre de Grace was a thriving place on the west side of the Susquehannah, about two miles from the head of the Bay. It contained from forty to fifty houses, and was the residence of several respectable families. The buildings were generally of wood ; the post-road from Baltimore to Philadelphia passes

conveyed in that epistle would probably have led to his detention and trial by the offended laws of his country.

through it. A number of particulars connected with the destruction of the place are inserted below.

“ By later accounts, it appears there was a small party [forty or fifty] of militia at Havre de Grace when the attack commenced; but they all ran away, save eight or ten, without offering resistance. One of them that remained, a brave Irishman, long a resident of the town, was taken a prisoner, being seized in the act of loading his musket. Three of the enemy were killed and two wounded. One American was killed by a rocket. How the people escaped with their lives is truly wonderful. The enemy also destroyed several bay craft, as well as the ferry boats. From Havre de Grace a party proceeded to Cresswell ferry, at the head of the tide water, six miles above, and desolated every thing within their reach. The Church of Havre de Grace, at a considerable distance from the river, was not fired; but to show their respect for ‘ religion,’ they assailed the house, and finding nothing to steal, magnanimously attacked the windows with brickbats and stones, and demolished them. Extract of a letter from Havre de Grace :—

“ May 4th, 1813. On Monday morning about sunrise the enemy took possession of Havre de Grace, and immediately opened a scene of destruction that would have disgraced the savage allies of Great Britain. A general pillage and burning followed. In less than two hours they had plundered and burned almost every house. They destroyed both ferry-houses, and after having permitted Richard Mansfield, who kept the upper house, to save what he and his son could from the fire, they seized and carried off what they had saved, they cut open his very beds, threw the feathers away, and took off the ticking. It is not possible to give a correct estimate of the destruction of property

The family of the redoubtable Commodore Rodgers were domiciled here, and received the greatest attention from our Admiral, for which

which has taken place,—fifty thousand dollars worth, on a rough calculation, must have been destroyed. I have lost every thing.

‘ Amer.’ ”

The Editor, after enumerating other acts equally veracious as the foregoing, does not display much tact by inserting in the opposite page, when treating upon another subject under the head of “ news-making,”—“ It is a sound maxim that the truth should not be told at all times.”

So much for the wanton outrage upon Havre de Grace, whose innocent inhabitants, notwithstanding “ no resistance was made or offered,” managed, by their own accounts, to kill three and wound two of their enemies.

Here follows some additional light upon the “ barbarians’ warfare.”

“ May 15th, 1813. The reader will be pleased with the record made of the following letter from John O’Neil to his friend in Baltimore. This is the brave Irishman alluded to in the account of the burning of the village, page 164. He has many years resided at Havre de Grace, is married, and has several children, and, we are told, is a very worthy and industrious man. The British first talked of hanging him, but they thought better of it and released him.”

“ ‘ Havre de Grace, May 10th, 1813.

“ ‘ No doubt before this you have heard of my *defeat*. On the 3rd instant we were attacked by fifteen English barges by the break of day. We had a small breastwork erected with two six and one nine-pounder in it, and I was stationed at one of the guns. When the alarm was given, I ran to the battery, and found but one man there, and two or three came afterwards. After firing a few shots they retreated, *and left me alone in the*

they expressed the warmest feelings of gratitude. That mighty man of metal, whose optical powers had the rare quality of always converting English

battery. The grape-shot flew very thick about me ; I loaded the gun myself without any one to serve the vent ; which you know is very dangerous, and fired her, when she recoiled and ran over my thighs.

“ ‘I retreated down to town, and joined Mr. Barnes of the nail manufactory with a musket, and fired on the barges while we had ammunition, and then retreated to the commons, where I kept waving my hat to the militia, who had run away, to come to our assistance, but they proved cowardly, and would not come back. At the same time an English officer on horseback, followed by the marines, rode up and took me with two muskets in my hand. I was carried on board the Maidstone frigate, where I remained until released three days since.’ ” Nile’s Register, vol. iv. page 182.

At a later date the same writer further adds, vol. iv. page 196 :—

“ May 22nd, 1813. The screaming women and children excited the mirth of these Winnebagoes, deaf to the most humble entreaties to spare the cottages of the poor. Cockburn stood like Satan in his cloud, when he saw the blood of man from murdered Abel first crimson the earth, exulting at the damning deed, treating the suppliant females with the rudest curses and most vile appellations. The property destroyed is estimated from seventy to eighty thousand dollars.”

Another letter, from a lady, in the same page, vies with the descriptive powers of the famed Baron Munchausen.

In giving an account of a false alarm at Baltimore that we had landed, the Editor gives a flaming recital of the cheerful alacrity displayed by the militia in pushing forward to North Point, distant fifteen miles, to punish the insolent invader : he concludes by stating, “ That the whole manifested an un-

sloops into frigates, and frigates into line-of-battle ships, deemed any acknowledgement of an enemy's *bienveillance* superfluous.*

conquerable spirit. At two o'clock it was reported the alarm was a false one, and the fact being ascertained, the soldiers were dismissed. If Admiral Cockburn has his secret agents at Baltimore, we hope they may faithfully communicate to him the events of that day, and let him glory, if he can, in the effect that his barbarous conduct upon poor Havre de Grace has produced. The conflagration of that village purified party in Baltimore, and will truly select the sheep from the goats. *For or against the English*, is the only touchstone. Federalists and democrats have laid aside their little bickerings, until they can discuss the controverted points at more leisure. This is as it should be." Note of the Editor on the conclusion of the above. "This state of things checks every species of business, and as the Editor of the Register cannot reduce his expenses, the occasion is apt for his friends to remit the little sums due him." Vide Nile's Register, vol. iv. page 165.

* "Commodore Rodgers. When Cockburn called at his house, he knew he was not at home." Nile's Register, vol. iv. page 270.

CHAPTER V.

Operations against Frederick's Town—Deputation from Charlestown—American Statements—Reward offered for the Rear-Admiral's head—The American Press—Return of the squadron down the Chesapeake—A fleet of prizes—Shift our anchorage—Gallant conduct of young Gordon—Desertion of Slaves—Facilities afforded by Black guides—Our constant activity—A flag of truce—Strange *cortège*—Conversation with an American on the action between the Chesapeake and Shannon—A Challenge, and my acceptance of it—The Commandant surprised napping—Further captures—A frigate action—American official accounts—Disembarkation of part of the troops under General Beckwith—Disastrous Descent upon Crany Island—Cowardly Massacre—A warlike Black—Enterprise abandoned.

THE next operation was directed against Frederick's Town, up the Sassafra river. The utter absence of all knowledge of the localities, as in the case at Frenchtown, prevented the Admiral's original plan from being carried into execution. The sun was high in the heavens before our force came near it, when the Admiral des-

patched a message by one of their own countrymen, (who had been intercepted in the morning,) stating that, if they offered any useless or irritating opposition, they must expect the same fate as that which had befallen Havre and Frenchtown; but if they yielded, private property would be respected, the vessels and public property alone seized, and that whatever supplies might be required, would be punctually paid for. A sufficient time having elapsed for a reply to this summons, the whole force moved forward, when, at a short distance from the town, between two high banks, a tremendously heavy fire of musketry from four hundred men, and one long gun, was poured down upon the Admiral and his followers. Directing the launches and rocket-boats to return the fire, he immediately pushed on shore at the head of the marines and seamen, attacked the enemy in their entrenchments, who would not stand close quarters, but immediately fled through the town into the woods, leaving Frederick's Town at our mercy. This affair only cost us five wounded. Four vessels, that were lying in the river with some stores of sugar, lumber, and other merchandise, were destroyed. Frederick's Town, having been taken by storm, suffered in a slight degree the miseries of war. A beautiful girl, on the entrance of our force into the town, ran to

one of the gallant skippers who accompanied the Admiral, and besought him to protect her mother's house from molestation, in terms so deeply moving that he at once introduced her to the Admiral, who gave immediate and strict orders that it should be protected, and a guard placed over it for that purpose. The delighted girl, overjoyed at the success of her mission, and overflowing with gratitude for the favour conferred upon her, thus addressed the skipper—"Oh! how shall I thank you for your goodness? what can I do?"—and in the innocence of her heart added, "I have only a kiss to offer for your kindness." This rich reward, from lips that might have vied with the rose's hue, was rejected by the faithful captain—he declined the kiss that monarchs might have envied.

The expedition having thus succeeded, the men were re-embarked, and the forces directed against a place called Georgetown, situated nearly opposite. Here the inhabitants pursued the wiser course, and profited by the lesson that had been administered to their countrymen at the three preceding places; very few men landed with the Admiral, and the supplies which were obtained, were punctually paid for. A deputation presented themselves from Charlestown in the north-east river, stating that they considered

themselves at the mercy of the Admiral, and no resistance should be made. The boats left the inhabitants of Georgetown well pleased with the wisdom of their resolution; and the eyes of the whole neighbourhood being open to the folly of irritating resistance, they wisely determined henceforth to pursue the path so successfully adopted at Georgetown. The upper part of the Chesapeake having been visited, and every vessel and all public stores either taken or destroyed, the Rear-admiral rejoined the Commander-in-chief, after an absence of twelve days, during which period he had, with his small force, penetrated into the heart of the enemy's country, taken four towns, destroyed their batteries, defeated all the forces that were brought against him, and injured the country to the amount of half a million sterling—and this was effected with a loss so comparatively small on our side, as to be scarcely worth naming. The service was one of great exertion and severe bodily fatigue; but when the chief set an example in his own person, and was ever foremost where danger and hardship presided, where was the individual who would not willingly have acted with the energy and zeal such conduct inspires?*

* May 15th.—“The Water Winnebagoes (as the British in the Chesapeake are frequently called by way of distinction) *have* burned the *village* of Georgetown in Kent, and Frederick's

Hitherto hostilities had been confined to the water, but our recent operations proved a new and alarming inroad upon the quiet and safety

Town in Cecil county, situated opposite each other on the Sassafras river. The former contained about twenty or thirty houses, the latter from fifteen to twenty, nearly all of which are heaps of ruins. They also burnt several small craft further up the river. We learn that the assault was led on by Rear-admiral Cockburn in person, with eighteen or twenty barges, and about seven hundred men. It commenced by terrible discharges of rockets and great guns charged with round, canister, and grape shot, which flew in all directions. The towns were then stormed in succession, and every house plundered, even the negroes' cabins being robbed of their supplies. What was not thought worthy of removal was wantonly destroyed; the beds were ripped open, and the feathers scattered to the four winds of heaven, the looking-glasses, bureaus, bedsteads, &c. battered and broken to pieces, which being done the torch was applied, and the whole presented a sheet of flame. After these brilliant achievements, the enemy spread himself on the shores, and burnt several houses. We never before read of such wanton violence, such horrid devastation, from the rules and practices of civilized war, *such purely savage proceedings*,—deeds that I trust in God my countrymen will despise ever to retribute, except on the heads of those who commanded them: *let the infamy be wholly British.*

“Cockburn and his Winnebagoes are in truth a band of robbers. At Havre de Grace an officer of apparently high command marked several articles with his name, and ordered them to be conveyed to the barge. The brave fellows had also determined to attack *Elkton*, but, as a considerable body of militia were there, they thought the better part of valour was discretion, and abandoned the beloved idea. This Cockburn is one of the veriest wretches in existence; even when a child he had all those propensities to

in which the inhabitants deemed themselves securely wrapped. The eyes of our enemies were opened to a state of affairs, the possibility of which had not been contemplated; severer trials awaited their pride. The rage this expedition excited against the Rear-admiral knew no bounds in the breasts of our transatlantic foes; he had drawn aside the veil, and exposed their weakness to the eyes of the world. It was an offence not to be pardoned, and they accordingly offered a reward for his head.* The American press was unsparing in the abuse and vituperation that it heaped upon him; it out-Heroded Herod; there was no crime, no outrage however flagitious, that was not placed to his account. In short, a monster of unparalleled iniquity had appeared upon the coast to teach them a salutary lesson. Perhaps there cannot be a more decisive proof of the energy and activity of Sir G. Cockburn, than these angry vociferations of our astounded enemies.

rapine and plunder that so mark his character: so says a *respectable* man now in Baltimore, who was his schoolfellow." Nile's Register, vol. iv. page 182.

* "A certain James O'Boyle, a naturalized Irishman, as he calls himself, residing at Pugh town, Virginia, offers a reward of one thousand dollars for the head of the notorious incendiary and infamous scoundrel, and violator of all laws, the British Admiral Cockburn, or five hundred dollars for each of his ears on delivery."—Nile's Register, vol. iv. page 402.

Certainly, no man during the whole war was so distinguished ; every blow he struck, served to increase the fury of the printers' devils. The most forward in the war of abuse was the Government paper, the National Intelligencer, at Washington.*

The day after the return of the Rear-admiral, the squadron commenced their return down the Chesapeake. It was now that the slaves began to desert to us, and by their local knowledge we were afterwards enabled to carry on a system of harassing warfare which in the end obliged the inhabitants to throw themselves upon our mercy, instead of the protection of their militiamen. Between the Rappahannock and Potomac rivers, a schooner was observed at anchor close in-shore: Lieutenant Bigland was despatched with two or three boats to attack her. She was found to be aground, protected by field-pieces, and the bushes lined with militiamen and the crew of the vessel.

* A flag of truce was despatched from Baltimore to Admiral Warren, demanding the release of John O'Neil, an Irishman taken in arms at Havre de Grace, on the presumption that he was going to be executed, threatening, in that event, that *two* English prisoners should share the same fate. Previously to the arrival of the flag of truce, O'Neil had been released. Admiral Warren's reply stated the fact, observing at the same time that he was not aware of his being an Irishman, "or he certainly should have been detained to account to his sovereign and country for being in arms against the British colours."

They were speedily driven from their cover by the well-directed fire of the boats, and the schooner was captured and destroyed. The enemy carried rifles, but, although their shot passed through hats and cravats, and made a few eyelet-holes in some of our fellows' jackets, not one was seriously hurt.

We returned to Lynhaven Bay ; here a fleet of prizes were collected, the fruits of our trip up the bay. In a few days the Commander-in-chief sailed for Halifax, taking with him forty of the captured vessels, and despatching the remainder, about thirty, under convoy of the Dragon, to Bermuda. Several flags of truce were received while we stopped in Lynhaven Bay ; among them was M. Swertchkoff, the Secretary of Legation to the Russian Embassy at Washington, who frequently afterwards visited the Admiral in an official capacity, sometimes remaining two or three days together.

We shifted our anchorage towards New Point Comfort, leaving the Victorious in Lynhaven Bay, as it presented a fairer opportunity of surveying the middle ground and other shoals, and likewise for the more effectual prevention of the escape of the enemy's vessels by night. We visited Smith's Island, which we found inhabited by one family, whose only daughter, buxom, bright,

and debonnaire, attracted the attention and admiration of the different officers who frequented the house of her father.

The sheep in this island were of a peculiar, fine breed, in great numbers, and perfectly wild. The mode of catching them was too complicated in its nature to admit of our adopting it during our brief visits to its shores ; our only alternative was to approach and shoot them like deer. Their flesh, I think, fully equalled English mutton, which is advancing more than I can do for any other breed in the different parts of the world I have visited. The small sand keys in the immediate neighbourhood afforded a plentiful supply of good fish, (principally shad.) With the seine, in two hauls, I have loaded one of our cutters. Fish, flesh, and fowl were obtained in abundance on the Chesapeake station ; it was a rare circumstance for the ships' companies to have successively two or three salt-meat dinners.

The Highflyer tender unexpectedly returned to us, having fallen in with a heavy American privateer. A severe action had ensued, in which her brave Commander, Lieutenant Lewis, was killed. Mr. Gordon, Mid. (the same who so distinguished himself up the Archipelago in the boats of the Sibylle, and who commanded the Acorn sloop of war when she foundered on the coast of Ame-

rica,) gallantly continued the contest till the enemy hauled off; but the Highflyer was so cut up in her rigging that Mr. Gordon was unable to follow her. She had only one long gun a-midships, and her crew were greatly exposed from having no bulwark, while their heavy antagonist was sheltered by one. The conduct of Mr. Gordon, who was then quite a lad, was highly commended by the Rear-Admiral, and, as an earnest of his opinion, young Gordon was permitted to keep the command of the vessel, and despatched to fulfil the orders of his late commander, after removing all the wounded on board the Marlborough, and filling up the vacancies in his own ship's company.*

The desertion of the slaves from the shore became more numerous and frequent; many of these were relanded, and, communicating with their comrades, increased the list of deserters. One shrewd fellow, who had been extremely ill used

* It appears the vessel that engaged the Highflyer was the American privateer "Roger Quarles, of fourteen guns, and full of men." (Vide Nile's Register, vol. iv. page 228.) The American account states the action to have lasted from nine o'clock till eleven P.M.—As the Americans were not in the habit of exaggerating their own force, this circumstance throws additional credit upon the gallant conduct of the late Captain Edward Gordon, and must be read by his friends with melancholy satisfaction.

by his master, (a small proprietor,) came off, leaving his wife and family behind him; the ties of paternal and marital affection, however, rendered the poor fellow restless and unhappy, and he preferred a petition to be landed, for the purpose of bringing off his family; but his desertion made his owner fearful of the wife following his example, and he had taken the precaution of securing his sable assistants in a room within that in which he himself and his partner slept. The poor fellow was therefore balked in his immediate object, but, possessing himself of all necessary information, he again landed, prepared for the emergency, and succeeded in bringing his wife and children down to the boat which the Admiral had kindly sent to facilitate his object. Canoes full of the runaways now constantly sought the protection of some of the squadron, and it is to be feared that many perished during the dark nights by drifting out to sea. At a later period, upwards of one hundred and forty of these poor creatures came off to us in one night; and so anxious were men and women to embark, that, during the short passage from the beach to the ship, two little mortals were added to the list of their sorrowing and suffering brethren. One negress who came down with an infant in her arms, suddenly recollecting something she had forgotten, placed

her piccaninny in the boat, and ran back to obtain it. She was probably seized upon, for, after waiting longer than was prudent, the boats shoved off without her: thus the poor helpless infant was brought on board unacknowledged by any human being. The black cook took charge of the young squeaker, and no female could have bestowed more attention and kindness upon her favourite nursling than did Sambo on the little foundling; a small cot was hung up for it in the galley, and without neglecting his own duty he was ever ready to administer to its wants. Captain Ross adopted the youngster, and he remained under his protection until his death, which unfortunately took place by the upsetting of a boat, about eighteen months ago.

The opportunities afforded us of safely traversing the enemy's country at night by means of these black guides, placed a powerful weapon in the Rear-admiral's hands, nor was it allowed to remain innocuous or idle. The country within ten miles of the shore lay completely at our mercy. We had no reason to doubt the fidelity of our allies; if we were sometimes led wide of our mark, the error originated in other causes. By their assistance we were enabled to pass the enemy's patrols, make the circuit of their encampments, and cut off the post beyond it. The

face of the country (generally thickly wooded) was propitious to these nightly excursions; for if we came upon the enemy unawares, the British party seldom consisting of more than an officer and two men, including the guide, (when the object was only to reconnoitre, or to get hold of a particular individual, such as the bagman with his letters,) we had only to drop down among the thick underwood and lie *perdus* till the danger was past, and then proceed again in the execution of our purpose.

Had the destruction of private property formed any part of the Admiral's object in his conduct of the American warfare, (a charge that has been most ignorantly and unwisely hazarded,) every isolated house within the distance I have stated, might have been burned to the ground, without the trouble or risk of employing large bodies of men for that purpose.

Before these useful auxiliaries came over to us, our nightly reconnoissance was necessarily circumscribed; the fields of Indian corn were marked in our advance by cutting with our sabres right and left, felling at each blow the stalks of this useful grain, which enabled us with safety to retrace our way to the boats.

The constant scene of activity in which the boats were employed, scarcely left us masters of

an hour—we absolutely lived in them. There were seldom more than two lieutenants left on board at a time. An abundant harvest surrounded us, and the Rear-admiral was determined to keep as many sickles at work as could be conveniently employed. Few days passed without some spirited skirmish with the Yankees. If the bay was unpromising, the rivers and numberless creeks that emptied themselves into the great estuary were prolific in opportunities for displaying our mutual means of attack and defence: a succession of prizes rewarded our industry, amounting frequently to three, four, and five a day. Two beautiful pilot schooners had been converted into tenders, which proved of infinite service to us. The *Hornet*, a Virginian boat, sailed like a witch, and, after performing good service, became the yacht of the Governor of Bermuda. The *Dragon*, a frigate, and a sloop, or two, were generally the attendant auxiliaries on our fatiguing but cheerful services. Every ship in the Chesapeake joined more or less in them, but those in the immediate vicinity of the Rear-admiral came in for a greater share of action than those which were farther removed.

On the 8th of June, we received a flag of truce from the eastern shore: the party consisted of a colonel, major, and a captain of

militia. The object of their visit was to endeavour to persuade some of their own runaway negroes to return to them, and to request the Admiral's permission for their departure. The first that mounted the side was the junior officer, who, on reaching the gangway, instead of walking aft, and returning the salute of the officers, faced suddenly round, and looked wistfully down the side for his companions; the next was the major, who, following the movements of the captain, took possession of the opposite side: standing like sidesmen waiting for the appearance of their chief. They were in regimentals, but certainly the fashion and cut of them rendered their exact rank and calling somewhat dubious. The trio sported red coats, silver epaulettes, and silver-mounted side-arms, white linen waistcoats, and trowsers of the same material; their whole dress hanging in loose and negligent array upon their singular persons. Hessian boots, which could claim no knowledge or acquaintance with the shining qualities of Hunt's, or Warren and Co.'s liquid; old-fashioned French cocked-hats, with feathers that might, from their towering height, have served for sky-scrapers, completed their attire.

It required no small restraint to resist the risible impulses that quivered around our compressed mouths as this strange cortège performed

their well-practised evolutions before the astonished Britishers. The colonel having ascended the gangway, his companions in arms, placing themselves on either side of him, with solemn step and slow marched aft, and saluted the Admiral *à la militaire*. The stiff unbending formality of the strangers, their starch-upright figures, placed in contact with the easy demeanour and polite manners of the gentleman they accosted, rendered the scene truly ludicrous. The seniors were invited into the cabin, and the captain was left on deck with myself, who happened to be the officer of the watch.

A few minutes previously to the visit of these gallant envoys, we had learned by telegraph from the Victorious, the brilliant and decisive achievement of Sir Philip Broke in capturing the Chesapeake, and were enjoying, in all the pride of national feeling, the honour and credit gained by our brethren. My efforts to inveigle my companion into conversation were ineffectual; he had clapped a padlock upon his tongue, and even the monosyllables *yes* and *no* had to be duly weighed and considered before they were permitted to escape his lips. I gave up the trial in despair, and we had taken several turns up and down the deck in silence, when my taciturn companion inquired with much vivacity, "What news was

stirring?"—"Nothing particular," I replied; and another turn or two was paced, when, turning suddenly round, I added, "Oh yes, we heard this morning there had been an action between the Chesapeake and Shannon;"* and I dropped the

* This decided action was fought off Boston, in the afternoon of June 1st, 1813. I have already given a statement of the force of the Constitution and United States, in Vol. I. page 61, and Vol. II. pages 7, 8, showing the superiority of the Americans in size, guns and men, over their antagonists; I will here add the comparative force of the Shannon and Chesapeake.

		<i>Shannon</i>	<i>Chesapeake</i>
" Broadside Guns	{ No.	25	25
	{ lbs.	538	590
Crew, (men only)	No.	306	376
Size	Tons	1066	1135 "

Although the balance is in favour of the Americans, the combatants may be regarded as a fair match. The unerring fire of the Shannon so battered her adversary's hull, as to silence her in ten minutes, when Captain Broke boarded with twenty men from the fore-castle; he was soon after followed by his gallant first and third Lieutenants (G. T. L. Watt and Charles Leslie Falkiner) with the boarders; and in fifteen minutes from the time the first gun was fired, the Chesapeake was in complete possession of our countrymen. The action speaks for itself; and the conduct of Sir Philip Broke ought to be so thoroughly appreciated and understood, as to require neither comment nor eulogium. But there is one point to which I cannot avoid directing the attention of the younger members of the profession; it is the coolness and steadiness of purpose which enabled Captain Broke to perceive and seize upon the favourable moment that crowned his exertions with success;

subject. Again we moved on, and I observed my companion chuckling within himself and his

presenting a noble example of the gain to be derived from decision of character in a commanding officer. The loss of the Shannon amounted to twenty-four killed and fifty-nine wounded; the damage in her hull and spars, compared with that of the enemy, trifling. That of the Chesapeake, according to the American official account, forty-seven killed, and ninety-nine wounded, fourteen of the latter mortally, among which number was her gallant Commander and first Lieutenant.

It is painful to add that thirty-two British seamen were recognized among the captured crew, besides several who leaped overboard on her surrender. Mr. James, in his *Naval History*, vol. vi, page 304, gives an extract from the Court of Inquiry held on the surviving officers and crew of the Chesapeake. It may create a smile at the determined *esprit de corps* that prompted its members to promulgate such a document to the world. Commodore Bainbridge was the President of the Court, and the following is the first article of the very "lengthy" report published on the subject:— "The Court are unanimously of opinion that the Chesapeake was gallantly carried into action by her late brave Commander; and no doubt rests with the Court, from comparison of the injury respectively sustained by the frigates, that the fire of the Chesapeake was much superior to that of the Shannon. The Shannon, being much cut in her spars and rigging, and receiving many shot in and below the water-line, was reduced almost to a sinking condition, after only a few minutes' cannonading from the Chesapeake; whilst the Chesapeake was comparatively uninjured. And the Court have no doubt, if the Chesapeake had not accidentally fallen on board the Shannon, and the Shannon's anchor got foul in the after quarter-port of the Chesapeake, the Shannon must have very soon surrendered or sunk."

' Some very singular admissions of misconduct in the officers

countenance brightening up at my dignified silence. I confess I was wickedly enjoying the mistake

and crew follow ; and then the report proceeds as follows :—
“ From this view of the engagement, and a careful examination of the evidence, the Court are unanimously of opinion, that the capture of the late United States’ frigate Chesapeake was occasioned by the following causes : the almost unexampled early fall of Captain Laurence, and all the principal officers : the bugleman’s desertion of his quarters, and inability to sound his horn ; for the Court are of opinion, if the horn had been sounded when first ordered, the men being then at their quarters, the boarders would have promptly repaired to the spar-deck, probably have prevented the enemy from boarding, certainly have repelled them, and might have returned the boarding with success :—and the failure of the boarders on both decks to rally on the spar-deck, after the enemy had boarded, which might have been done successfully, it is believed, from the cautious manner in which the enemy came on board.”

The reader will at once form an accurate estimate of the decision of the American Court of Inquiry, as also of the *caution* displayed by Captain Broke in leaping upon the enemy’s deck with twenty men, who at that moment had at least two hundred and seventy of his crew unhurt. So much for the American official document. Mr. James justly observes, “ It would not do for an official document like that we have just been quoting, to contain an admission that any portion (any influential portion at least) of the crew of an American ship of war consisted of British seamen ; the journalists, pamphleteers, and historians of the United States, did not scruple to attribute to the defection of the latter, the unfortunate issue of the business with the Chesapeake.” “ There are no better sailors in the world,” says an American writer, “ than our own ; and it seems hard that the war should be carried on for nothing but British sailors’ rights, and that those same sailors should desert

into which his national vanity had led him. Tapping me on the shoulder, and looking from the corners of his eyes with all the cunning glee that inward triumph could inspire in one of his class, he burst out—"What! taken you again; I guess?"—"No, the Chesapeake was boarded and taken after an action of a quarter of an hour." The smile of triumph was converted into a grin of astonishment and dismay; but, quickly recovering himself, he appeared (or rather wished to appear) to think I had reversed the order of things, and, giving vent to his feelings in no very polite or elegant language, he exclaimed,—

"I calculate that 's a tarnation lie!"

us in the moment of conflict. Cowardice is a species of treason. If renegade Englishmen are permitted to fight under our flag, it becomes prudent not to mix our own people with them to be destroyed; for, at the critical moment when the boarders were called, the foreigners all ran below, while not a native American shrank from the conflict." A writer in a Boston paper, after he has insisted that the "native Americans" on board the Chesapeake "fought like heroes," and that the British part of the crew "behaved treacherously," very naturally asks, "Can any of your correspondents inform us whether any Americans were on board the Shannon?"

"July 3rd. Baltimore. A gentleman who has been on board the Shannon, says that she carries sixty guns, many of which are heavy brass pieces."—Nile's Register, vol. iv. page 290.

I could only bow to this refined mode of contradiction. The poor man had no idea, I believe, of applying the unhappy expression personally, but to the report itself. Had I wished for revenge, I had ample opportunities of indemnifying myself some months afterwards; I preferred an occasion of paying him off which he himself tendered when he again visited us, and which I will presently detail. His curiosity, however, was excited, and, after making an awkward attempt at an apology for the sudden ebullition that had escaped him, he anxiously inquired all particulars, when, appearing to think there was a too probable foundation for the report, he broke out again, "That G—d—n particular ship, I guess, is always bringing the States into some scrape or another."*

The return of his companions broke off further intercourse. The Admiral had given orders for all the slaves to appear on the quarter-deck, when he granted the Colonel and his companions full permission to take back all those who were willing to accompany them. The heroes questioned their late negroes in softened accents respecting the cause of their desertion; some quaint and home replies to these queries convinced the en-

* Alluding to the rencontre between His Majesty's ship *Leopard* and the *Chesapeake* in 1807.

voys of their loss of time in the attempt, and they took their departure.

Under another flag of truce, the same gentleman, several months after this our first introduction, reappeared on the Albion's deck, and it so happened that I was again the officer of the watch. He was much more free with his tongue. After conversing upon our different incursions, and animadverting upon them, he continued;

"You have a Mr. S. on board here, I guess?"

"There is."

"And I calculate I have the honour of addressing him?"

"My name is S."

"I guessed as much. You are considerably fond of paying us nightly visits. Why don't you come in the open face of day like a man?"

"Merely because I find it more convenient to ramble at that time."

"I guess it's not like a warrior, or a gentleman, coming in the night like a robber. They tell me you are a mighty admirer of pocket-pieces.* Now I do assure you, I have the prettiest one throughout all the States, and nothing will please me more than if you will call for it."

Perhaps it will be better here to explain the manner in which the enemy's forces were divided

* Six-pounder field-pieces.

on the eastern shore. The coast is intersected with small rivers and creeks; a regiment of militia, consisting of twelve hundred strong, would be divided into companies to protect a space of fourteen to twenty miles, one or two of them being quartered at the mouth of these rivers. At the entrance of the principal, batteries were erected for the protection of their vessels. These positions were frequently destroyed by taking them in detail, and it sometimes occurred that the troops called together to resist our attack at one point were obliged to leave the others unprotected. Our business was generally achieved before they could possibly reach us, from the circuitous track they were obliged to pursue; while we would embark in our boats, and proceed to the unprotected points to follow up the same game. The poor militiamen were fairly worried out of their lives, they knew no repose by night or by day: the very devil was in the Admiral and his men, never was such a vexatious, harassing mode of warfare; they were here, and there, and everywhere. These stations were in most cases provided with a six-pounder field-piece, for the greater convenience of bringing it to bear upon any threatened point in their immediate neighbourhood; but in our attacks upon them many of the pretty pocket-pieces, quoted by the American captain, fell into

our power, and, prompted by his obliging offer to me, I therefore replied,

“ If you will inform me where I can have the honour of paying my respects to you, I will, with the Admiral’s permission, certainly avail myself of your polite invitation.”

Drawing his figure up to its full height, he answered with suitable dignity of demeanour, with which, however, his phraseology was sadly at variance, “ I guess you’ll find me Commandant at Fort Chessinessick, but tarnation seize me in the bramble-bush of damnation if I don’t blow you to hell if you put your foot within a mile of my command. You know better ; I would give you such a whipping as would cure you from rambling a-night, like a particular G— d—d tom-cat.”

“ Well, I cannot let you off, and shall trust to your hospitality for a warm reception.”

“ Oh yes, by G—, as warm as great guns and small arms can welcome you ; I guess you’ll think twice before you come.”

Here further parley was interrupted, and the flag of truce took its departure, but not before my friend, with a knowing wink, repeated his invitation. I did not suffer many minutes to elapse after they quitted the deck before I reported to the Admiral the American’s challenge, and my acceptance of it. He acceded to my wishes with

the proviso that I should be accompanied by a slave who was well acquainted with the localities of the spot. One of the Commandant's own negroes volunteered to guide me to the fort. All objections being removed, I was sent off in the barge to reconnoitre the premises: while performing this duty I received a Turkish salute, as I was taking my bearings, from a small sandy islet from which I intended to start.

At ten o'clock at night I left the ship with the armed boats, gained the islet, and set forward for the scene of attack. The battery was situated on a peninsula. I had intended landing on the isthmus in the rear, to cut off all retreat to the garrison. The murky darkness of the night favoured our designs; but we missed the precise spot fixed upon, in consequence of placing a greater reliance on the local knowledge of our negro guide than on my own observations of the morning. As we approached the land, I proceeded ahead in the gig to reconnoitre: I shoved her on shore under what appeared to be a high bank, and, jumping out with blacky, inquired if it was the right spot.

"Yees, massa; pose you go round here, you hab 'em all."

I was giving my orders in a whisper to the coxswain of the gig to push off and desire the

boats to come on, when a great gun directly over my head went off, and the shot rattled in among the boats: instead of disembarking half a mile off, we had landed at the fort itself. Its inmates were evidently unprepared for us: the hullo increased,—all was hurry-scurry and confusion; there was no time to reload. The gig's crew, quick as thought, scaled the ramparts, and there we were planted in the precincts of the redoubtable Captain's command: the rest of the boats dashed in. The enemy merely gave us the contents of their muskets as they turned out of the barracks and made their escape, headed by the gallant shivering Commandant in his shirt. The Americans made such good use of their legs that by the time our men had got fairly into the work, they could only let fly at the rear of the flying squad, which brought down two poor fellows. Finding pursuit vain, I secured the gate by which they had made their rapid exit, and proceeded to commence the work of destruction.

On reaching the Commandant's apartment, I found the whole of that captivating regimental suit before described, small-clothes and all, lying on a chair by his bed-side; the silver-mounted side-arms graced the wall, and a substantial beef-steak pie the table, upon which he appeared to have supped very heartily: the whole of the

ménage was strongly impregnated with the fumes of whisky and tobacco. The sword I considered my own, the regimentals, with the appurtenances, I made over to a serjeant of the Black Marines, (for at this time those slaves who volunteered were embodied into a regiment.) At daylight we shipped the Captain's beautiful pocket-piece, set fire to the barracks, and blew up the fort. Before we re-embarked I went to a farmhouse adjoining the scene of destruction, and left my compliments with its inhabitants for the Captain Commandant, and a message to the following purport, that "I did not perfectly coincide with him as to the beauty of the pocket-piece, but for the possession of it felt my best thanks were due, and that if he had any more to dispose of, I would take the earliest opportunity of calling for them."

The disgrace of being thus surprised napping and retreating *sans culottes* did not appear to have a tenth part so much effect on the wounded and sensitive feelings of my swaggering friend, as the dishonour I had put upon him by making over his military attire, cocked-hat, sky-scraper, feathers, and all, and allowing them to be worn by a "G—d—d black nigger." It was "the unkindest cut of all," and he loudly declared that Lieutenant S— was no warrior in thus putting so gross an insult upon a gallant enemy. His piteous lamen-

tations were conveyed to me through the means of one of the neutral inhabitants of Watt's Island. He pocketed the loss of his valued wardrobe, and I the distant defiance. He, however, never afterwards visited us in any succeeding flag of truce, nor were his invitations renewed to visit his quarters.

The enemy's captured vessels which proved unseaworthy, formed excellent targets for the practice of our great guns. Many of these craft might be seen floating up and down the Chesapeake filled with water; one of these particularly mauled vessels was always rising up like Banquo's ghost before us, ever coming athwart our hawse wherever we might be, till her spectral visitations were ended by towing her on Tangier Island, where the ghost was securely laid, by converting her into firewood, for the use of the garrison we had placed there.

On the 13th June we captured two American ships and a brig, and next day proceeded to Lynhaven Bay, adding another ship to our list of prizes. The Rear-admiral, having received intimation of the Commander-in-chief's approach with the expedition, commenced buoying the passage between Willoughby Point and the Horse-shoe, up to Hampton; and we ourselves proceeded in the Marlborough, with the Junon and Barrossa, to take:

up our anchorage in Hampton Roads, for the purpose of reconnoitring Crany Island and Norfolk. The frigates had anchored at the entrance of Elizabeth river, where the American frigate *Constellation*, and fifteen heavy gun-boats, remained under the batteries at Crany Island. The American flotilla, conceiving the favourable time had arrived for the employment of their strength against our advance, moved out during the night, but not without being duly noticed by our guard-boats, and information of their movements being communicated to the frigates.

As soon as the morning dawned, this heavy force, carrying thirty long thirty-two and twenty-four pounders, and manned by an additional number of men from the *Constellation*, opened out their fire upon the *Junon*, who, as well as the *Barrossa*, was becalmed, but all ready for weighing. The fire was returned by the frigate's eighteen pounders; for Jonathan knew the advantage of keeping out of range of the carronades. A breeze springing up soon after the commencement of this distant cannonade, enabled our frigates to weigh and close with the enemy. Captain Shirreff plied the gentlemen with such accuracy, and so little to their satisfaction, that they gladly hobbled off, as fast as their sweeps could assist them, to the friendly shelter

of the batteries they had so recently quitted with the laudable determination of leading in captive one, if not both, of his Britannic Majesty's frigates.

The Marlborough could render no assistance, being far out of range of gun-shot, but the action was distinctly visible from her deck. The fire of both frigates was admirable, but some of the last shots fired by the Barrossa told most beautifully. The whole were so roughly handled that they never attempted a second sortie during the remainder of the war. We may presume that the result of this their only sortie was as unpalatable to the Americans as that experienced by their allies the French on the field whence the frigate derived her name.*

* As a specimen of American official accounts, I will here subjoin Captain Cassin's letter to the Secretary of the Navy. The Junon was a thirty-eight gun frigate, and the Barrossa a thirty-six, as every naval officer in the service is well aware. These were the only two who were engaged with the gun-boats. The Barrossa was not injured in the smallest degree; the Junon, I believe, lost one man killed, and was as ready for service at the conclusion of the skirmish as before it began.

"Navy Yard, Gosport, June 21st, 1813.

"Sir,

"On Saturday, at 11 P. M. Captain Tarbell moved with the flotilla under his command, consisting of fifteen gun-boats, in two divisions, Lieutenant John M. Gardner first division, and Lieutenant Robert Henley the second, manned from the frigate, and fifty musketeers General Taylor ordered from Crany Island,

Rear-admiral Cockburn had carefully noted, as far as lay within his reach, the peculiarities of the

and proceeded down the river ; but adverse winds and squalls prevented his approaching the enemy until Sunday morning at 4 P.M., when the flotilla commenced a heavy galling fire on a frigate, at about three-quarters of a mile distant, lying well up the roads, two other frigates lying in sight. At half past four a breeze sprang up from east-north-east, which enabled the two frigates to get under way, one a razee or very heavy ship, and the other a frigate, to come near into the action. The boats, in consequence of their approach, hauled off, though keeping up a well directed fire on the razee and other ships, which gave us several broadsides. The frigate first engaged, supposed to be the *Junon*, was certainly very severely handled. Had the calm continued one half-hour, that frigate must have fallen into our hands or been destroyed. She must have slipped her moorings, so as to drop nearer the razee, who had all sails set coming up to her with the other frigates. The action continued one hour and a half with the three ships. Shortly after the action the razee got alongside of the ship, and had her upon a deep careen in a little time, with a number of boats and stages round her. I am satisfied considerable damage was done to her, for she was silenced some time until the razee opened her fire, when she commenced again. Our loss is very trifling: Mr. Allison, master's mate on board No. 159, was killed early in the action by an eighteen-pound ball, which passed through him and lodged in the mast. No. 154 had a shot between wind and water. No. 67 had her franklin shot away, and several of them had some of their sweeps, as well as their stanchions, shot away ; but two men slightly injured by the splinters from the sweeps. On the flood tide, several ships of the line and frigates came into the roads, and we did expect an attack last night. There are now in the roads thirteen ships of the line and frigates, one brig and several tenders. I cannot say too much of the officers and men on this

environs of Crany Island and its neighbourhood, when last at anchor in Hampton Roads; no time was now lost in following up and completing his observations. In pursuance of this intention Lieu-

occasion, for every man appeared to go into action with so much cheerfulness, apparently to do their duty, resolved to conquer. I had a better opportunity of discovering their actions than any one else, being in my boat the whole of the action.

“ I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed,) JOHN CASSEN.”

In Nile's Register, vol. iv. p. 278, the same affair is noticed. “ At half past three on Sunday morning, Captain Tarbell, with fifteen boats, swept down within a mile and a half of his object, and opened a sharp fire on the frigates. The morning was calm, and his shot appeared to take complete effect. The cannonade lasted an hour and a quarter on both sides, and the Englishmen were silenced, when the other frigates caught a breeze and came to his relief. All of them then opened a tremendous fire on the boats, who yet maintained the battle for half an hour—*fifteen guns against a hundred and fifty*, after which they retired, with the loss of only one man killed, to Crany Island. It is stated as the opinion of all the officers, that the headmost frigate must have suffered, and that she would inevitably have fallen into our hands, if the weather had continued calm.”

In page 291 of the same volume—“ We learn that the Junon received sixteen shots between wind and water in that affray—that the captain was so badly wounded as not to be expected to recover, with about *one hundred and fifty of the crew killed and wounded*.”

The nautical reader may form a tolerably accurate idea of the size of these *gun-boats*, which were capable of carrying masts sufficiently stout to admit of an eighteen-pound shot being lodged in them, as appears to have been the case with No. 159.

tenant Westphal was despatched to reconnoitre the island strictly, when he discovered a shoal running a long way out from the beach. The evening before the unfortunate attack, the spot was re-examined by Lieutenant Westphal, and his first report confirmed, viz. that on any attempt to land, the boats would inevitably ground at some distance from the shore, and that it would be necessary for the troops and men intended for the assault to jump out the moment they grounded. The Commander-in-chief arrived with the expedition on the 20th, when the Rear-admiral submitted his plan of attack, and offered his services to conduct it, but they were declined on the plea that the arrangements had been already completed at sea, and that Captain Pechell was to have the command. He then volunteered his assistance by hoisting his flag on board the *Barrossa*, and engaging the batteries and defences on Crany Island and its environs.

On the 22nd of June, part of the troops under General Beckwith were landed at Pig's Point, and the remainder, consisting of a part of the 102nd regiment, the Canadian chasseurs, and a battalion of marines, were embarked in the boats to make a descent upon Crany Island. I had the command of the Marlborough's boats on that disastrous day. It is to be regretted that there were not fewer com-

manding officers, the issue of the attack might have then been different; the orders were so numerous and contradictory from the juniors, that instead of the body forming one open line, and pushing directly for the beach when within range of the guns, they formed an oval mass, and every shot of the enemy ought to have told among them. Captain Hanchett led on in the *Diadem's* launch most gallantly, as did the *St. Domingo's* centipede, but they, and the others that followed them, grounded on the shoal. Instead of the troops leaping out and fording to the beach, the boats' crews pointed their oars forward and endeavoured to shove off under a murderous shower of grape and canister, which sank the *St. Domingo's* long-boat above mentioned, and some others; this movement deterred the boats astern from pushing forward. Captain Pechell had pulled up to the batteries, exposing himself to the hottest of the enemy's fire, but the scene among the boats was one of complete disorder and confusion. "Pull to starboard," "Pull to port,"—"Give way ahead,"—"Back astern," were all uttered in the same breath: the natural consequence of this state of things was a retreat.

It was distressing to see the poor unarmed fellows who reached the beach from the sunken boats, deliberately massacred by the Americans,

who, running down as the dripping wretches gained the shore, applied the muzzles of their muskets to their ears, mercilessly imbruing their hands in the blood of helpless foes. It was a sight, the remembrance of which at this distance of time makes my blood boil, and evinced a ferocity of feeling only suited to a state of barbarism. The Marlborough's launch was among the boats sunk ; a twenty-four pounder entered her larboard bow, and passed out of the starboard quarter, sweeping away a few legs in its transit, and setting the whole cargo of blue and red jackets adrift on the waters. The whole were speedily rescued by their neighbours, and the sunken launch towed to one of the small vessels in the rear, where she was lifted high enough out of the water for the purpose of nailing a sheet of lead over the shot-holes, and sufficiently repaired to be again ready to proceed to the second attack.

A slave from Norfolk was one of the party ; his pugnacious temperament urged him to tease me into compliance with his repeated requests to accompany me on this expedition, impelled doubtless by the worthy feeling of being enabled to wipe off old scores with his master. At my solicitation permission was given him, accompanied by a hint from myself that round-shot were disagreeable *avant-couriers* to come in contact with.

Blacky (who boasted the name of Cæsar) was too full of fight to hear reason ; he doubtless fancied the sight of his ebony face and white ivories could fulfil the words of his great namesake, "*Veni vidi vici*," and, with a musket in hand, he was placed in the launch. Cæsar, seated in the gunnel of the starboard quarter, with his musket between his legs, glided quickly to the scene of slaughter and destruction. His fighting qualities were evidently approaching the freezing point of valour, the twenty-four pounder sank it below zero ; but Cæsar's star partially triumphed, for the ball passed between his legs, and taking the butt-end of his musket, caused it to explode, and whisk off the sable hero's left ear. He leaped high in air, as if he had been shot in the heart or the brain, and the next moment was striking out in the watery element. The universe would have been an insufficient temptation to Cæsar to try his fortunes again in that particular line ; he had taken in his *quantum sufficit* of fighting, which doubtless lasted him for his mortal career.

Lieutenant Westphal had accompanied the General, but, witnessing the error committed by the boats, embarked and pushed off to make known with all possible despatch the only feasible mode of effecting a permanent landing, and that no obstacle would be encountered on the beach ;

indeed the fact of many unhappy sufferers having reached it, demonstrated the absence of all difficulty. But it was too late ; many of the boats had already retreated, and the remainder had received orders to pursue the same course. After some deliberation a second attack was determined upon : the boats pulled manfully to the contest, but with the same unfortunate result. As on the first attempt, we again formed a solid mass, instead of an extended line, and the enterprise was abandoned.

CHAPTER VI.

Unjust Report—Embarkation of the Troops—The Enemy completely routed—Treachorous and sanguinary act—Presence of mind—A Kentucky prisoner—Falsehood of the American press relative to the capture of Hampton—Arrival of the Sceptre, 74—Expedition to Ocracoke—Anchor off Point Lookout—Capture of Kent Island—English Colonel in the service of the Enemy—Picturesque encampment—Musquitoes—A battery destroyed in St. Michael's river—Other hostile proceedings—An outrage—Unwelcome intrusion on a birthday party—Vessel in distress—Advantages likely to accrue from the use of Chronometers by our Commercial Marine—Festivities at Bermuda—Quit Bermuda—Terrific Tempest—Reach the Anchorage off New London—Cowardly and Diabolical Plan—Inclement weather—Commodore Decatur out-manceuvred—American vanity—The Admiral shifts his flag into the Albion—A freezing duty.

THE Rear-admiral had hoisted his flag on board the Barrossa, but, from the light airs and calms, had been unable to get her within range of the batteries; the troops were re-embarked, and we had the mortification of returning to our ship,

without having effected any thing. By some means which I have never been able to discover, a report was circulated that this infructuous attack was planned by the Rear-admiral, and that its failure was to be attributed to the defective information supplied by him to the commanding officer entrusted with the attack. The assertion is as unjust as it is untrue, and I am sure would have been promptly rebutted by the gallant leader in this disastrous business, had it ever reached his ears ; for, of all others, he was best aware that, had Admiral Cockburn's advice been followed, there were the fairest chances of a very different result. The report is only now noticed from its having at one time gained very general belief, and this public contradiction is offered for the benefit of those unacquainted with the real state of the case.

The Americans made the most of the affair, but, when the matter is coolly canvassed, there remains but a bank of sand on which to build their triumphal arch. The boats, under very disadvantageous circumstances, advanced in mid-day to the assault in the teeth of formidable batteries playing heavily upon them ; no opportunity was offered us of putting American valour to the proof. Had it been a hand-to-hand affair, and we had suffered a repulse, they would have been fairly entitled to raise the cry of

victory ; but, while secure behind their ramparts from personal danger, they tarnished American honour and humanity by their cowardly attack and slaughter of the helpless, unarmed, and half-drowned men who were thrown upon their shores. Modesty would have proved their best policy.*

* The public disavowal by Lieutenant-General Sir John Keane, K. C. B. and other distinguished officers of high rank, of the statement put forth in Mr. Stuart's work on America, (a publication I regret I have not yet had an opportunity of reading,) wherein it is made to appear that the British commanding officer promised a licence to the troops under his command, on their entry into New Orleans, quite incompatible with the high sense of honour and feeling of British officers, was met by the author in a manner perfectly consistent with the character of a gentleman who finds he has thoughtlessly affixed a stigma on the conduct of officers whose chivalrous spirit ought to have shielded them from the suspicion of such conduct. This disavowal, it appears, was forwarded by our minister, Mr. Vaughan, at Washington to General Jackson, the President of the United States, who commanded the American army at New Orleans, and who, in the handsomest manner, declared his utter disbelief of the existence of any such intention, and promised that steps should be publicly adopted to refute the calumny for ever. Such conduct is alike honourable to the individual, and consonant to the high station he occupies. The impartial men of both countries must hail the announcement as auspicious, and leading to the further elucidation of truth, which has unfortunately so long been obscured by virulence and national jealousy. A few traits of the like nature would do more to soften the acerbity of both nations, than cart-loads of volumes written upon the subject. But while the vituperative and false denunciations concocted by untutored minds in the school of honour, and published in

Thus ingloriously ended the attack upon Crany Island.*

On the 25th of June the troops with the General were again embarked in the boats, under the immediate command of the Rear-admiral, who, landing them a short distance to the westward of the town of Hampton before daylight, accompanied the army with the seamen. The enemy was drawn up to receive us, but he was immediately out-flanked and completely routed. The Americans, breaking away like a flock of sheep,

moments of irritation and hostile feeling, are treasured up and recorded as facts in the calm of peace, and religiously maintained as such notwithstanding they carry the brand of fiction on their very front, the feelings of both parties must be as far removed from amalgamation as the antipodes. The fiction of New Orleans was not unique, as will be seen by the following oration extracted from Nile's Register, vol. iv. page 333.

“ Cockburn addressed his men to the following *purport*: “ My brave fellows! we will storm Fort Nelson by dinner, and be in Norfolk to supper. There you will find two banks, with a great quantity of dollars; and for your exertions and bravery, you will have three days' plunder, and *the free use of a number of fine women*, besides a handsome bounty. The inhabitants are very rich.”

* “ The number of the enemy engaged inclusive, was estimated at from two thousand five hundred to three thousand men. In killed, drowned, and deserters, the enemy must have reduced his force four hundred men. This estimate is sustained in several ways, and appears nearly correct.” Nile's Register, vol. iv. page 291.

escaped through the woods in every direction ; from the celerity with which they went off, few prisoners were taken.

The Canadian Chasseurs, a regiment formed out of the French prisoners in England who had volunteered their services against the Americans, were with us on this occasion ; they were officered by their own countrymen, but behaved so ill in two instances, coupled with frequent desertion, that it led to their being immediately re-embarked and disbanded.

In chasing the flying remnants of the scattered forces through the woods, an American officer was overtaken : he sued for mercy, and it was of course granted by the naval lieutenant to whom the appeal was made. A French officer belonging to the Chasseurs came up, and pointed his sword at the unfortunate prisoner ; the lieutenant, putting it aside, told him the American had surrendered.

“ Laissez-le,” and a wink, was the reply ; and taking it for granted that nothing more was intended than to awaken for a moment the fears of the captive fugitive, the lieutenant could not refrain from smiling at seeing the unfortunate man drop on his knees before the Frenchman and beg for mercy. The lieutenant had accepted and communicated the surrender to the officer of

the Chasseurs—could he then have suspected the dastardly ruffian's intention? It would have been very easy in such case to have arrested the tragedy that was about to take place. The Chasseur addressed his victim, who spoke the French language remarkably well, "Sais-tu en quelle sorte tes compatriotes nous ont traités il-y-a trois jours?" (alluding to the men slaughtered on the beach at Crany Island.) "Non, je n'en sais rien."—"Comment, tu n'en sais rien!"—"Non, parole d'honneur. Je n'en sais rien."—"Alors je te le ferai voir," and he plunged his sword into the suppliant's heart.

The lieutenant's head grew giddy, nor could he believe so foul an act had been perpetrated until the bleeding corpse, weltering in gore at his feet, too truly confirmed the damning deed. The Frenchman passed on, but his companion remained completely unmanned. The sounding of the recall brought him to his senses, and he rejoined the troops. Of course the flagrant murder was reported; and this, with other misconduct, led to the immediate embarkation and dismissal of the Chasseurs, as I have already related.

The launches and rocket-boats under Captain Russell had engaged the batteries while the troops were marching on towards the enemy; the rockets had committed much mischief, but

the alarm they created drove the poor inhabitants almost out of their senses, and they fled in every direction. The slaves profited by the opportunity to quit their masters' service without notice.

Among the very few prisoners made was a Kentucky man by Lieutenant Bigland. They found themselves by some means detached from their different parties, and close to each other in an enclosure, with a strong high paling between them. Lieutenant Bigland thought to have the first shot, and drawing his pistol, let fly, and missed the Yankee. His presence of mind saved his life, for immediately the pistol was fired his opponent raised his rifle to his shoulder, and in a second, little Big (as he was familiarly styled by his messmates) drew his sabre, calling out very coolly, "Surrender directly: if you presume to fire, by G— I'll cut you to pieces." The man dropped his piece, and, at that moment some of our people coming in upon him, the posed Kentucky man yielded his rifle, and became his prisoner. The backwoodsman behaved remarkably well; he had the life of our friend completely in his power, but the cool manner in which he was addressed made him hesitate, and that little moment of hesitation secured to his country and his friends the life of a truly

honourable, upright, and worthy officer,—to his messmates a valued friend and brother. The Kentucky man became a favourite with every member of the ward-room, and shared our cheer as long as he remained on board. Before he knew the Britishers he was their avowed and mortal enemy; but he found we had been belied, and parted from us with considerably mollified feelings.

Never was there, I believe, a concatenation of more monstrous absurdities or glaring falsehoods hazarded on any occasion than that collected and vomited forth by the press of the United States in the affair of the capture of Hampton. Two detestable outrages were committed by the Canadian Chasseurs, as I have already stated; for the rest, not the shadow of a shade existed for the horrible and disgusting scenes attributed by these free-born scribes to the British forces. The Commander-in-chief of the squadron, Sir John Warren, was accused of that species of licentiousness, the commission of which would have made a common seaman blush. As for the Rear-admiral, he was painted blacker and more vicious than Satan himself; it was one hyperbole of nauseous accusations. Our friend the backwoodsman, when restored to liberty, boldly, honourably, and publicly contradicted these sicken-

ing reports, and declared them to be founded neither upon the principles of justice nor truth. His honest conduct is thus spoken of by one of the editors commenting upon the refutation : " This cold-blood-hearted patriot has the audacity to deny established facts." *

* I will here submit a very small portion of the fruits of the American press upon this subject. " On the twenty-fifth they attacked Hampton by land and water with great force, which they succeeded in getting possession of, after a gallant defence by the few militia we had there (450). About twenty-five of our men are missing, but the enemy lost at least two hundred." Nile's Register, vol. iv. page 291.

" Monsters at Hampton.

" With feelings that cannot be uttered we devote a considerable portion of the present number of the Register to publish and *preserve* a body of facts and evidence regarding the proceedings of the enemy at Hampton, that will for ever disgrace the British name :—shuddering humanity outlaws the finished villains."—" If it were possible that these outrages could be aggravated, that aggravation might be found in the conduct of Americans so lost to honour and honesty, so destitute of the feelings of men or patriots, and so much debased by a vile party spirit or engulphed in a foreign influence, as to palliate, justify, or impudently deny the verity of those facts occurring in the Chesapeake, that have stamped the British with an excess of the barbarisms of the dark ages, without the chastening spirit of chivalry that protected woman, lovely woman, from the brutalities of the times.

" There is something in ' ravishment ' so opposite to all that is honourable, (though it ought not to depreciate the good name of the violently polluted,) that no husband, father, or brother, is willing to have it embodied in history, that his wife, daughter, or sister was so served. Hence, as before observed, the extent

Our loss in this attack amounted in killed, wounded, and missing, to about fifty, one-tenth of which number included the former. The Americans' loss was much more severe. After keeping possession of the town for ten days, and obtaining the requisite supplies for the squadron, the bat-

of the abomination will never be known to the public at large." Nile's Register, vol. iv. page 332.

Captain Cooper's letter (of the Cavalry) is a master-piece in detailing the supposed atrocities as a "record of facts." It is too gross to notice. He says: "At present you must content yourself with the following, *and believe it as religiously as any fact beyond denial.*" Be it remarked that the enemy's small body of cavalry were the first to gallop off, and never drew bit till twelve or fifteen miles intervened between them and their foes.

Then follows another account.

"Admiral Warren, Sir James Beckwith, and that vile monster Cockburn, * * * * * that upon their taking Hampton, the British forced all the women to their purposes, and then attempted to stab them, and did stab one, but did not kill her; they were prevented from doing the unfortunate *maiden* this favour. The Admiral then permitted their men to strip those unhappy women naked, and with drawn bayonets drive them through the streets before them. Most of these unfortunate females (now rendered wretched for life by the bulwark of our religion) are well known, and are beautiful beyond description."

The editor concludes this mass of fiction by stating, "The official enquiry and report made to the Governor confirm all we have heard."

Dr. Smith, the American historian, speaking of Hampton says, "No one need question the conduct of the British troops at Hampton."

teries and all the ordnance in them were destroyed, and the troops re-embarked.

The Sceptre, seventy-four, arriving in Hampton Roads for the express purpose of bearing the flag of Rear-admiral Cockburn, he shifted over to her, taking all his officers with him. On the 2nd July the Sceptre, in company with three troopers and several small craft, quitted Hampton Roads: on board this squadron was embarked a detachment of about five hundred of the 102nd regiment, and a part of the marine artillery, under Lieutenant-colonel Napier. Our destination was Ocracoke Inlet, to the southward. In our passage thither several of the enemy's vessels were captured, and sent to Lynhaven Bay. Light and contrary winds prevented our reaching the mouth of the entrance before the night of the 12th, when the troops were immediately placed in the boats; Lieutenant Westphal, whom I accompanied, having been first despatched with a division of boats for the purpose of securing the entrance, and attacking the armed vessels lying at the anchorage. The passage was so intricate that we failed in discovering it till daylight, and at the same time our approach was observed by the enemy. An eighteen-gun brig and letter of marque schooner opened their fire upon us, but Westphal dashed on to board the brig. The resolution of the commander and his crew fail-

ed them ; they cut their cable, and submitted, after giving us the contents of her great-guns and small-arms. The fate of the brig (*Anaconda*) decided the schooner to haul down her colours. The former was, in outward appearance, a perfect model of beauty, and might have answered to the description of the *Water Witch* so admirably depicted by Cooper. She was near four hundred tons burden, belonging to New York. The schooner (*Atlas*) was a Philadelphia clipper letter of marque, mounting ten guns, and two hundred and fifty tons. A great number of river craft had weighed on our being discovered : we gave chase, but, a breeze springing up, they got clear off, and the only fruit of our long pull were two boats freighted with part of the crew of the captured schooner, they having abandoned their charge in double-quick time. The troops, in the mean time, were disembarked : they took possession of Portsmouth and Ocracoke without any opposition, and, having paid for the supplies received, were re-embarked ; and on the 16th we took our departure with our prizes for the Chesapeake, and rejoined the Commander-in-chief, three days afterwards, in the Potomac river.

Lieutenant Westphal took charge of the *Anaconda* ; during our short passage she proved her good sailing by running round every ship in the

squadron under her topsails. She was purchased into the service, and Lieutenant Westphal appointed her Commander, having been promoted at home some days previously to her capture: a well-earned reward for services ably and zealously executed.

A week after our return, we anchored off Point Look-out, the entrance to the Potomac, and landed the troops; no resistance was offered, and the squadron and forces obtained a plentiful supply of the refreshment required.

At the beginning of August the whole squadron moved up towards Kent Island, and on the 4th the Sceptre, having the start, anchored off the south end. The Rear-admiral with the marines, and a detachment of the 102nd regiment in the boats, pulled in between the island and the main, and, landing at the ferry, cut off the communication between them. The Americans were thus prevented from throwing in reinforcements, and we took quiet possession of the large and well-cultivated district under the above denomination. A militia colonel and several of his officers were surprised: they were all capitally mounted; but the colonel, who was an Englishman, bestrode a noble animal. He was in plain clothes, but did not hesitate in immediately acknowledging who and what he was, at the same time stating that he had

been many years settled and married in the country, was proprietor of a large estate, and that his present situation was the result of the circumstances in which he was placed; that he had not met us in an hostile manner, and therefore trusted the Admiral would allow him to depart. This communication, made in all frankness and candour, carried conviction of its truth to the mind of the Admiral, who, instead of taking advantage of the confession, entered into his feelings, and at once gave him the desired permission, upon his parole that he was not to serve in his military capacity during the war, which, from the colonel's British feelings, I suspect was no very great hardship, as it honourably and satisfactorily incapacitated him, in the opinion of his adopted countrymen, from taking up arms against the sons of his native soil. His companions, however, were doomed to remain, until the forcible and gentlemanly appeal of the colonel in their behalf, overcame the first determination of our chief, and they accompanied their liberated commander minus their cavalry. The candour of the colonel, added to the strong regard he professed for the animal he rode, alone saved him from returning in the same humble plight as his subordinates. On my return to England at the conclusion of the war, I was introduced to two of his nephews, with whom I

have ever since remained upon terms of friendship. They had long before heard the whole business, and felt too happy that a circumstance sometimes so serious in its consequence, had ended so satisfactorily to all parties.

On the following day the General approached from the other side to reconnoitre, and was pleasantly amused at finding he had been taking precautions against his friends. The forces were disembarked, and a picturesque encampment formed about the centre of the island, in a beautiful spot resembling a gentleman's park. Here they constructed tents with the boughs of evergreen trees, which, being regularly placed and of equal size, formed a very pretty sight. A good-sized farmhouse on one side of the encampment served for the accommodation of the General and his staff.

The ferry remained guarded by the marine artillery, with a couple of field-pieces and a howitzer, supported by some of the boats of the fleet: a station which the condemned criminal would have scouted. The passage across was scarcely twenty yards, the land on each side for a hundred and fifty paces being a swampy marsh, from which arose without intermission myriads of hungry mosquitoes, nearly devouring the unfortunate boats' crews and the artillerymen. The sight of these tortured objects in the morning bore ample testimony

to the hellish miseries they had endured during the night ; they were bloated, swelled, and disfigured, by the smarting, itching incisions of the minute proboscis of these bloodthirsty devils. The heat was suffocating ; but the defence afforded by pursers' worsted-stockings was thankfully resorted to, and with a small branch of a tree to protect the physiognomy by whisking it from side to side, after some nights' experience of intense misery, matters were better managed. No fear existed of a poor fellow falling asleep upon his post in this neighbourhood.

The goodly show of slaughtered sheep and quarters of beef that were suspended every morning from the trees, intermixed with a plentiful supply of geese, turkeys, fowls, &c. with heaps of vegetables, would not have disgraced Leadenhall-market, and plainly evinced that we had fallen on the land of "milk and honey." Abundance prevailed, but no waste was permitted. The appetites of some of our fellows were of the first magnitude ; but however great the extent of the toil and fatigues we encountered in our campaigning, we never knew the misery of short allowance, or went to rest supperless, as was too frequently the case with our gallant brethren in the Peninsula.

While the troops were luxuriating in Kent Island, the boats, under the command of Lieu-

tenant Polkinghorne, first of the St. Domingo, were despatched up St. Michael's river, for the purpose of destroying a battery situated on its banks. This service was performed with trifling loss, and in a manner highly creditable to the gallant daring of Lieutenant Polkinghorne. The enemy was fully prepared to receive him, and supported by a large force in his rear. It mounted six twelve-pounders, which kept a heavy fire upon the assailants, till the leader with his men scaling the ramparts, leaped into the midst of their foes, who, not relishing the flashing brightness of my friend's scimitar, fled, and left him master of the place. It was speedily demolished, the trunnions were knocked off the guns, and a shot enveloped in wet cloth was rammed tight home into the chamber,—a plan generally adopted by us, whenever it was inconvenient to ship off the artillery that fell into our power.

At another period of our sojourn on the island, the whole of the troops were passed over to the main, with the intention of surprising the enemy's forces that had taken up a position in our neighbourhood. The project miscarried from some mistake of our advanced-guard, who prematurely opened their fire upon the enemy's picket, which giving the alarm, enabled the American forces to escape without the loss of a man, leaving Queen's

town, which they had hitherto covered, defenceless and untenanted. The inhabitants fled in alarm at the first volley of musketry. Finding the game had escaped, the troops were marched back to their encampment. Not a single house was permitted to be injured, or despoiled of an article. The inhabitants were, doubtless, pleasingly disappointed on their return to find a state of things so different from what was expected. The atrocities and unheard-of crimes attributed to us at Hampton by the American press, had been received as gospel by the majority of the population, and we were naturally regarded by those who pinned their faith upon newspaper reports as a set of rapacious tigers.

We remained in possession of Kent Island for three weeks, making it the head-quarters whence expeditions were despatched to the surrounding country, keeping the enemy in a constant state of alarm, and proving to them that war has its inconveniences. The forces were re-embarked on the 23rd of August, and we moved higher up the bay.

As no resistance had been offered on taking possession, the Rear-admiral had promised protection to all those who remained by their property. Among a large body of seamen landing on an enemy's coast, it is to be supposed that some individuals might be found who would take

advantage of a fancied privilege, notwithstanding the strict orders issued to the contrary. Several petty depredations were committed, which were made up to the losers, and the parties, when discovered, were punished for it. But there was one poor American, who lived at the north end of the island, whose house, standing alone, was attacked one night, (no doubt by some of those honoured C. P. gentlemen,) and literally ransacked; the scoundrels had managed so well that we were never enabled to trace them. The poor fellow made his complaint, and I was despatched to the scene of spoliation. From several corresponding circumstances, no doubt existed that the plunderers belonged to us. The poor man had made his escape from the intruders. Every drawer and cupboard had been wrenched open, and their contents strewed about. I made my report. The injured man was sent for, and questioned by the Rear-admiral as to the amount of his loss. Jonathan guessed it could not be less than three hundred and fifty dollars; that sum was immediately paid over to him from the private purse of the Rear-admiral. This was only one of numerous instances of similar generosity by the man for whose head the Americans had offered a reward.

On the 26th, the Rear-admiral landed on

the eastern shore : no resistance was offered, nor any public property found, therefore they returned in the evening. During this day's excursion, the Admiral and his party came upon a better description of house than we usually met with. An officer opened the door, accompanied by a serjeant, and, entering the nearest apartment, whence issued sounds of mirth and jollity, we discovered a room full of joyous girls. The sight of the serjeant plainly told them that they had fallen into the power of the dreaded Britishers ; the simultaneous shriek that arose as conviction of the fact flashed upon their minds, drew the Rear-admiral to the spot. It appeared that the young ladies of the neighbourhood had met to commemorate the birth-day of one of their companions, and, never dreaming of the vicinity of an enemy, were enjoying themselves with all the elastic buoyancy of youth, when we rudely broke in upon their amusements. Like frightened deer, with no means of escape, they crowded into one corner of the room ; their fears were, however, speedily removed. The courtly demeanour of the Admiral, and promises of protection, restored the roses to their smiling countenances, and they learned that the enemy and the gentleman may be combined without disparagement to either : an idea hitherto regarded

by them as at least apocryphal. I fancy that we so ingratiated ourselves into their good opinion, that they would have had no objection to our longer stay. Every male biped of the household stole off on the first intimation of our arrival, and left the fascinating innocents completely at our mercy. It is needless to add, the spot was protected from further intrusion. We found the young American females particularly interesting and pretty; I should say that, in refinement of manners and ideas, the women were a century in advance of the men.

Having landed at various times in different parts of the bay, without encountering a force inclined to oppose us, the whole squadron proceeded to Lynhaven Bay, whence we shortly after took our departure in the Sceptre for Bermuda, and the Commander-in-chief with the prizes for Halifax. In due time we arrived at Murray's anchorage, where the work of refit was soon completed. One night, in a heavy gale of wind blowing from the westward, distress guns were heard from the extensive rocky reefs that surround the island for many miles in that quarter. We were unable to render any assistance, and the poor wretches soon found a watery grave. A miracle alone can save the lives of the crew whose vessel may be thrown upon this distant barrier, upon which the sea

breaks in a westerly gale with overwhelming fury. In the morning, large quantities of mahogany logs were floating around us, and part of the wreck of the ill-fated vessel ; a great many of the logs were secured, but there was nothing to show the name of the ship : her cargo naturally pointed her out as a Honduras trader, and the marks on the logs afterwards identified her.

In the month of November, during the night distress guns were again heard, and continued to boom their melancholy note of impending death ; the boats were unable to make any way against the wind and sea. At daylight, a brig was discovered at anchor among the rocks with the signal of distress flying ; the gale having abated, the crew of our pinnace with great difficulty succeeded in getting on board of her. Fortunately, when she struck, a heavy sea lifted her over the rock, and, letting go her anchor, she brought up amidst the breakers which surrounded her. The master had fancied himself a hundred miles to the westward of the island. By the aid of our boats she was eventually conducted into the harbour, with the loss of her rudder and other serious damages.

These rocks have proved the tomb of thousands. It is a great oversight, and a cruel piece of impolicy on the part of the owners of our merchant vessels, to omit supplying them with chro-

nometers when bound on long voyages, especially those destined to encounter the influence of currents, such as are to be found in the Gulf of Florida. I am aware that many arguments may be adduced against this plan, such as the expense, the want of knowledge on the part of many of the masters, the probability of an alteration in their rates without discovery, and, again, too entire a dependance upon them by the masters. All these, however, in my opinion, are trifling considerations, compared to the advantages arising from the general adoption of them. It would have the good effect of obliging men to acquire the knowledge necessary to enable them to take charge of this delicate instrument, and to detect any material error arising during the voyage by a series of lunar observations. Were I an underwriter, I should prefer accepting a third less premium upon a vessel thus navigated, to the full amount with one destitute of this valuable acquisition. Are a few pounds to be placed in competition with the lives of valuable men? or the greater safety of an immense amount of property? The advantages appear to me so obvious, that I can only feel regret and surprise that it is not made a *sine qua non* by our commercial marine trading foreign.

Our long stay at Bermuda was enlivened by

parties and balls given by the Admiral, the inhabitants, and several West India gentlemen who were visiting the island on commercial affairs. The house of Messrs. C-v-ns will be ever remembered by the navy with pleasure; a hearty welcome awaited every officer claiming acquaintance with these hospitable men,—and where trod the officer at St. George's who was not frequently seated at their bountiful board in that land of scarcity? Meat was sometimes three shillings and sixpence a pound, and poultry in proportion. Next came Pepper-pot Hall, a club of those West India gentlemen who assembled at Bermuda for the purpose of purchasing prizes and prize goods. Mr. D-g-n's house and table were alike open to us, but he was a family-man, and of course there was an absence of the perfect freedom that reigned paramount in the domicile of the jovial bachelors.

I have before stated that we possessed one of the best bands in the navy. Their situation was a complete sinecure in the Chesapeake, but at Bermuda their services were in constant requisition; the balls of the magnates of the island receiving additional *éclat* from their able performance. The officers of the Sceptre determined not to be outdone in these gay and hospitable doings; and forthwith decided that a ball and supper to the

ladies were justly due to them for the civilities and attentions showered upon the blue-coats, and invitations were issued accordingly. Bad weather caused the postponement of the fête three several times, and in order to prevent further disappointment, the loan of the town hall was applied for and granted. The large room was fitted with the flags of the ship, interwoven with evergreens, finished at the top with festoons composed of pendants. The chandeliers were formed of hoops of different sizes, covered over with bunting, and studded round with bayonets, their points turned upwards; the part affixed to the muskets serving as sockets for the bougies. Four of these sailor-like contrivances, each containing thirty lights, were hung equidistant from the beams down the centre of the room; a sufficient number of candelabras fitted in the same manner for the walls, completed the lighting department, and a very pretty effect the whole arrangement displayed.

The officer of the engineers exercised much ingenuity and taste in the military and naval devices chalked upon the floor. Every lady in the island was invited; the Governor, Admiral, and *élite* of the colony, honoured the Luff-tackles with their company. The fair guests expressed themselves in terms most flattering to our *amour propre*,

—a rich reward for the pains taken to contribute to their amusement. Our ball furnished the topic of conversation to the Bermuda coteries, until its glories were extinguished by the more splendid affair given by the Admiral at a later period.

The new year was ushered in at the Admiral's in a style worthy of himself, and highly conducive to the enjoyment of his numerous guests. On the 3rd of January we quitted Bermuda, previously serenading the principal belles of the island with the select part of our musical forces, styled *par excellence* the chamber band.

A week after our departure, we encountered one of those sudden and terrific tempests so common to the American coast at this period of the year. I had the first watch; it was then blowing strong from the south-eastward, which obliged me to take in the third reef of the top-sails. I had been about an hour in my cot, when the gale shifted suddenly round to the north-west: I was startled from my sleep by the cot's being thrown up against the beams, and nearly pitching me out of it. The boatswain and his mates were heard piping "All hands ahoy." The main top-mast had been blown over the side, and one poor fellow in the rigging was cast upon the angry surge, and perished. It was the prelude to a bitter gale; under storm staysails, we cleared away

the wreck. Four-and-twenty hours had not elapsed before we discovered that the ship began to take in a good deal of water : the leaks increased to such a degree that the pumps were kept constantly going ; the heavy labouring of the vessel had worked the oakum out of the wood ends ; and the water poured into the bread-room. At one time it gained so fast upon us that affairs began to assume a very serious aspect ; fortunately, however, on the fourth day, when things were at the worst, the gale began to abate, and the following morning it had quite subsided : fine weather restored order aloft, but the leaks continued to give us constant employment.

It was not till the 25th that we reached the anchorage off New London, where the American squadron, under Commodore Decatur, had taken refuge. Here we found the *Ramillies*, Sir Thomas Hardy, *Statira*, *Endymion*, &c. A short time previous to our arrival, the cowardly and diabolical plan of attempting to destroy the former was put in practice by self-styled civilized men, and ended in the destruction of one of my former messmates in the *Barfleur*, Lieutenant Geddes, and ten fine seamen. The following account is taken from an excellent work, James's Naval History, which correctly states the circumstance.

“ For several weeks previous to this event, the

New York and Boston papers had been filled with panegyrics on their 'naval heroes,' whose valour they depicted as impetuous, amounting almost to rashness. Some of the papers, as if a little ashamed of what they had said, now added 'a rasée' to the two British ships, and gave that as a reason that the American Commodore suffered his squadron to be chased into New London.

"In a week or two afterwards, two merchants of New York, encouraged by a promise of reward from the American government, formed a plan for destroying the British seventy-four-gun ship *Ramillies*, Captain Sir Thomas Masterman Hardy, as she lay at anchor off Fisher's Island. A schooner named the *Eagle* was laden with several casks of gunpowder, having trains leading from a species of gun-lock, which, upon the principle of clock-work, went off at a given period after it had been set. Above the casks of powder, and in full view of the hatchway, were some casks of flour, it being known at New York that the *Ramillies* was short of provisions, and naturally supposed that Captain Hardy would immediately order the vessel alongside, in order to get the ship's wants supplied.

"Thus murderously laden, the schooner sailed from New York, and stood up the Sound. On the 25th, in the morning, the *Eagle* approached

New London, as if intending to enter that river. The Ramillies detached a boat with thirteen men, under Lieutenant John Geddes, to cut her off.

“At eleven A. M. Lieutenant Geddes boarded the schooner, and found that the crew, after having let go her only anchor, had abandoned their vessel and fled to the shore. The lieutenant brought the fatal prize near to the Ramillies, and Sir Thomas ordered him to place the vessel alongside of a trading sloop, which had been recently captured, and lay a short distance off. The lieutenant did as he was ordered; and at half past two P. M., while he and his men were in the act of securing her, the schooner blew up with a tremendous explosion. The poor lieutenant and ten of the fine fellows who were with him, perished; and the remaining three men escaped only with being shockingly scorched.”

The men who could plan, and those who could countenance the execution of such a scheme, merit being held up to the execration of all civilized nations, as wretches unfit to herd with their species. For the honour of the country, let us hope that the report of the government, and of Commodore Decatur, having sanctioned or approved of such dastardly means, is without foundation; though, from the torpedo warfare, the former certainly exposed themselves to the sus-

picion of possessing no very scrupulous feelings as to the means adopted to get rid of their enemies. Can it be wondered at, that our officers and men should feel bitter against foes who could resort to such degenerate means of warfare ?

The weather was bitterly cold, the frost so intense during the night that the thermometer fell to ten degrees of Fahrenheit below zero. Still the boats rowed guard off the mouth of New London river. Without the protection of a fur cloak, I must have perished in the stern sheets of the boat ; every now and then the men were obliged to beat the ice off their oars, so rapidly did it accumulate. The spray of the sea as it flew over us, immediately froze upon our clothes, till we were literally encased in an armour of ice ; the elbows and shoulders of the men, by the constant motion of their arms, were alone free. The bows of the ship were so loaded during the night, that the forecastle-men's time was principally employed in breaking it away. The *barber* was afloat the greater part of the time we remained at anchor off New London, and shaved the men rowing guard pretty severely. This expression takes its rise from the great difference of temperature existing between the air and the water, causing a vapour to rise to the height of from six to eight feet above the latter ; this vapour immediately congeals, and cuts

the face or any exposed part like a razor, and gives intense pain.

We may suppose that the appearance of the Rear-admiral alarmed the American Commodore, for he lost no time in ascending the river as far as the depth of water would allow his squadron to proceed, and there dismantling them, they rested inactive during the remainder of the war.

At the setting-in of the winter on this coast heavy falls of rain frequently precede severe and sudden frosts. The wily Commodore, fully aware of this peculiarity of his climate, flattered himself that he should be enabled to effect his escape past the Ramillies, the first time this propitious event should happen ; not doubting that her sails would be all frozen so hard as to prevent their being spread, or sheeted home, while he took the precaution of having those of his own ships carefully covered with white painted cloths, to protect them from wet, and therefore ready to let fall at a moment's notice. But, prudent as Decatur thought himself, he had too wary an enemy not to guard against every possible contingency ; and had Decatur only minutely examined the yards of his antagonist with his telescope, he might have found out that Sir Thomas had been beforehand with him in this very necessary caution ; but there are some people so wise in their

own conceits, that they overlook the possibility of others possessing foresight sufficient to counteract their deep-laid schemes.

The event happened as had been foreseen ; after a heavy rain of many hours' duration, the wind suddenly chopped round to the north-west, and a severe frost ensued. Now, then, had arrived the moment for displaying the sagacity of the cunning Commodore to his admiring countrymen, and eliciting their approbation by the manner in which he was about to outwit the Britishers. Day dawned, and all was in a state of busy preparation for immediate departure on board the American squadron, their sails were hoisted in high glee, their anchors weighed, and they were standing out of the harbour, when, to the astonishment of the Commodore and to the annihilation of this long-cherished scheme, the *Ramillies'* topsails were loosed and up at the mast-heads, and the ship herself under weigh, before the Commodore could look around him ; and right glad he was to get into port as fast as possible again. Then came the farce of challenging the *Statira* and *Endymion* upon such terms as he was fully aware would not be acceded to, but it answered the end anticipated : American vanity was gratified by the inflated accounts of the surpassing valour of the one

side, and the crouching fears of the Britishers on the other.

The Sceptre being found perfectly unfit to contend with the boisterous weather on the coast, and requiring much repair, the Admiral shifted his flag into the Albion, taking with him captain Ross and the officers more immediately attached to his flag. She was a remarkably fine ship, in perfect repair, and at the time regarded as the *chef-d'œuvre* of Sir Robert Seppings' new mode of building,—and great credit she did him. On the 30th the Victorious, seventy-four, in working up to the anchorage, grounded upon the reef running off from Fisher's Island; I was despatched in the Albion's launch to her assistance. The night proved one of the coldest I had ever experienced; in laying out an anchor for her, three of my boat's crew were frost-bitten, two of whom lost their limbs: our efforts were paralyzed by the intensity of the frost. (That same evening the Admiral was frost-bitten in one of his feet whilst writing his despatches in the cabin, though he had a fire.) Having dropped the anchor in the situation pointed out, it was with the greatest difficulty I could ascend the side of the Victorious. The following day she got off, and I was released from my frigidizing duty.

CHAPTER VII.

The Admiral's flag before New London—Marvellous effects of refraction—A watering-party molested by the Enemy—Rashness of a Midshipman—An American Farmer—His base offer—Navigation of the Chesapeake—American Pilots—Numerous excursions—Black Marine corps—Private understanding with the American militia—Remarks on American patriotism—Sample of fraternal love—Attack on a Baltimore schooner—Gallant conduct of Lieutenant Henry West—Destruction of an American fort—Death of Mr. Frazer—The coxswain wounded—Amputation avoided—Power of nature—American Newspapers—An invitation.

WHATEVER the Rear-admiral's intentions might have been, the sight of his flag before New London marred them; for no sooner was it displayed to the view of Commodore Decatur, than he took the surest means of saving his squadron by removing them out of reach of all harm. The Rear-admiral having completed his arrangements for the squadron, we left New London on our way to the Chesapeake, in company with the *Acasta*. On our way thither, after a long chase, the frigate

captured, in company with us, a beautiful clipper schooner from France, bound to New York.

We did not reach Lynhaven Bay till the last week in February, where we found our old consort the Dragon, who, upon our arrival, proceeded up the bay off New Point Comfort, about twenty-five or thirty miles from our anchorage. The Admiral having occasion to send some orders to Captain Barrie, I was despatched with them in one of our boats. As the distance was great, I quitted the Albion an hour before daylight ; when it broke, I was astonished at observing the Dragon apparently not more than a mile or two off. I concluded she had dropped down during the night, and was congratulating myself upon having my cold pull so agreeably curtailed. Every rope was visible, and some of the people in the rigging ; I could plainly distinguish her water-line. The boat's crew gave way with renewed energy, quite as well pleased as their officer, but, instead of decreasing, our distance appeared to increase, till, after pulling two hours, we finally lost sight of her altogether. The morning was clear and bright, not a cloud was to be seen. This phenomenon was of course the effect of terrestrial refraction caused by the state of the atmosphere. I have often witnessed similar appearances on the coast of France and America, but was never so thoroughly deceived as on this

occasion. I soon began to suspect the true cause, but the poor men, ignorant of the effects of refraction, were convinced there was some devilry in the business, nor, when she was actually before us, were they by any means sure it was not her wraith. The strange tale was listened to with many an exclamation of wonder by the Dragon's attentive crew; doubtless, it lost nothing of the marvellous in the narration, Jack's troubled fancy powerfully assisting his eloquence and natural superstition.

Captain Barrie having found a good spot for watering on New Point Comfort, which was connected with the main land by a low sandy isthmus, two prize schooners were converted into watering vessels, and, taking charge of the watering party, I proceeded to the Dragon for the purpose of loading them. Wells were sunk near the light-house, and a plentiful supply obtained; we were only reminded of the enemy's presence by an occasional shot from his field-pieces, whenever he fancied a boat within reach of them. Not a man would have been hurt, but for the headstrong folly of an inexperienced midshipman, which urged him on to risk a slap at Jonathan. He pulled in towards the temporary battery, and began engaging it with his twelve-pound carronade, without any more ostensible reason than that

of fighting. Yankeedoodle was secure enough behind his mud ramparts, but the poor Middy was quickly made aware of the folly of his conduct. A shot entered the boat before Captain Barrie could recall him from his mad and useless career, which wounded several of his men. He had to learn by bitter experience, that courage, however deserving of applause when called for by actual service and necessity, assumes the cast of wantonness, and becomes unpardonable, when it owes its origin to vanity and exposes the lives of valuable men to unnecessary loss and danger. Poor boy, he fancied himself a hero in embryo, and that he had entitled himself to the thanks and commendation of his captain ;—a severe lecture tore away the film that had rendered his visions of glory somewhat vague and shadowy in their nature.

The month of March arrived, but the weather continued biting cold, and our employment was one of great severity ; the people were obliged to raft the casks off to the schooners, which were anchored close to the beach, and they had to wade through the surf for that purpose ; their clothes were immediately frozen as they quitted the salt water. A quarter of an hour was the utmost extent of time their bodies could endure this cutting work ; on the completion of their turn of duty, we had to roll them up in blankets, and dose

them with warm cordials, and by the time they had fairly recovered from their numbness, they were again called upon to wade. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the watering of the squadron was soon completed.

Rowing guard, and a constant succession of prizes captured in the American waters, kept us perfectly awake. It sometimes happened, that a dash of the clippers coming down the bay in a strong north-west gale during the night, would set our frigates and small craft after them, they being ever prepared to slip at a moment's notice.

On my return from the watering party, I was despatched up the bay in the launch, armed with her twenty-four pounder carronade, under the protection of one of our frigates, for the purpose of procuring bullocks, &c. We landed on Smith's Island, abreast the Potomac, where a fine herd of cattle tempted us to try our fortunes. The required number being driven into the farmer's yard, we proceeded to embark them, but suddenly the wind shifted, and it came on so severe a gale that any attempt to reach the ship would have been found impracticable, and the animals were again driven to the yard. Having disposed of matters so as to guard against a surprise, we accepted the proffered hospitality of the farmer. A roaring wood fire had a cheering aspect to

people drenched with rain and shivering with cold, and, having hung our coats to dry, we cosily ensconced ourselves in the corners of the capacious fireplace. Our attention was pleasantly attracted to the busy handmaids' (the farmer's daughters) preparations for comforting and invigorating the inward man of their guests. As the warmth of the fire re-animated our benumbed faculties, our observations were speedily transferred from the said welcome preparations to the fair objects engaged in this hospitable office. The eldest of them could not have numbered more than eighteen summers, the other perhaps a year her junior. Unaided by the advantages of dress, these girls appeared to us to possess all the rural simplicity which the mind loves to attach to a state of agricultural life. Both of them were beautiful, but there was a bewitching *naïveté* about the elder, accompanied by an energy of expression, that led the senses captive; there was no resisting the fascinating coquette. It were not right to express how many fooleries whizzed through my brain as I regarded the beauteous beings dispensing the result of their culinary labours, and their careful ministry to the wants of the rough weather-beaten tars, who, on this occasion, had no less discernment than myself, and gazed upon them with unrepressed admira-

tion. Amidst these Arcadian delights, and conviction that genuine simplicity of feeling and innocence of mind were alone to be found in rural life, came the remembrance that we were quartered upon the enemy, and the necessity of seeing that our look-outs were on the alert : for this purpose I reluctantly left the bright hearth, and brighter flashes of the maidens' eyes, and repaired to the stations assigned to the sentries. The old farmer, who had penetrated the evident admiration his daughters excited, had made up his cankered, heartless mind to save his stock of bullocks and sheep at the sacrifice of his daughters' honour. I had previously informed him that the full value would be paid for every head of cattle taken away, but we must suppose his narrow perverted mind prevented him from comprehending the matter ; he could not imagine how any person would pay, when force gave him the power of obtaining what he required upon easier terms. Cutting me off, therefore, in my retreat, he drew me on one side, and *guessed* he had a proposition to make. I will not outrage the delicacy of my readers by a full detail of his infamous proposal ; nor, in stating my rejection of it with disgust, do I pretend to have been a whit more virtuous than my neighbours : the flame which had so suddenly kindled in my breast, was

replaced by a feeling of commiseration for the children of such a wretch ; it could not have been more effectually quenched had all the waters of the Potomac been dashed upon it. Can it be credited that the vile passion of lucre crushed every parental throb in this man's breast, and prompted him to barter a lovely daughter's chastity in exchange for his flocks and herds ? I could have knocked the inhuman villain on the head ; cursing his degeneracy, I turned upon my heel, nor would I again trust myself within his doors to meet the artless smiles of the unsuspecting girl, but, taking up my quarters with my people in the barn, I endeavoured to forget the depraved being who had so abruptly swept away the *beau idéal* I had pictured to myself of rural innocence and simplicity.

In the morning the weather allowed of our departure ; and willingly would I have taken upon myself the *onus* of punishing the sordid wretch by not paying him a *sous*, a just retribution for his profligate venality ; but the Admiral's orders were rigid upon the point of payment, where no annoying resistance was offered. The farmer fairly gloated over his dollars as he counted them by tens into his bag, and offered, with the most cringing servility, to supply us with whatever quantity of cattle we might want. I should have

hailed with joy any circumstance that could have absolved me from tendering the cash to such a man ; but he was too sensible of his own interest to afford me the slightest excuse for the adoption of harsh measures.

In the beginning of April we proceeded up the bay with part of the squadron, and took up our anchorage between Watt's and Tangier Islands, with the intention of erecting a fortification upon the latter, which would at once serve as a place of rendezvous for our prizes, and refuge to the slaves who deserted to us. We soon obtained a better knowledge of the navigation of the Chesapeake than the American pilots themselves ; indeed the Americans were fully persuaded that some of their own countrymen had turned traitors and guided us through its intricacies. We had a pilot prisoner on board when we ascended the bay, who, on hearing whither we were bound, stoutly denied that there was any passage for a small vessel into the anchorage selected ; but the Admiral soon convinced him of the fact of there being plenty of water for a line-of-battle ship, and he then "vowed to Almighty God he never knew that it was possible, and that the Britishers were better pilots than themselves." We had an excellent and deserving master in Mr. Thoms.

The work of cutting fascines, stakes, &c. on

Watt's Island, and conveying them over to Tangier, devolved upon me: the former was a fertile spot, about two miles and a half in length and one in breadth, divided into two farms belonging to brothers. These two families were the only residents, but, by way of increasing their comforts, they never spoke to each other; a deadly feud had originated on the division of their father's land, and the strife was at its height when we arrived there.

From this anchorage numerous excursions were made to the surrounding shores, which were easily traversed by means of the runaway negroes, who flocked over to us in such numbers that every transport which brought us provisions and naval supplies generally returned with a live cargo of blackies, their wives and children. The negroes who chose to enter the Black Marine corps were retained, and a very useful body of obedient men they proved themselves. So completely were the inhabitants aware of the power lodged in our hands by means of this body, that it was no uncommon occurrence to receive messages and bouquets from the young ladies on the main land, transmitted through the agency of our Watt's Island friends, requesting that, if we favoured their neighbourhood with our presence, we would forbear exacting from or injuring their fathers' pro-

perties. It was frequently proposed by the American military authorities to surprise our party on Watt's Island, and take us prisoners, as it was well known we frequently remained there all night; but we were ever upon the alert, and by the aid of certain signals from some of their own party, were made aware of their intentions, and their schemes totally miscarried. The militia-men whose property lay open to our attacks were easily persuaded to warn us of any movement on the part of the American forces, by a white cloth spread over a certain bush, the particular branch of a conspicuous tree lopped off, and numerous other devices, which were intelligible only to the initiated, but which sufficiently answered the purpose in view.

I have had no very great intercourse with the Americans, except upon the coast, during the war, therefore my observations are to be considered as not applying to the Union at large; but I confess I was not imbued with any very high idea of their patriotism, whenever their own interest intervened between them and the public weal, nor did I ever observe, except in one or two instances, that they ever hesitated a moment to throw the burden off their own shoulders and lodge it on those of their nearest kin, if they could, or fancied they could, gain a dollar by the transfer. Nor were these in-

stances solitary; they occurred unpleasantly often in my numerous foraging excursions.*

A tender with a carronade on board generally accompanied the boats. If the vicinity of our intended landing afforded shelter or ambush for foes, a round shot fired into them previously to disembarking, would at once discover the true state of affairs. These tyros in war (the militia-men) never waited for a second *avant courier* without betraying themselves. Thus assured we landed, and securing our flanks by throwing out pickets to the right and left, we advanced to the farm-house marked out for visitation in comparative security. The farms situated upon peninsulas were preferred, as affording the better means of defence and safety. By adopting these precautions I never was surprised, and our missions were generally peaceably and satisfactorily accomplished; but occasionally a hot-headed bully would arm himself and people, quietly waiting our approach till we were within

* "Certainly no country was ever cursed with so many traitors as we have. Block Island is glutted with supplies for the British."—Nile's Register, vol. iv. page 209.

"Two persons have been taken up, and committed to the gaol of Baltimore county, charged with treasonable practices: of the guilt or innocence of these men we have no information, but it is absolutely certain, there are many traitors in this neighbourhood who give the enemy regular statements of all that transpires."—Vol. iv. page 159.

that distance which enabled each man to make sure of his bird,—they would then let fly a volley, and retreat as fast as the legs of their horses could carry them. This act of treachery was punished by taking the stock without paying for it ; but, finding that this system had not the desired effect, and that we lost some valuable lives by this poltroon mode of avenging themselves, we adopted other and severer measures, which speedily brought them to a sense of their own interest, the most powerful lever we met with in bringing them to reason. Whenever this villainous mode was resorted to, we not only took what we required, but, on quitting, set fire to the whole establishment of dead stock, by way of enlightening the proprietor upon his erroneous tactics. This speedily crushed such proceedings ; even the most violent democrats (demys, as they styled themselves,) came to the conclusion that it was better to allow the Britishers to deposit their dollars on the table ; or, if the poor man's conscience was troublesome, we would indulge him by placing them in a cupboard, the key of which he would composedly turn, and putting it into his pocket, mutter to himself, "It is better than being deprived of my stock, and a blaze made of my habitation, for the sake of having a shot at those G— d—d Britishers."

I once landed on the eastern shore of Virginia, in Pokomoke Bay, for cattle, at a farmer's who, from the information I had previously obtained, I was aware had a large stock to dispose of. The said farmer was perfectly sensible that no assistance of his military friends could avail him in time to prevent us from executing our intention; but he had observed us from afar, and had ample leisure to cogitate and mature his plans, in which he so completely succeeded that he fairly outwitted himself. I found the farmer quietly seated before his own door, with a face as long as a 'methodist parson's, and apparently absorbed in melancholy reverie. I accosted him in a most propitiatory tone. "Good morning to you, farmer." Remaining seated, he returned the salutation in a voice so sepulchral that it might have startled any person less decided upon the prosecution of his errand than I was.

"I am come for some stock; how many head of cattle have you?"

"Me! why, my God Almighty! you'll not deprive me of all I've got in this blessed world, I guess?"

"No, no, you shall be well paid for all I take."

"You'll find they are but poor beasts, and not worth your taking, and you'll ruin me: I vow to God I've but three," and at the same time he

pointed out precisely that number of half-starved looking animals, which fully corroborated his assertion. Knowing the character of the class I had to deal with, and suspecting that his evasion was merely to gain time, I at once brought the matter to issue by declaring that I was apprized of the number of his cattle, and ready to pay him his price, provided they were immediately brought forward; but, if he gave me the trouble of searching for them, not a cent should he receive, and that I would take him off as a prisoner for his contumacy. He was ready with a string of protestations, which I cut short by calling for his decision. Seeing me determined, and that there was no appeal, he took me on one side from my men, and informed me, in a confidential whisper, that I had certainly mistaken him for his brother, who lived not half a mile distant. He swore by his Maker that he himself was a poor man, but that his brother Zachariah was mighty well to do in the world, and had at least eighty head of cattle, and from two to three hundred sheep. I began to believe that I might have been deceived as to my man, and assured him that, if it was so, and he would direct me where to find his brother's stock, I would promise not to take any of his. Thus secure of my word, he bargained for profound secrecy as to the man-

ner in which I obtained my information. Satisfied on this head, he gave me a full and true account of the whole of his brother's property, with the correct bearings and distance to the place where they were concealed, terminating his treachery by stating that his brother Zachariah would call all the saints in heaven to witness that he was not the proprietor of a single horned beast, but that, if I followed his directions, I could not fail in discovering them.

Armed with this intelligence I proceeded to brother Zac.'s mansion, and, as I had been forewarned by his affectionate brother, he stoutly maintained his poverty, and swore he had not even one four-footed animal belonging to him. Drawing out my watch, I told him I allowed him twenty minutes to bring me as many oxen, for which I should pay him ; that, if he did not know where to find them, I would direct my men to their hiding-place, indicating the spot with my finger ; adding that, if they were not forthcoming at the stipulated time, I should take the whole of them without payment. These arguments were conclusive : Zachariah went in search of the cattle ; I selected the given number, and a few sheep, desiring that they might be driven down to the boats, whither I invited the veracious farmer to accompany me for the purpose of payment. The

latter part of the business he appeared to think equivocal, but, addressing me, he exclaimed, "Now I calculate my tarnation brother has told you all about this affair: he is just about as pretty considerable d——d a rogue as there is in the States, I guess."

"He is a poor man, is he not?"

"Now, if you'll believe me, he has more than I have, and by the Lord of heaven, I'll tell you where you may find them;" and I received a circumstantial detail of the quantity, quality, and hiding-place of my first informer's stock. But I had pledged my word, and was bound not to molest the arch hypocrite, for which, I confess, I was heartily sorry.

At the beach these loving sons of the same parents met: never shall I forget the malicious grin that settled upon the countenance of the one, and the conscience-stricken physiognomy of the other as I handed over the dollars. The former then assumed an air of triumph, the latter that of astonishment and disappointment. The sneaking scoundrel, with a face of brass, requested I would not take so many from poor Zachariah, and he would endeavour to obtain some from his neighbours to replace them; but poor Zac. required no such amiable interference, and loudly offered to double the number if I wished it. Having embarked

my purchase, I bade adieu to this amiable sample of fraternal love and affection. The authorities, it is to be suspected, were duly favoured with the information that brother Zac. had been guilty of the unpatriotic crime of fingering the Britishers' pelf.

Such, I am sorry to say, is a specimen of the greater part of the inhabitants on the shores of the Chesapeake and its tributary streams. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," and in this total disorganization of the bonds that bind man to man, we reaped the benefit that must ever accrue to one of the belligerent parties when disunion and sordid feelings govern the actions of the other. The men who most vehemently proclaimed their patriotism and devotion to their country's service, and a proportionable degree of hatred to the Britishers, when subjected to the scrutiny of Argus' eyes and hearing of jealous ears, were the very men who were privately our best friends, and whose adherence we never doubted so long as we could administer to their self-interest. I cannot therefore be supposed to entertain any very high idea of the inhabitants of the land of liberty, or their integrity of purpose; but in making this avowal it is but justice to declare, as I have before stated, that my experience was circumscribed to within ten miles of

the shores of that finest piece of water in the world, the Chesapeake, and its magnificent rivers.

Whilst busily employed in erecting the fortifications on Tangier Island, the *Jaseur* brig went in chase of a large clipper schooner from Baltimore. The latter took shelter in York river, at the mouth of which the *Jaseur* anchored. Her three boats, viz. the pinnace, cutter, and gig, under the command of the first lieutenant, Mr. Henry West, were sent to attack the enemy. She ran so far up the river that it was nearly daybreak before the gig, in which was the above-named gallant officer, with a crew of five men, (being far a-head of the other two boats,) got sight of the object of his search. The Americans, with ten guns and well manned, had been in expectation of an attack all night, and were fully prepared to defend themselves: the guns were doubly loaded with grape, canister, and lang-ridge; their small arms were, as usual, charged with three swan-shot besides the ball; cutlasses, pistols, and all the means of a desperate defence, awaited the attack of the British barges. The cool-headed and dashing lieutenant pulled gently towards her for the purpose of reconnoitring, when he discovered that her force was far superior to what had been imagined on board the *Jaseur*. He was resting on his oars awaiting the

arrival of the other two boats, when he was hailed by the enemy, and instantly afterwards he heard the same voice calling down the hatchway, "The Britishers are coming ! on deck all hands !" There is a fortunate moment in all undertakings, and that moment was seized upon by Lieutenant Henry West ; the gig dashed alongside, and the brave decisive officer reaped the fruit of his gallantry and judgment, by reaching her decks at the critical instant when the mate was ascending the hatchway followed by the crew. The officer succeeded in cutting him down, and securing the hatchways with his dauntless little band till the other boats arrived, when he deliberately weighed his anchor, and brought his prize in safety alongside the Jaseur.

The Americans had waited the whole night with the certainty of an attack, but, as morning began to break, they concluded their fears were premature, and retired below to rest, leaving one man to look out ; very naturally relying upon ample time being given them to resume their arms at the first approach of danger. The gig glided along under the shadow of the woods, and, her oars being muffled, approached unheard and unseen till close on board. Here was a splendid instance of judgment, gallantry, and decision, by which the Grecian, upwards of two

hundred and fifty tons, was added to His Majesty's navy by an officer and five men, without accident or loss on our side. The officer who was the hero of this action, was endowed with powers of a superior order, and must have proved a treasure to the service and his country, had he received the encouragement and notice such a decisive feature of his character fully entitled him to expect.* I have never seen any official account of the affair, but its brilliancy deserved to be recorded amongst the numerous boating exploits that have done so much credit to individuals, and to the profession at large.

Among the many excursions and visits ventured upon while remaining off Tangier Island, was one to the Pungoteague river. Jonathan never could resist the temptation of letting fly at us whenever our boats got within gun-shot of their petty forts and stations, by which impolitic pertinacity they frequently exposed to us field defences so completely masked by the wood and shrubs around them that we should not otherwise have discovered them. The continued loss of field-pieces, and destruction of their batteries, induced the Admiral to believe he had taught them wisdom and a discreet display of valour ; but a work they had

* This officer, I observe, has only recently received his Commander's commission.

surrounded with a wet ditch, in a clear spot of ground at the mouth of the above river, had inspired them with so much confidence, that the first time I passed near in one of our barges to reconnoitre, they opened out upon me. I returned to the Albion, which lay at a distance of twelve or fifteen miles, with intelligence of this discovery, and the Admiral decided upon sending the boats to attack it.

The Albion's and Dragon's boats, carrying 130 seamen and marines, under the command of Captain Ross, proceeded the same night to the attack. I was the pilot upon the occasion, but, the tide running stronger than I had '*reckoned* upon,' I missed my mark in the night; the day broke and found me unable to point out the place of our destination. My excellent Captain joined with my brother officers in rallying me upon the subject. I began to feel sorely vexed at the ridiculous position in which I had placed myself; not a vestige of the stronghold of the enemy was to be seen; all was peace and tranquillity. The sun had risen, and now the squibs and jokes were rained upon me as thick as hail by my unsparing brethren.

“Jemmy, I think you were napping when you passed this neighbourhood yesterday?”

“I say, Master S—, what whim has led you to

amuse yourself and keep us out of our beds to follow you in this wildgoose chase of yours?"

"Well, Mr. Castle-builder, where is this Yankee fort of your's?"

"In the clouds, where no doubt he discovered it," added another.

Galled beyond endurance, I requested permission of Captain Ross to pull ahead in the gig. The crew had scarcely given half-a-dozen strokes with the oars, when we opened a point of land discovering to our view the spot we were in search of; and immediately the sharp report of a great gun, and the splash of the shot as it struck the water on one side of us and bounded over our heads, dispelled at once the incredulity of my friends and their jokes into the bargain. Cannon-balls are not playthings, but I may truly avouch I hailed this *avant courier* of its fellows with unfeigned joy. I began seriously to suspect that we were to return whence we came, and that my reconnoissance was to form the acme of merriment among my fellows for the next month.

Captain Ross made over the land party to me, whilst he pulled up in front. Our arrangements were soon made; we landed within grape distance, and in a short time the ditch was waded and the place in our possession, the enemy, as usual, flying in every direction. After a vain attempt to over-

take the fugitives, we returned to the work, which was destroyed by Captain Ross's orders, and a six-pounder field-piece alone embarked. The Americans had several killed and wounded. Our loss amounted to one fine young midshipman, Mr. Frazer, two seamen killed, and six wounded. The former was struck in the breast on the advance to the attack, and fell forward on his face, but, recovering himself, rushed to the front when we were close upon the foe, where he fell exhausted. At the conclusion of the business I sought poor Frazer, whom I found by the stump of a tree weltering in his blood. Having staunched his wound, he was removed to the boat. A grape-shot entering his breast had penetrated the lungs and dropped into the cavity of the chest : he was perfectly sensible, but there was no hope of his recovery ; in two days he sank to rest.— He was unconscious of his danger, and revelled in hopes that were never to be realized ; his last words addressed to me were, “ Do you think, Sir, they will look upon my wound as a claim to promotion ? ” Poor fellow ! a few minutes placed him above all earthly advancement. So strong even in suffering and death is the hope of honourable promotion.

A very fine young man, the coxswain of the cutter, received a shot in the thigh, which broke

and splintered the bone so badly as to determine the surgeon to amputate the limb on his arrival on board. The man had conducted himself most nobly before he received the shot, and he displayed great patience and equanimity afterwards, but, the enthusiasm of the moment having passed away, the decision of the medical staff overwhelmed him with anguish : he sent for me, and begged I would intercede and not allow the operation to take place. Believing the surgeon had decided wisely, I endeavoured to combat his repugnance, but unsuccessfully ; his wishes however were more effectually aided by the time our long pull occupied, and that lost in endeavouring to soothe and bring him to compliance : for when the preparations were made for taking off the limb, it was found so swollen and inflamed, that the operation would have endangered his life. Fortunately for this excellent seaman, and contrary to the opinion of the surgeons, the bone knitted together, the splinters gradually came away through the aperture made by the shot, and the man ultimately recovered, the wounded leg being rather shorter than the other, but in no way preventing his return to his duty. It is a proof of the power of nature, and, if ever it should be my lot to be so situated, I think I should hesitate long before I submitted to the commands of the medical gentlemen.

I was amused by the American newspaper-account of this affair. Among other intelligence, I gleaned the pleasant information that I had been sent to kingdom come by no less a personage than the commanding officer of the American forces, among whose ranks, it appeared, was my *ci-devant sans-culottes* acquaintance, the commandant at Chessenessick, and who had not failed to inform the editor of the prowess of himself and friends. One of my pistols, upon which my name was engraved, having been found by the stump of a tree covered with blood, was the circumstance upon which they had founded the owner's death; it doubtless fell from my belt unperceived into the blood of the brave youth Frazer, whom I was supporting." *

* " On the 29th, four or five hundred men entered Pungoteague creek, on the eastern side of Virginia, and before they could be opposed, except by about thirty of the militia, they robbed one person of his bacon and poultry, killed a pig, and stripped some negroes of their clothing, and also pillaged the house of a poor man 'not able to pay ten dollars,' taking from him the only bed he had, and breaking his wife's spinning-wheel to pieces. But the magnanimous Britons paid for their petty depredations. The little party of militia was retreating to gain a favourable position without firing, but the audacity of a negro in uniform, perhaps a captain or colonel in His Majesty's service, provoked resentment; leave was given, a private fired, and the negro fell, a general fire followed, and the enemy, by a precipitate retreat, probably saved himself from capture, as the 2nd regiment was

In a few days, however, our Watt's Island friends assured their countrymen of their error as regarded myself, and I received a proposal from the proprietor of my pistol, that an exchange of the respective captured weapons, (viz, the Chesenessick commandant's silver-mounted sword against my pistol,) should take place. I readily agreed to this reasonable request; but the gallant commandant, for some cogent reasons, withdrew from his proposition, and the sword and pistol were fated to remain as evidence of our mutual prowess.

Very shortly after this affair, the inimical feeling loudly expressed by the militia heroes on the eastern shore of Virginia towards myself, appeared suddenly to resolve itself into an urbanity of behaviour and degree of consideration truly asto-

rapidly collecting to cut him off from his boats.—“It is said he had eight killed and sixteen wounded. Our people were forced to abandon a small piece of artillery, which however they spiked: this was the only loss they suffered. Swords and pikes, cartridge-boxes, several hundred ball-cartridges, &c. were found on *the field of battle*, with much blood. The negro had four dollars in his pocket.

“ († The enemy acknowledges a loss of five killed and six wounded, but says he killed thirty-five of the militia (being five more than opposed to him.)” Nile's Register, vol. vi. page 244.

It is truly wonderful how prolific my unfortunate pistol proved in the hands of the Americans. Singular that it should have been the parent of every species of warlike weapon except its own immediate caste!

nishing. I will not suppose there was any object ulterior to that ostensibly advanced in the invitation so politely sent me by the colonel-commandant of the forces stationed in that quarter, requesting I would honour him and his officers with my company at dinner on the 4th July, to which was added a guarantee for my safe return. With the permission of the Admiral I accepted it as frankly as the apparently cordial manner of its tenour and purpose demanded; but, a week before the appointed feast, I received a note of apology from the gallant colonel, declining my company, on the plea that his superiors did not approve of an officer of the enemy being allowed to land. But it originated, most probably, in the fear that he would be unable, amidst the boisterous conviviality and patriotic toasts that might naturally be expected to take place on the Anniversary of their Independence, to afford me the protection and safety for which he had pledged himself. Four days later and our departure for the Patuxent would have rendered his note of apology unnecessary.

CHAPTER VIII.

Armament under the command of Commodore Barney—Chased by Captain Barrie—Honourable conduct—Commodore Barney blockaded in St. Leonard's Creek—A reconnoitring party surprised—Heroic conduct of a Sergeant of Marines—Desertion of a Seaman—Search for the fugitive—Nocturnal intrusion—Other adventures—Cowardly attempt—Its punishment—Position of the Enemy's troops reconnoitred—Colonel Platen's house and grounds—His honourable conduct—His daughter—Reception by the Americans of our flag of truce—Captain Jabo unceremoniously captured—A reconnoitring party—Heroism of a Marine.

THE numerous captures, incursions, and assaults committed by the Admiral, by means of the boats, almost every day in the week, had at length determined the American government to adopt serious measures for arresting the full course of such unpropitious operations; they unpleasantly proclaimed their weakness, and their inability to afford the necessary degree of protection, justly expected by the inhabitants of every country whose go-

vernment ventures to decide upon a state of warfare.

In order to put a stop to these evil doings, nay, even to sweep us out of their waters, an armament was to be fitted out at Baltimore, and placed under the command of Commodore Barney. This redoubtable armament was at once to declare American superiority, and work our destruction. For some weeks previous to the appearance of the invincible armada, it had been courteously suggested to us, that the wisest plan we could pursue would be to quit the American waters before we received an Irishman's warning, that is to say, before we were kicked out—Commodore Barney being a native of the “Gem of the sea.”

The flotilla being at length ready for service, proposed, as a whet to its warlike appetite, to snap up the Jaseur eighteen-gun brig, which was lying in advance of us. It consisted of the Scorpion, the Commodore's vessel, mounting one heavy long gun fitted upon a traversing carriage, and eight carronades, with nineteen gun-boats, carrying a long gun in the bow and another in the stern, the heaviest being thirty-two pounders, with a complement of sixty men—the smaller, eighteen pounders and forty men. So murderous and de-

structive were these vessels intended to prove, that a magazine-vessel loaded with powder accompanied them.

On the 1st of June the enemy was seen, and chased Captain Barrie, whose force consisted of the St. Lawrence schooner, of thirteen guns and fifty men, the Albion's two barges and pinnace, and four of his own boats, down to the Dragon, who, immediately getting under weigh, chased in their turn. So little satisfactory did the intrepid captain's determination to close with the boats appear to the gallant Commodore, that he took shelter in the Patuxent, and afterwards, on being pressed, within St. Leonard's creek in that river, where he remained quietly blockaded. We may suppose that his confidence was somewhat shaken as to the result of a close contact with the British boats, and that he had indulged in unsubstantial reveries at Baltimore. Several skirmishes, in which the vaunted flotilla got the worst of it, took place. The Loire and Narcissus, with the Junon and St. Lawrence, were left to blockade the sweepers of the Chesapeake Bay.

A battery erected on the banks caused the frigates to move, but not before they had silenced the enemy's fire, which gave the flotilla an opportunity of slipping out, and proceeding up the river,

which Captain Barrie had previously visited as high as Lower Marlborough.

I should here state a circumstance that occurred at Benedict. Shortly after the first occupation of that place by the British force, an American came over from the enemy to Captain Barrie, and warned him that the principal part of the liquor in the stores would be found poisoned. He expressed himself very properly upon the occasion remarking, that, though he was aware his communication would be stigmatised as treasonable by many of his countrymen, yet he conceived he was only fulfilling a sacred duty to his country in endeavouring to avert the disgrace which such a diabolical and cowardly act would inevitably entail upon a large and innocent portion of his compatriots.

Here was an act of true and genuine patriotism, and it is with sincere pleasure I record the honourable conduct of an individual, to counterbalance the execrable feelings that prompted his countrymen to adopt a mode of extermination totally incompatible with the acknowledged laws of civilized warfare, and such as the wild Indian would reject with horror. It might perhaps have been politic to have allowed these dark spots in American character to rest in darkness and obscurity. I unwillingly raise the veil for the pur-

pose of refuting the parricidal attempts that have been lately made to lower the naval and military professions of this country, and to raise that of the American at the expense of justice and truth.*

* "From the Patuxent.

"Commodore Barney with his flotilla remain blockaded in St. Leonard's Creek. * * Foiled in every attempt to destroy him, and suffering severely in each attack, they have resorted to that species of warfare that Englishmen generally succeed in so well. It is stated that they have carried off or destroyed between three and four thousand hogsheads of tobacco, which Messrs. Cockburn and Co. are shipping for Europe, where it bears a great price.

"The neighbouring militia appear to have been badly provided, and little disposed to protect their property. However, before this time the state of affairs is much altered—considerable bodies of regular troops, and well-disciplined militia, artillery, cavalry, and infantry fully provided, have reached the scene of action, and we trust may punish the robbers and incendiaries. The enemy retained possession of Benedict, a small village, two or three days. A party of militia from the district of Columbia dislodged them after a skirmish, in which Mr. Wise of Alexandria was killed by a British serjeant, who was immediately shot down—six prisoners were taken."—*Nile's Register*, Vol vi. page 39.

Colonel Decius Wadsworth, who erected and commanded the battery on the banks of the Patuxent, thus writes to General Armstrong, Secretary of War.

"Camp near St. Leonard's, June 26th, 1814.

"Sir,

"We decided on attacking the enemy this morning at daybreak ; after two and a half or three hours' cannonading, he

During the period the Loire remained in the Patuxent, a party of seamen and marines were landed to reconnoitre, commanded by a lieutenant. This officer, a midshipman, and sergeant thought proper to retreat down the river, and Commodore Barney has taken advantage of his absence to pass his flotilla up the Patuxent. * * We committed a great many blunders during the action, or our success would probably have been more complete. I forbear to enter into minute particulars, lest I should cast an indirect censure on some officers, perhaps undeserved, for I must acknowledge, I was so much engaged at the battery, as to have but an indistinct knowledge of what passed elsewhere.

“But the fact is, the infantry and light artillery decided upon retreating without my orders, before they had lost a single man killed or wounded; and at the time too when the enemy were manœuvring to the rear of our position with their barges. The consequence of this moving was very disadvantageous; the men at the guns perceiving the infantry retreating and the enemy getting into the rear, their numbers began sensibly to diminish, and I was pretty soon left with only men enough to work one gun, which I was necessitated to turn to the rear for the sake of keeping the barges in check. Finally, the few men that remained were so exhausted with fatigue, we found it impracticable to fire any more, and the limbers and horses which had been ordered down the hill, having disappeared and gone I know not where, I found myself under the painful necessity of spiking the guns, to prevent their being used by the enemy, should he get possession of them.

“I might in justice to the infantry acknowledge, they did not take to flight, but quitted the ground in perfect order; after a while I was able to halt them and bring them back. In the mean time the enemy were getting under weigh and retiring down the river: from the precipitancy of his retreat, I infer he must have suffered

of marines, being at some distance from their party, were suddenly surprised by a body of cavalry coming upon them: the trio were on the high-way, when the leading files of the enemy considerably. From some untoward circumstances, I had it not in my power to observe the effect of each shot we fired, otherwise its destruction would be complete.

“Commodore Barney furnished me with twenty excellent men from his flotilla to work the guns. By some mismanagement in loading with the hot shot, one poor fellow had his arm blown off, which is the only material accident we sustained. One of the enemy’s rockets passed through an ammunition-box which had been injudiciously placed, and exploded it, which did some damage. Some other trifling accidents were sustained.

* * * * *

“The enemy found it impossible to hit either the guns or the men”—[How the devil should we when the latter all ran away?]—“Every shot aimed by them, either fell short and struck the bank, or flew clear over. Towards the close of the firing, they adopted the method of using small charges of powder, which just threw his shot over the hill, probably firing from his carronades; but the effect was not more decisive. To prevent the enemy taking alarm in the night from our movements, we were necessitated to halt the ammunition waggons and carts above a quarter of a mile from the battery, and pass all our stores; even the bricks of which our furnace was constructed were brought that distance by land. This fatigued the men excessively; I felt certain if the enemy should open upon us, even at a random fire, it would be impossible to get anything done for the confusion it would create.

“Commodore Barney’s flotilla was at hand ready to open upon the enemy the moment a favourable opportunity should offer. He commenced firing soon after us, and drew off that of the

showed themselves at full gallop round the corner of the road close to them. A hedge and ditch flanked the side next the river, between which and

enemy for a while. I have not seen him since the action, but understand he lost several killed and wounded.

"I hope on the whole, taking into consideration our not being fully prepared, the excessive fatigue the men had undergone, and that we have attained the object in view, which was the release of Commodore Barney's flotilla, the affair will not reflect dishonour on our troops.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"To General Armstrong,
Secretary of War."

"DECIOUS WADSWORTH."

Brannan's Naval and Military Official Letters, page 343.

"Sunday, June 25th, 1814—Ten A. M.

"Sir,

"This morning, at four A. M. a combined attack of the artillery, marine corps, and flotilla was made upon the enemy's two frigates at the mouth of the creek. After two hours' engagement, they got under weigh, and made sail down the river. They are now warping round Point Patience, and I am now moving up the Patuxent with my flotilla. My loss is, acting midshipman Asquith killed, and ten others killed and wounded.

"Mr. Blake, the bearer of this, was a volunteer in my barge. He will give you every other information.

With respect, &c.

"The Secretary of the Navy."

"JOSHUA BARNEY."

Brannan's Naval and Military Official Letters, page 343.

The *naïveté* of Colonel Decius Wadsworth's correspondence with the Secretary of War cannot fail of being duly appreciated by the reader.

the road a meadow intervened. The lieutenant and midshipman cleared the hedge and ditch, and succeeded in gaining their boats; but the unfortunate sergeant, impeded by the weight of his accoutrements and musket, failed in the attempt, and the dragoons were instantly upon him; he recovered his legs, and brought his piece to the charge. The American general who headed the regiment called upon him to surrender; the undaunted man replied he would neither give nor receive quarter. The general and some of his men advanced to cut him down, when the devoted fellow fired, killed one, and disabled another of his adversaries, and severely wounded their general with his bayonet. This determined and unexpected attack upon the part of an individual in front of a whole regiment, so astounded the foremost of their party, that they involuntarily drew back. Had the sergeant now thrown his musket away, he would in all probability have succeeded in escaping ere his foes recovered from their panic. He once more attempted the leap, but the weight of his arms again caused his failure. Before he could recover himself he was cut down: one of the Americans then dismounted, and coolly placing his carbine to the ear of the brave, bleeding, and helpless sergeant, blew out his brains.

I will not descant upon this act of cruel cowardice. There is something in determined valour and heroic devotion that challenges the sympathies of a truly brave and generous man, be he friend or foe. The chord that is struck finds a responsive vibration in his own breast ; and even personal safety becomes secondary, and absorbed in the admiration excited by a gallant bearing. That secured, and his antagonist at his feet, the avenues of his heart are open to every pleasurable feeling and manly emotion.

The deliberate slaughter of the sergeant in presence of an American regiment forbids the presumption that any such men formed part or parcel of their body. The American papers thus concluded their notice of this occurrence : " This hardy Briton died a victim to rash valour."

The Rear-admiral, having placed Tangier Island in a respectable state of defence, and garrisoned it, proceeded on the 2nd of July up the Chesapeake. Three vessels were captured, and having twice landed on the western shore of Maryland, we anchored in the Patuxent on the 6th. The next day the marines were landed to reconnoitre for the purpose of finding a good spot for watering, and we finally took up a snug anchorage about a cable's length from the shore. It was here that one of our seamen deserted. At night

I was despatched with a sergeant, two marines, and a negro guide, in search of the fugitive. I knew the enemy's forces were encamped not five miles distant, and I moreover learned that a miller's house, some miles beyond their encampment, was the only place likely to afford him shelter for several miles. From this state of things I inferred that he would consider himself comparatively safe with the enemy between us and his place of refuge, and that I should have no difficulty in pouncing upon him. I received the Admiral's order to invade the sanctity of the miller's domicile. The road lay through a dark thick wood, admirably adapted to elude at a moment's notice the prying eyes of the enemy: the negro, a marine, and myself kept one side of the road, the sergeant and the remaining marine on the other. In this way we cautiously advanced, till, suddenly turning an angle of the road, we found ourselves close to the enemy's horse patrol. Down we dropped in the friendly cover of the brushwood. Their suspicions had evidently been awakened by the passing glimpse or the sudden rustling of the leaves; for, as we sank *perdus* among them, they drew up abreast of our hiding-place: there were only three of them, and we were five, but our object was secrecy, and, had one of them got clear off, it would have been defeated.

"I guess, Captain, there are strangers not far off," drawled a true Yankee voice; "I do verily believe I saw a man walk into the wood on the left there."

"I calculate you are considerably in error, Mr. Jacobs; but I'll hold your horse if you think any of the sarpents are hereabout."

Mr. Jacobs, fortunately for his own life or freedom, was contented, after some little delay, to chime in with the opinion of the Captain, and they trotted off, leaving us a clear coast. Before they returned we had passed to the left, and made the circuit of their encampment, which was pitched in an open space on either side of the high road. We re-entered the causeway, leaving the enemy in the rear, and proceeded with renewed vigour and celerity till near midnight, when our trusty guide pointed out the house we were in search of about fifty paces to the left of the road. Lights were observed through the window, and we warily approached the dwelling: a stream of water which turned the mill alone broke in upon the stillness of a beautiful summer's night, as it tumbled over the dam, and dashed into its narrow channel.

I reconnoitred the premises, and, placing my men at the only outlets through which the deserter could make his escape, mounted the negro's shoulder to enable me to peer into the

room whence the light issued, to see how matters stood within the beleaguered fortress. It was a bedchamber; one female was just stepping into bed, and another *en chemise*, with extinguisher in hand, apparently waiting for the termination of her companion's arrangements for the night. I prevented the light being doused by loudly tapping at the window, and, finding it unfastened, threw it up and leaped into the room. I had some difficulty in assuaging the very natural fears of these poor women; they were too stupified to scream. A few minutes disclosed the purport of my visit, and dissipated their alarms. It appeared that the deserter had actually stopped there for the night, but fear overpowered fatigue, and he determined to proceed on towards Annapolis; a quarter of an hour earlier and he would have been our prisoner, having anticipated our visit by precisely that time. The premises were strictly searched, and I had reason to believe that the spontaneous information given by the affrighted women was correct. They were, with a female "help," the only occupants of the house, their husbands being busily occupied in soldiering and watching the Britishers at a proper and respectful distance, little dreaming their better halves were then in the "serpent's" power.

Having tendered my apologies for this act of intrusion, and completely subdued their terror, I quitted the miller's mansion. On our return we fell in with a strong party of the enemy, who, it appeared, had been making a reconnoissance of the Britishers' position: their numbers warned us in time; pursuing our former plan, they passed on without discovering us, and we returned on board in safety. I confess, inwardly I did not feel sorry that we had been foiled in the object of our excursion; for had the traitor been caught, he would assuredly have been made an example of—a sad and revolting spectacle to British seamen.

On the 8th the Admiral landed at St. Clement's Bay, with the marines of the ship and one hundred seamen, to reconnoitre the enemy; but no resistance being offered, he returned the same evening, with a supply of purchased stock.*

* “ On the Patuxent. On Saturday, Admiral Cockburn, with *twelve hundred* marines and forty sailors, landed on the farm of John Kilgour, Esq. at the mouth of St. Clement's Bay. Mr. Kilgour had repaired to camp, leaving a young infant with his sisters (Mrs. Kilgour is lately dead). Anxious about the fate of his sisters and children, he obtained a furlough and returned home. In a few minutes after his arrival the enemy debarked at his landing, treated him with respect, declaring they must have stock. They took from him twenty head of cattle, twenty-one sheep, much poultry, and some vegetables. During their stay Admiral Cockburn avouched that he should respect private

One day, being employed with a party of seamen and marines on the right bank of the river, reaping a field of wheat, I observed two American dragoons station themselves at the end of it, and intently watch us. The country here was clear of wood, and there was no chance of surprising them. I several times walked towards them, but they immediately retreated, and as I rejoined my party, they again turned round and took up their former position. A lame negro was at length despatched by them to request I would allow them to speak to me. Believing the communication might relate to the field in question, which had been appropriated to our sickles, I did not hesitate in immediately acceding to their demand. I attached a white handkerchief to my sheathed side-arms, and accompanied by Mr. Armstrong, a young midshipman, I set off; but, as I approached, they retreated. Supposing this re-

buildings, unless fired on by the militia from them; that he should take no citizen, unless found in arms.

“He left in the room three hundred and five dollars in silver. Mr. Kilgour immediately informed General Stuart of these occurrences. Mr. Kilgour asked permission to count the marines; it was granted him.”—*Nile's Register*, vol. vii. page 50.

Mr. Kilgour's memory may have been accurate respecting the silver dollars, but he does not mention the number of dollar notes. *One hundred* marines accompanied the Rear-admiral on this incursion.

trograde movement might arise from seeing two of us, I ordered the youngster back again. Still they continued moving backward, and I was about to return to my party, when they waved me on. I followed till I lost sight of my own people, and had proceeded some distance on the road into which they had turned, when, suspecting no good was intended, I resolved to retrace my way. At this moment they drew up, dismounted, and again beckoned me to approach. My misgivings were dispelled, and I walked on. Had they allowed me to advance close to them, nothing could have prevented my falling into the snare laid for me; but, when within eighty or ninety yards of the spot upon which they had taken up their ground, they drew forth their rifles, previously concealed in the hedge which bordered one side of the road, and, resting them on the saddles of their horses, deliberately fired at me. The whiz of the shot as they flew past, at once determined me upon the only course to be adopted: running in upon them as fast as I could with my drawn sword, I prevented their reloading the pieces, and it had the effect of so alarming them that, hastily mounting their nags, they galloped off at full speed. I was too glad to get rid of them on such easy terms, and turned to pursue my way back again. These American heroes,

however, were not to be so balked of their prey; and having resumed their courage, they suddenly pulled up, turned round, drew their sabres, and came towards me at a hand gallop. Retreat was impossible; I therefore had recourse to a *ruse*, and, facing round, I walked forward to meet them, at the same time waving my hand behind me, as if I was making a signal to some persons behind the hedge, and did not wish my motions to be observed. The stratagem completely succeeded; when within a very short distance of me, one of them exclaimed, "There they are behind the hedge!"—and drawing sharp up, they turned and fled, without once looking behind them.

I lost no time in a speedy reunion with my party, well pleased at my escape. The lame negro who had delivered the message, and who had witnessed the whole business, cut me off,—“Good goramity! massa, wha’ two d—n coward! two marne on horsyback run away from massa! So elp me God! me show you where um lib, spose you like.” I took him at his word; he accompanied us on board. I reported the whole affair to the Admiral, who was highly indignant at such dastardly conduct, and determined at once to punish them, if practicable, for their perfidy. The negro informed us that the two dragoons were brothers,

and proprietors of a large tract of land situated about ten miles from the beach. They belonged to a corps of yeomanry then embodied in the neighbourhood. At midnight I landed with fifty marines and as many seamen, accompanied by the same negro, to whom I intimated, in unequivocal terms, that any hesitation or treachery would ensure his instant death.

We proceeded unmolested through the woods, till the habitation of my generous friends broke upon our view at the end of a clear space. Day began to dawn, and we were rapidly advancing in open order to surround the house, when a slave opening the shutters of the lower rooms discovered us, and immediately gave the alarm. It was too late to be of any avail; our marine trumpeter had gained the back door just in the nick of time to knock down one of the bold dragoons; and bringing the point of his bayonet to the breast of the other, drove him back into the passage. They were both in their shirts, and little less white in their woe-begone countenances than that very necessary article of clothing. Their cowardly act of the preceding day eventually brought down its own punishment. Their account of the transaction may be inferred from the fact of its having procured them permission to visit their home, to delight the maternal bosom with a description

of their dashing encounter against the Britishers. It was a superior-built and commodious mansion. The stock-yard was filled with the preceding year's produce; a goodly display of cattle, numerous flocks, and all the appliances of a well-stocked farm, bespoke people of wealth and substance. My intention was to have destroyed the whole ménage and stock, as a reward for their villainy, little expecting to meet the offenders in their lair; but the supplications of the distressed mother and sister for mercy disarmed my intended vengeance. With the full conviction that their prayers would have been immediately granted by our chief, I eluded my orders, and saved the property from the flames to which it had been condemned.

On getting hold of the brothers, I inquired what motive could have induced them to act so villainously towards me on the preceding day. "I vow to God it was not me," replied one. "Nor me," echoed the other. Laying hold of the nearest fibber and drawing him to the light, I gazed sternly and steadily upon him for a minute, when he exclaimed, "Well, if you'll believe me, it was only a pistol I fired at you."

"No, brother Sam has told you what's as true as gospel; we only just slicked off our pistols to warn you you had come close enough to us, for

we guessed you wished to surround us with your men behind the hedge."

I was disgusted with their prevarication, and informed them that, being neither pistol nor rifle ball proof, I regarded their dishonourable conduct as deserving of punishment, and should therefore take them on board as prisoners. Making them over to a file of marines, I mounted one of their nags, and returned as a field officer. We reached the beach without any annoyance from the gallant corps of our prisoners, whose head-quarters, not more than half a mile distant on our left flank, we passed on our return. Previously to embarkation we had a race on the beach, much to the amusement of all hands except the disconsolate owners. These mistaken young men had deluded themselves into the belief that to destroy a Britisher, particularly an officer, by any means, would be a feather in their cap, and they adopted the disgraceful method I have related, which led to an extension of their geographical knowledge by a visit "to the cursed old country of those British serpents."

Information was brought to the Rear-admiral of a number of the enemy's troops being assembled higher up the river, under the command of Colonel Plater. He proceeded with two hundred seamen and marines, and landed in the neighbourhood to

reconnoitre their position. No resistance was offered to our disembarkation, and we proceeded onwards till we came upon the Colonel's domain. The house and grounds were certainly of a far superior description to any we had hitherto met with. There was an air of comfort pervading the *tout ensemble*, approaching to elegance; it bespoke something superior to the ordinary run of American habitations in the vicinity of the bay. We were met by Colonel Plater, who, with the frank bearing of an honourable-minded man, told the Admiral that he had done his utmost to bring forward his regiment (militia) to beat him back, but that they had deserted him, and he surrendered himself a prisoner, feeling he was entirely at his mercy. This candour at once gained the favour and protection of Admiral Cockburn, and the most rigid orders were issued, and sentinels placed around, to secure the premises from molestation or injury. The gallant Colonel himself remained at perfect liberty, with a promise that the protection then shown towards him should be continued. For this conduct, Colonel Plater was held up by the democratic portion of the republican press as something akin to a traitor. In fact the few who had the moral courage to avow the truth as regarded the conduct of the English, were designated as persons unworthy

to mix with free-born republicans, and the finger of scorn was invited to point them out as fit objects upon whom the Americans might laudably expend the worst passions of their nature.* We frequently visited his house afterwards, and became acquainted with his only daughter, an amiable, sensible young lady, whose patriotism and upright sentiments, if acted upon, would have shed lustre upon the arms of her countrymen. I had the vanity to fancy that I stood upon elevated ground in her good graces ; but the scale was fated to drop speedily from my eyes. A post-bag which fell into our hands, and which was ransacked for military information, discovered to my mortified senses that the courtesy I had received was dictated by policy, and it was pretty evident I was regarded as a wolf in sheep's clothing. Had the fair girl's handwriting been recognized, it would have se-

* "Cockburn.—The Boston Sentinel, noticing the acknowledgment of a certain person of the name of Massey, of the polite treatment he received of the enemy, especially *Cockburn*, travels out of his road to say that he, (the said Cockburn,) notwithstanding the scurrility poured on him in the *Virginian* and *Maryland* papers, is a humane and liberal gentleman. The people of Maryland and Virginia would be very thankful if Mr. Russel would prove that *Cockburn* is either the one or the other. It is true (and we give the devil his due,) that he has latterly behaved much better than he did last summer ; but the wantonness of his barbarities then have gibbeted him in infamy."—*Nile's Register*, vol. vi. page 279.

cured the sanctity of her correspondence. However much my *amour propre* might have been wounded, there were heroic and sterling principles manifested in the letter, which claimed our admiration and respect, although they were bitterly hostile to the British invaders of her country. The letter was resealed and forwarded to its destination, with proper expressions of regret at its untoward detention. One sentence of her letter was, "How shall I express to you the feelings of shame that consume me, when I inform you the sight of a British barge alone is sufficient to put to flight every man in our neighbourhood? What, what must be the opinions of our enemies of such conduct! I blush for my countrymen!"

Another *militaire*, reposing in the plenitude of security, pursued a different line of conduct to that adopted by Colonel Plater, and reaped a different result.

The launch, filled with empty casks, was sent with a flag of truce to a particular spot, where it was known the enemy was in some force, with a demand for water and stock; for the latter, ample payment was to be tendered. The flag of truce, on reaching the shore, was met by the Colonel of the regiment and several of his officers. The lieutenant, without quitting the boat, delivered his message, and, having received such a reply as

was to be expected, was about to quit the beach, when he was not a little astonished to find himself addressed by one of the American officers in the following style. "I vow to God, if the Colonel was of my mind, tarnation seize me if I would not hang you up as a scarecrow to you Britishers. I guess you know pretty considerably clearly that you only come here to spy out the nakedness of the land; but I hope our Colonel will not allow you to escape."

This courteous proposition, coming with the stamp of genuine feeling from the kind-hearted American, was by no means flattering to the bearer of the flag. The boat's crew were without means of resistance, the officer alone having his side-arms; but it was not for him to appear disconcerted, or suffer the bravado to excite any other feeling than that of contempt. Turning to the Colonel he coolly observed, "Pray, Sir, is this your usual mode of treating a flag of truce?" The offender was slightly reprimanded by the commanding officer, and a kind of apology offered, but the hangman kept muttering to himself, and looked all he had expressed. The lieutenant caught the patronymic of this would-be executioner in the rebuke he received from the Colonel, nor did he fail to treasure it in his memory until the proper time arrived for castigation. On his

return on board he inquired among the runaway slaves, who knew Captain Jabo? "Cappen Jabo, him my massa, Saar," replied a stout-looking young negro. The circumstance was duly reported, and the offer of the slave to lead the lieutenant to his master's house. Admiral Cockburn then ordered the insulted officer to proceed that evening with a party and attempt Captain Jabo's capture.

The sun set behind a mass of heavy angry clouds portending a stormy night, and as the boats quitted the ship large drops of rain began to fall, giving certain intimation of wet jackets. Long ere they came in sight of the unconscious Jabo's dwelling, the wind and rain contending for mastery, had finally settled into torrents, deluging them with their fury. Their house was situated about eight miles from the place of landing, and one from the American encampment; it was immediately surrounded, and a loud knocking at the front door was the commencement of hostilities. The affrighted militiaman started from his downy couch, and throwing up the window inquired in no very confident tone the reason of this rude summons. "Open the door," said the lieutenant in a stentorian voice. "Why, good God! you are not Britishers, are you?"—"Yes, British serpents: open the door immediately." As there

was an evident inclination to parley and evade the demand, the door was forced, and the luckless captain took refuge in his bedchamber. In the mean time the darkness of the night had favoured his project of despatching a messenger to the camp for assistance. The sanctity of the bed-room was next invaded by the ruthless lieutenant, and there stood the poor devil shivering in his shirt, shifting from one leg to the other as if he stood upon burning coals, aghast at this inexplicable intrusion. A pair of black eyes peeped most cautiously from between the snow-white sheets, and then the head would be buried under the bed-clothes. "What have we here?" cried the lieutenant, placing his sacrilegious hands upon the curtains of the bridal bed. "That is my wife." The lieutenant retreated some steps. "Why, what in the name of God do you want with me on such a night as this?" exclaimed the startled bridegroom, who had only been married three days. "I guess," continued the captain, "I should not think of turning a dog out to expose him to the raging elements such a night as this."—"I merely come," replied the officer, — "to return you my grateful acknowledgements for your good wishes and kind intentions so unequivocally expressed in behalf of my elevation this morning, and to request the honour of your

company on board his Britannic Majesty's ship Albion." The most humble apologies were offered, but the lieutenant turned a deaf ear to them ; nor did the weeping entreaties of the unhappy bride, who, forgetful of every thing except her husband's safety, now sat up in the bed, wringing her hands and imploring forgiveness for his faults, soften his inflexibility : never was the lieutenant known to be so hard-hearted, but orders must be obeyed. Suspecting that delay was the object, he absolutely threatened to take off the captain *sans culottes*. This menace was decisive ; the inexpressibles were slipped on, the parting embrace given, and away marched Captain Jabo from his warm bed and bonny bride in a merciless shower of rain and hail. The party moved off just in time ; the messenger had made such good use of his legs, that a troop of Yankees were close at their heels when they reached their boats. It is more than probable that the officer in command would have relented in favour of beauty in tears, (for, if he had a vulnerable point, it was sure to be probed by a female in distress,) and left her bridegroom behind ; but his orders were imperative, and he had only to obey them.

Poor Captain Jabo ! seldom have I witnessed a more striking personification of a crest-fallen hero than his appearance presented on the Al-

bion's quarter-deck. Drenched with rain, pale, haggard, and frightened, he remained as if glued to the planks, at times casting furtive humiliated glances at the strange faces around him : he evidently expected to be twitted and reproached with his conduct of the preceding day. The haughty individual, with his blustering swagger and insulting language, delivered in the full pride of regimentals topped by a towering hat and sweeping feather, could not be recognized in the ludicrous passive figure that now met our view ; the contrast fairly overwhelmed all feelings of anger towards him, and the poor devil descended into the ward-room, where, having been supplied with dry clothing, he was invited to join the morning meal, which offered no inconsiderable temptation to a half-drowned and hungry man. Not a word was uttered in allusion to the unlucky oration that had procured him the pleasure of our society ; but the restless countenance and fidgety movements, the rapid wandering glances of the tell-tale eyes, plainly intimated the tumult of his mind, and the suspicion that British politeness, though prominent for the moment, might be only preparing the way to some dismal punishment, retributive of the friendly intentions he had expressed towards them. It is possible that conscience added innumerable little prickings to his

already goaded spirit, and maliciously oppressed him with the idea, that he was destined to attain that height above his fellows, which he had marked out for one of his hosts.

Captain Jabo would have been restored to the arms of his wife, had he not been guilty of a breach of faith, and forfeited his plighted word as soon as he fancied he could do so with impunity. This disregard of all moral obligation defeated the favour intended towards him, and he ploughed his weary way across the Atlantic. I have mentioned these circumstances to show what I have before stated, that the inhabitants within ten miles of the shore, with the assistance of the negroes, were completely within our power.

A reconnoissance while in the Patuxent deserves to be recorded. It redounds to the credit and self-possession of a humble individual of a corps whose unexampled good conduct, under every circumstance of difficulty and danger, invites the highest praise and consideration of Great Britain. No body of men can so well estimate or understand their invaluable services as naval men.

The reconnoitring party had reached a spot where three roads met: here a marine was stationed while the officer proceeded farther on. A cabin, deserted by its proprietors on their approach, occupied one of the angles of the two

roads. In the absence of the officer, the sentry observed four dragoons leisurely coming along the road; before they discovered him he had taken shelter in the cottage. Arriving at the cross roads they drew up and entered into conversation.

“ I reckon this is a false alarm of our neighbour; had the Britishers taken the road he told us, I guess it is next to an utter impossibility but we must have seen them before now?” All agreed in the opinion delivered by the spokesman, and it was decided *nem. con.* that, as there were no enemies on foot, one should immediately ride back, report to the Colonel the state of the case, and prepare their dinner: the remaining three were to follow and be there by the time it was on the table. Off galloped the yeoman with these commands, and his companions dismounted for some purpose, and tying their horses up to a tree approached the cottage. All this time the gallant marine was intently watching the proceedings of his enemies through an aperture in the cabin, and, seeing the messenger was out of sight, and the dragoons out of reach of their holsters, he rushed from his hiding-place with charged bayonet and desired them to throw down their side arms, giving them to understand that the first man who put his hand to his sword he would instantly shoot, and run the others through the body.

The indescribable surprise and horror of the poor Yankees by the determined manner of the soldier caused unhesitating compliance, and they one and all unbuckled their belts and dropped them on the ground. He then ordered them into the cottage, and there, to the surprise and admiration of his officer and comrades, he was found on their return standing guard over his prisoners. They were marched down with the party, horses and all, and embarked, to the infinite amusement of the Admiral and the whole squadron. The brave fellow who accomplished this really decisive feat, was immediately promoted to a halbert. I asked one of the prisoners how they could allow themselves to be taken by a single man. "Why, do you see, he vowed to God Almighty he'd shoot me as dead as a door-nail if I only wagged my finger."—"And run me through the body," responded the second.— "What could I do dismounted against an armed man with a musket?" exclaimed the third. There was no controverting a species of sophistry so soothing and emollient to their own feelings; and certainly I had no reason to put them out of conceit with conduct which had so highly raised one of our own men. Even our friend Captain Jabo was ashamed of this specimen of valour exhibited by his countrymen.

CHAPTER IX.

Increase of force—Designs against the city of Washington—
 Seamen trained to small arms—Ascend the Potomac—
 Attack of St. Leonard's—Intercepted letters—General
 Stuart's three reasons—Anchor abreast St. Clement's creek
 —Conflict with the Enemy—Their retreat—Diabolical de-
 vice—Land at St. Clement's—Capture five schooners—As-
 cend the Machodic river—American mis-statements—Pro-
 ceed with the boats to Hamburg and Chaptico—An old ac-
 quaintance—My American namesake—Attack on the Enemy's
 position—Narrow escape—Chase and capture of a Field-piece
 —A party of cavalry taken—Other advantages—Flight of the
 Enemy—Exhaustion of our men—Proceed to Kinsale—Take
 possession of the batteries, and of the town—Arrival of the
 Hebrus and the Menelaus—American exaggeration—Pro-
 ceed up St. Mary's creek.

BEFORE we quitted the shores of the Patuxent,
 the Loire and St. Lawrence rejoined us with four-
 teen prizes. On the 15th of July the Asia, Etna,
 Thistle, and Manly, with three troop ships, joined
 the Rear-admiral, having on board a battalion of
 marines five hundred strong, and a detachment of

marine artillery, bringing also the intelligence of twenty thousand men being *en route* for the Chesapeake. The Rear-admiral had, from the commencement of his operations, always fixed an eye of peculiar interest upon Washington. It had been the concentrated object of his thoughts and actions; every measure he adopted was more or less remotely connected, conceived, and carried into execution, as affording preliminary steps to the final accomplishment of the grand ultimatum of his exertions.

A very gentlemanly American, who frequently visited the Albion in a flag of truce on official business from Washington, and who often enjoyed the hospitality of the Admiral's table, was repeatedly told by the latter, when they could not agree upon particular points, "Ah, well, we'll waive it for the present, I'll settle that affair at Washington." It was received as a joke; little did the envoy imagine, as he smiled incredulously at the reply of the Admiral, delivered under the guise of badinage, that the determination to accomplish the capture of the republican metropolis was a settled purpose in his host's mind.

The scheme for executing this bold stroke of policy, as well as for destroying the extensive depots of military stores that had been, and were

still collecting on both sides the Potomac, for the armament and supply of the large force demanded of Congress on the 4th July by Mr. Madison, was now completed; operations on a wider scale were therefore determined upon, and the means were afforded by the troops now placed under his orders.

I should have stated that, on our first arrival in the Chesapeake, every line-of-battle ship was ordered to train one hundred seamen to small arms, and the frigates and sloops a proportionate number. We had great difficulty in bringing Jack to the work of soldiering, but on our landing excursions he soon found the utility and advantage of this drilling, and abandoned his natural dislike to the occupation. "Load and fire—charge bayonets—falling in two deep—marching order—and wheeling into line," were sufficient to render them able and efficient auxiliaries to the marines, and assisted very materially in giving the Admiral a respectable force for any expedition he might wish to set on foot: throughout our operations in the Chesapeake they did good and effective service.

For the purpose mentioned above, we dropped down the Patuxent the following day, and ascended the Potomac: and on the 18th we anchored off St. Leonard's creek, leading to the town of that name and the capital of St. Mary's county. Here the

36th regiment of the enemy was known to be quartered. The same night the battalion of marines, under the command of Major Lewis, was embarked in the boats, and proceeded under the immediate command of the Rear-admiral to the attack of that place. At day light the marines were landed, and the boats proceeded direct for the town. The enemy, on discovering our intentions, immediately retreated without offering any resistance, leaving the town open to our entry. A large quantity of military stores were shipped and destroyed ; two schooners laden with tobacco and different stores were brought away, as well as a portion of the tobacco found in store. The town itself was protected, and left uninjured. The post-office here afforded some interesting intelligence, besides a fund of amusement and merriment to the officers of His Majesty's squadron as long as they remained on the coast during the war.*

* Speaking of our attack upon St. Leonard's town—"During their stay, which was till about two o'clock, they behaved with great politeness to the ladies, respecting private property wherever the proprietors remained at home. As soon as General Stuart received intelligence that the enemy were landing, he moved with his whole force in pursuit of them.

"To get between them and their shipping he must necessarily have exposed his force to a galling fire from their shipping, and given their infantry the advantage of a high commanding situation.

On the 20th, we proceeded higher up the Potomac, and anchored abreast St. Clement's creek on the Maryland side, and Nominy river on the Virginian shore. The militia having assembled in a large body at Nominy ferry, situated up the river of the same name, the Rear-admiral determined upon attacking them. Their position was excellent, and, had they defended it, might have cost us dearly. A farm-house in their front, situated on an elevated hill that commanded the river, was occupied in force, and increased their advantages over us. The Admiral immediately ordered the attack, by directing the marines to ascend the steep that supported the enemy's flank, while the boats pushed forward with the seamen to the attack in front. After a fruitless attempt to defend the post, the enemy, principally cavalry, delivered their fire and fell back upon the main body, who proved too light

To get in their front, so as to annoy them in their retreat, he must have taken a circuitous route of seven miles. Independent of all this, his force was much inferior to that of theirs; he therefore returned to his encampment; he has ordered out all his brigade."—Nile's Register, vol. vi. page 50.

General Stuart's three reasons for not attacking the Admiral must appear unanswerable in the eyes of his friends, and he doubtless received their congratulations on his decisive conduct in returning to his encampment and ordering out "*all his brigade.*"

of heel to enable us to come up with them, abandoning their cannon in the woods to our left. Perhaps I should, in justice, give the American version of the affair, viz. that "they had hidden it." Unfortunately, our flanking parties, which Admiral Cockburn invariably threw out to the right and left of the main body as we advanced, did not extend so far as to fall upon them: after making a few prisoners the chase was abandoned.

The house I have before noticed, had evidently been their head-quarters for the time. I was one of the first who entered the building. The principal and largest room on the ground floor appeared as if it had been the scene of a carousing party, from the number of glasses, bottles of liquor, &c. that graced the whole length of the table. From the heat of the morning, many, it is most likely, would have quenched their thirst by the means thus offered to parched lips and dry throats, but I fortunately observed that the glasses had not been used, and the full bottles created a painful suspicion that the wine and liquor might be poisoned, which, but for the recent transaction at Benedict, would not have crossed my mind. The horrid idea was strengthened by the discovery of a thick sediment at the bottom of the bottles. The whole of them were immediately destroyed,

except two, which were sent to the surgeon of the Albion for examination, and found to contain a very large quantity of arsenic. Such criminal devices must at once excite our pity and contempt for the authors and executors of them. To proclaim that the iniquitous scheme had failed, and to mark the indignation which it excited, we consigned the house to the flames, and placarded our reasons for so doing.

The enemy, finding their intentions had been discovered, despatched a flag of truce to the Admiral on his return to the Albion, disavowing the fact. In the presence of this delegate, I was called upon by the Admiral to state the circumstances of the case ; which being corroborated by the testimony of the surgeon, the stricken colonel was thrown upon his back, and the interview ended by his declaring that, if such an atrocity had been committed, it was totally unauthorized by the responsible parties, and the act of some villains.*

* " On the 20th ultimo, a party of the enemy, about *twelve hundred*, landed at Nominy on the Potomac, and marched apparently with a view of destroying Westmoreland Court House, Virginia. * * * * *

They burned the wheat-stacks, bravely shot several horses, and gallantly kidnapped about one hundred and fifty negroes, &c. Cockburn, it seems, had put himself into a dreadful passion, because a negro had told somebody that some spirits left on the table at a Mrs. Thompson's was poisoned, for which he burnt the house.

A large quantity of tobacco was shipped, and much more destroyed with the store-houses and

"The fact appears by the statement of Colonel Parker, that he himself had drunk of the spirits but a few moments before the British came up, and that it was impossible it could have been poisoned. Of this the Admiral seems to have been perfectly satisfied, as we learn by a flag of truce that went off to procure the release of a citizen taken prisoner—but, as he was said to be taken in arms, he was not given up." Nile's Register, vol. vi. page 391.

That the Admiral was not satisfied, will appear by the anxiety of General Hungerford in the following letter, which was sent off to him in a flag of truce. It was published also in "The Richmond Enquirer," and inserted in Nile's Register, vol. vi.

"Sir,

August 5th, 1814.

"Being called into command of the forces in this quarter, Colonel Parker reported to me the correspondence which had taken place between you and himself, and the proceeding connected with it. At the same time he claimed it as due to the command which he had held, and as due to the character of our people, that a court of inquiry should be instituted to investigate the imputation that poisoned spirit had been left in the way of your troops, in their attack upon Nominy. Although well assured, as I was, that no citizen could have perpetrated a deed so base, and disdaining too a charge coming from a deserter slave, I have *condescended* to wave, for the purpose of a fair adjudication, my confidence in the former and my distrust in the latter, and ordered the court which Colonel Parker solicited. A copy of their proceedings and decision, I have thought proper to enclose you. "I am, with due consideration,

Yours, J. P. Hungerford,

Brigadier General commanding."

"H. Q. Yocomico Church, August 3rd, 1814.

"The Court, after the most mature deliberation upon the evi-

buildings; and we retired down the river. In this movement the enemy was again observed mustering: the Admiral landed to attack him, but he fled into the woods, giving us a parting volley; and we continued our retreat with the

dence, hesitate not to declare to the commanding General their decided opinion, that the charge of poisonous matter having been infused in any spirit left in the house at Nominny on the evening of the 20th of July is utterly without foundation; and they rejoice at the opportunity which this investigation has afforded them, to declare their abhorrence at so dishonourable an act."

This verdict was doubtless a salvo to the wounded feelings of American honour, but we were not inclined to coincide with the gallant General's idea of "fair adjudication," for this obvious reason: the parties accused pronounced their own judgment, and it was going a step beyond *American calculation* to suppose they would commit a *felo de se* upon their own reputation.

Here follows additional light upon our proceedings, from the Alexandria Herald, July 24th:

"After doing all the damage they could short of burning, they went to the Virginian shore, burnt the dwellings of *five* widows, and several others on the shore, burnt every building at Nominny ferry, and plundering the country round of every kind of provisions, carried off a great many negroes. The militia of Spottsylvania had marched *en masse* to the relief of their fellow citizens below."

The house burnt, it would appear, belonged to a widow named Thompson. The American editor has the rare art of multiplying one into five; consequently, we find five widows candidates for public sympathy;—one substantial dame and four shadows.

"*Every building at Nominny ferry*" consisted of the aforesaid widow Thompson's house, and the out-houses belonging thereto, with the tobacco warehouse below it.

captured schooners, accompanied by one hundred and thirty fine negroes, who had deserted to us. Our loss consisted of one killed and four wounded.

A rest of four-and-twenty hours recruited soldiers and sailors ; and on the 23rd the Admiral again landed with his forces at St. Clement's, in Maryland, where the enemy, though assembled in force, thought it wisest to show us a clean pair of heels before we came within fighting distance. None of the inhabitants who remained by their property were molested ; but it happened that, on approaching one farm-house, the owner allowed his feelings of hostility to subdue his discretion, and he indulged the dangerous inclination of letting fly his rifle, in conjunction with those of his people : they then mounted their nags and galloped away in such a preposterous hurry, as to leave their weapons behind them. We bestowed upon him the usual reward upon all such wanton proceedings. In this descent we captured five schooners, and returned to the ship on the 24th.

On the 26th we found ourselves again in Virginia, mounting the Machodic river, while our gallant comrades the marines marched up on either bank, which would otherwise have afforded secure shelter for the enemy's riflemen. No impediment was

offered, and, the boats having destroyed six schooners, the Admiral re-embarked the same evening.

On the 28th we weighed and anchored off the Wicomico. Admiral Cockburn proceeded with the boats to Hamburg and Chaptico, situated at some distance up the river, where a considerable quantity of tobacco was taken possession of and despatched to the ships. The inhabitants who trusted themselves to our mercy were protected, and as, in like instances, all the supplies afforded us were paid for to the full amount. After examining the whole of the surrounding country, we returned to the ships on the 31st.*

* "The Magnanimous English!—A relation of the disgraceful scenes that have occurred on the Patuxent and Potomac would fill a volume, and we hope it may be written in *perpetuam memoriam* of British honour.

"The Washington City Gazette says, that at Chaptico they actually opened a vault and stripped the dead bodies. Blasting as this is to Englishmen, we see no reason to disbelieve it." Nile's Register, vol. vi. page 410.

"Extract of a letter to the editor, dated from Wicomico river, St. Mary's county," and published in the American.

"On the 30th the same worthy body of men landed at Chaptico in this county (except a few that the Virginian militia killed and wounded, when they landed at Nominy on the 20th and 21st).

"In this little village they got about thirty hogsheads of tobacco, and no other plunder, the inhabitants having removed all their property out of their grasp. * * * *

On the 2nd of August we dropped down and anchored two miles below St. Leonard's creek.

They picked their stolen geese in the church, dashed the pipes of the church organ on the pavement, opened a family vault in the church-yard, broke open the coffins, stirred the bones about with their hands, in search of hidden treasure. All this in the presence of their worthy Admiral ! During all this havoc not a man was in arms within fifteen miles of them, and they worked until ten o'clock at night before they got the tobacco on board their vessels. Owing to the shallowness of the creek that leads up to Chaptico warehouse, they rolled more than half the tobacco one mile. General Stuart was encamped with the militia near sixteen miles from these freebooters. I presume he is waiting for a regular field action with the British. He has no confidence in our trees and bushes, as our militia had in the revolutionary war."

This correspondence was too delectable to be discarded by the editors of the Government paper, and accordingly we find *three months* afterwards the following second edition inserted in its columns.

" Brutality of the Enemy.

" November 5th, 1814. Messrs. Gales and Seaton. Having seen the following publication in the Alexandria Herald of the 19th October: with horror, as capping the climax of atrocity."

" To the Editors of the Herald. Gentlemen, I have no recollection of having seen any account of the conduct of the enemy at Chaptico published in any of the public prints; you are at liberty to publish the following extract of a letter to a friend written shortly after that affair. It is a very imperfect account, written in a hurry amidst the bustle of a camp, but contains most of the facts. My name is enclosed, which you are at liberty to make public, if any respectable person should deny the truth of the following statement.

A Citizen of Maryland."

I was despatched with a small party to reconnoitre a large house and store to the eastward of the creek, which had escaped our observation on our former visit. On approaching the mansion, which had a respectable appearance, I was met by an acquaintance, the mother of the yeomen whom I have before mentioned as having fired at me, and

“ I passed through Chaptico shortly after the enemy left it, and I am sorry to say that their conduct would have disgraced cannibals. The house was torn to pieces: the well which afforded water for the inhabitants was filled up, and what is still worse, the church and the ashes of the dead shared an equally bad or worse fate. Will you believe me when I tell you that the sunken graves were converted into barbecue holes! the remaining glass of the church windows broken, the communion-table used as a dinner-table, and then broken to pieces! Bad as the above may appear, it dwindles into insignificance when compared with what follows. The vault was entered, and the remains of the dead disturbed. Yes, my friend, the winding-sheet was torn from the body of a lady of the first respectability, and the whole contents of the vault entirely deranged! The above facts were witnessed by hundreds as well as myself, and I am happy to say that but one sentiment pervaded our army. * * *

I immediately showed it to General Philip Stuart, lately commanding the troops at that place, who read and declared it strictly true, that Cockburn was at the head of it; that they also destroyed the organs; that Judge Key's lady, who had been last put into the vault, was the person alluded to; that her winding-sheet was torn to pieces, and her person wantonly exposed; and that his men were exasperated to desperation by his conduct. You will publish this. “Yours, &c.

“ October 19th, 1814.

Robert Wright.

“ N.B. I hope every American printer will also publish it.—R. W.”

whose property I had spared from the flames at her intercession. I was received more cordially than I had any right to expect: perhaps policy dictated the welcome. She told me that, in consequence of her late disaster, she had taken up her residence with her son-in-law Captain Scott, the proprietor of the house and grounds around, believing that by this

“ Worse and Worse.

“ The Boston Patriot, noticing this brutal transaction, adds, The above facts detailed by Governor Wright were confirmed by General Philip Stuart, who lately commanded the American troops at that place, who declared the statement to be every way correct. But this, horrible as it was, was nothing to what followed. We are authorised to state that General Stuart informed a member of the Senate of the United States, that the BRITISH OFFICERS STRIPPED YOUNG LADIES ENTIRELY NAKED, and obliged them to stand before them in that condition for an hour and a half, when they, the British officers, at length permitted these distressed females again to clothe themselves.”

The worthy governor and *gallant* general, it would appear, were gifted with ubiquity. The foregoing literary *morceaux* are likewise recorded in Nile's Register, vol. vii. page 136, and Brannan's " Official Letters," page 449.

In no instance did General Stuart, or His Excellency, attempt to meet the invaders of their country. Finding themselves inadequate in ability or courage to cope with the Rear-admiral on the field of honour, they have proved themselves pre-eminent in that of ridiculous vituperation.

It is from such sources that foreign writers on America have too frequently drawn their conclusions, and I may add in the words of Governor Wright, " Will you believe me when I tell you" that the sons of our own soil have given materials of the like nature from the same fountain-head to the English public as facts.

change she would be at least secured from our visits; but she added with a sigh, "It is all of no use, I cannot avoid you, and all I dare to hope is, that you will not suffer any injury to be offered to my son-in-law or his family." I felt sincerely grieved for the misfortunes of the mother, brought upon her by the folly of her sons, and could I have been instrumental in returning them to their home, I should gladly have done it, but the power rested not with me. I however comforted her greatly by the assurance of their continued good health.

I was hospitably entertained, and so far gained upon her confidence that the old lady told me her son-in-law and his friends, who belonged to the militia, were in the vicinity, but, fearing they might be made prisoners, had secreted themselves; on my promise, however, not to molest them, she would give the signal for their return. The promise was readily given, and the shrill whistle of a negro, repeated thrice, soon brought Captain Scott and his companions forward. My namesake, the Captain, I recognised as having met in the neighbourhood of the Patuxent; he had also rendered me personal service. While lying in that river, I had been despatched alone with a flag of truce to the enemy's advanced posts, when I encountered him, and was conducted to their headquarters. He protected me on my return from

the desperate valour of one of his countrymen. My unarmed appearance, with the emblem of truce in my hand, walking in friendly converse with his officer, presented an opportunity sufficiently inviting to authorize this fire-eater to thrust a loaded pistol in my face, with the amiable intention of despatching me to the other world ; but my conductor instantly pushed it on one side, with a remark that caused its being uncocked and consigned to the valorous horseman's holsters. I must do the mistaken man the justice to say that he appeared thoroughly ashamed and crest-fallen at the appropriate rebuke bestowed upon him.

With a letter, and abundance of messages, for the unlucky wights our prisoners, I took my leave of the Captain and his comrades, who escorted me to our boats. On reaching the Albion she again got under weigh, and proceeded off the Yocomico river, where we anchored. At this spot the Admiral understood that the enemy was collected in great force : the boats were got ready, the battalion of marines and seamen embarked, and at midnight we left the ships. I believe it was the Admiral's intention to have reached our destination before daylight, but the distance was too great, and at the dawn of day we found ourselves little more than a long shot from the shore. Admiral in his gig was far ahead of the

accompanied by myself in the barge, when the enemy opened their fire of field-pieces upon him. This was the signal for the boats astern to give way with redoubled energy. Before I could get alongside of the gig to ask if I should pull in at once and land, a second salute was discharged. "Certainly, S—, give way, give way." There needed no other stimulus to the excellent crew I commanded than the Admiral's orders, and the oars bent almost double beneath their lusty strokes, sending the boat with rushing impetus through the water. The men's cutlasses had not been distributed, and were lying in a heap at my feet in the stern sheets of the barge; I was employed in handing them forward, when a round shot came in over the bow of the boat, and regularly enfiladed us, taking off the poor marine's head that sat facing me amidships on the after thwart. At that precise instant I was in the act of picking up one of the cutlasses, and as I raised my head I received in my face part of the poor fellow's brains. Such was my escape on this occasion. Who shall presume to affirm that every bullet has not its billet? "Hurrah, my lads! stretch out—hurrah! hurrah!" was repeated by the crew, and an extra tug at the oars evinced their anxiety to come to close quarters, when another murderous shot deprived two of my fel-

lows of their limbs. "Give way, my nobles!" exclaimed the strokesman; "d—n me, Mr. Jonathan, if I don't pay you off for this, you long-legged beggars! we'll be with you in a jiffy." But a spit of sand on which we grounded prevented for the moment the fulfilment of this threat.

To jump overboard and launch the boat over was the work of only a few minutes, but the delay appeared to give fatal animation to the enemy's fire and the accuracy of his aim; two more of my brave crew were sent to their long homes, and the same number severely wounded. The other boats, keeping more to the left, avoided my mishap, and took off the enemy's attention from us. Lieutenant Lewis got the start of me, and, dashing in upon the foe under a heavy fire of musketry, scarcely allowed them time to limber up and scamper off with the guns into the interior. We were close upon their heels, and continued the chase, occasionally getting sight of our enemy as they mounted the hills. The view halloo sent forth from time to time with an animating cry, gave fresh vigour and spirits to our nearly exhausted party, who began to feel the effects of carrying such a heavy press of sail under so broiling a sun. We were urged on by the hope of success, although the chase was lost sight of, and the tracks

of the guns alone continued to guide our course. We were nearly fagged to death, when our exertions were promised a final reward, by discovering that the enemy had quitted the road. Following up the track through the woods, we caught a glimpse of the Americans ; we had pursued them ten miles, and had regularly run the horses of the sternmost gun to a stand-still. The sudden general burst and rush forward scarcely allowed Jonathan time to unyoke the jaded beasts from the piece before we got possession of it. Lewis and myself contrived to provide ammunition for the captured field-piece, (for Yankeedoodle had managed to make away with his own *en route*,) by taking a certain number of musket-cartridges from each man, the balls of which tied up in a handkerchief formed very good grape. Thus prepared we yoked on, and drew the gun down towards the beach. On regaining the high road we encountered Admiral Cockburn, who was moving up to our support at the head of the marine battalion five hundred strong. The commendations bestowed upon our exertions, and the evident satisfaction he felt at the capture, more than repaid us for the severe toil we had undergone. Information had been gained that we were in the immediate neighbourhood of a large dépôt of military stores for the Virginia militia ; upon this intelligence being communicated to the

Admiral, he determined on proceeding thither, and, again facing round, we marched off for the place. It was found to contain several buildings filled with every description of warlike stores; as it was impossible to convey them away, a train of gunpowder was laid among those most easily ignited, and the flash of a pistol set the whole in a blaze. Having witnessed their complete destruction, the Admiral again moved down towards the boats. We had not left the spot half-a-mile behind us when a heavy explosion took place, doubtless from some large store of powder that had escaped our observation.

We had proceeded nearly half way, to a spot where the road suddenly turned and led by the side of a wood on our left; the angle was formed by a perpendicular rock which rose about thirty feet high, but which gradually shelving down on the opposite side formed a small triangular enclosure. I had been sent in advance with Lieutenant Lewis, and, on turning the corner of the rock, a party of mounted American officers were observed crossing the road not more than fifty yards before us; they entered the enclosure I have described at a hand gallop, and were ascending the rock which commanded a full view of the road (by which we were advancing) to reconnoitre. We instantly pushed forward to the gateway by which they

entered, and cut off their retreat ; they were thus completely entrapped, for a deep descent on the other side hidden from our view, and some high and thick brushwood of which we were not aware at the moment, prevented all escape. They were called upon to surrender, but not paying attention to the summons, and as they were evidently endeavouring to elude us, three of the marines fired, and brought down the general and his son, who was also his aid-de-camp ; the other threw himself off. The horses were caught, and a short hurried search in the brushwood that covered the brow of the declivity proving fruitless, we hastened back to the Admiral with our captured cavalry. He speedily mounted the general's horse and commenced a keen reconnoitre. To the left, beyond a broad plantation belt, which ran parallel with the road, a body of cavalry was discovered and a strong force of infantry drawn up in line, amounting altogether to three or four thousand men, under the command of General Taylor, whom we had already wounded and unhorsed : he, however, remained *perdu* among the thick underwood,* and I presume the next in command, not aware of the untoward fall of his chief, was waiting his reappearance.

* This appeared in the American papers, from the General's own account.

The Admiral's arrangements were promptly made : the wood was taken possession of, and our captured field-piece brought up and placed in a position under cover of the thick wood flanking the enemy's line. Under the friendly cover of this wood the main body of our troops was formed. The light bobs having reached their allotted post, the Admiral ordered the advance : at the first discharge of our tirailleurs, the cavalry bolted at full tilt helter-skelter among their comrades the infantry ; the field-piece began playing upon them very prettily at the same time, and, deprived of their general's guidance, they wavered and staggered like a vessel in a weather tide way. The battalion of marines wheeled round the corner of the wood, and advancing upon the foe in treble-quick time, filled up the measure of their discreet resolves ; and they took to their heels like a herd of antelopes. If we had mustered but a single troop of dragoons, the greater part of the enemy would have been made prisoners, and the whole of his artillery captured, the drivers of the guns galloping off with them without even allowing their artillerymen time to give us their contents. There could not have been a more completely ridiculous rout : "*Sauve qui peut*" appeared the watch-word. They were indebted to their long legs and our previous march for escaping so easily.

Had the enemy's general extended his line through the wood and across the road, his left flank would have been completely protected by the deep ravine ; a couple of field-pieces on the rock would have enfiladed our advance, and with a little firmness nothing could have saved us from experiencing a heavy loss. The Admiral saw the advantages thus thrown away, and lost not a moment in turning them against the enemy. By this means he defeated him, and opened a passage for himself in the face of a fearfully superior force without the loss of a single man killed or wounded.*

* " We learn that dispatches were yesterday received from General Hungerford, dated near Kinsale, Aug. 5, stating that the enemy on the 3rd landed from several tenders and about twenty barges at Monday's Point, where they were gallantly met by Captain Henderson of the Northumberland Militia, who disputed the ground until he had expended all his ammunition, and then retired with his field-piece. The enemy pursued to Captain H.'s house, which they burned, with every other on their way, committing every kind of depredation. In an attack on Kinsale, Westmoreland County, a barge's crew of the enemy suffered considerably in an affair with Lieutenant Crabbe's detachment of artillery. We had an officer and one man severely wounded by a discharge of grape from the barge."—Nile's Register, vol. vi. page 416.

It is to be lamented that the dispatches here spoken of do not appear ever to have been made public. The large military depôt we destroyed is here described as Captain Henderson's house. Query, was Captain Henderson storekeeper of the depôt? The military details and achievements of the gallant General with the

The thermometer ranging from eighty-four to ninety degrees, my readers will not be surprised at learning that we were greatly overcome before we reached the beach ; numbers threw themselves on the ground, declaring they were incapable of moving one step farther. Admiral Cockburn had dismounted after the flight of the enemy, and his aid-de-camp was fain to follow his example, although I confess I was scarcely able to keep on my legs. It was indispensably necessary to push forward for the execution of the Rear-admiral's schemes in perspective for that afternoon, and prevent the dispersed and discomfited enemy's troops from rallying to the defence of Kinsale. Addressing the brave fellows who lay stretched on the ground in an encouraging tone, he said, " What ! Englishmen tired with a fine morning's walk like this : here, give me your musket ; here, your's, my man ; your Admiral will carry them for you." Making over a couple to his aid-de-camp, he placed one on each of his own shoulders, and thus doubly armed we marched down. I thought I must have succumbed under this additional load, but it had the desired effect of rousing

whole assembled militia of Virginia, Spottsylvania, &c. are left to the imagination of his countrymen and the world at large, the Government doubtless considering the publication of them as a work of supererogation.

the men afresh, and, headed by their chief, we reached the boats without one man missing.

After a refreshing rest of two hours, and a good dinner and breakfast in one, (for we had not broken our fast,) the Admiral proceeded with his forces to Kinsale. Here we found the enemy strongly posted upon the heights, confident in the security afforded by two batteries, and a block-house, commanding the only spot upon which we could land to attack them. After reconnoitring the position in his gig, he ordered the launches with their carronades, and the rocket-boats, to endeavour to drive the enemy from their fortified situation, while the remainder of the boats, with the battalion of marines in line, were a short distance in the rear, ready to push on shore at the first favourable moment. The Americans seemed • determined to stand their ground, and our chief began to be a little impatient at the inefficiency of our cannonade to dislodge them. The rockets were thrown rather wide of their mark, and rowing alongside the rocket-boat under the superintendence of the gunner, he desired me to jump in and see what I could make of it. The slide in which they were laid contained two of these destructive missiles, carrying spherical shells instead of combustible matter. By great good luck (for they were a very uncertain weapon),

on the first flight I let off, one of them fell directly into the centre of the block-house, and the other alighted in one of the batteries under it. The Admiral, rising up in his gig, exclaimed "Bravo! bravo! well done! capital!" and instantly the enemy was perceived escaping from the strong-hold, tumbling over each other in double-quick time. "Pull close in, launches—pull away,—fire grape only!—forward, marines!" and waving for the remainder of the boats, our gallant leader headed the attack, and got possession of the batteries before the enemy could recover from the panic occasioned by the rockets. The moment the marines landed, the heights were carried, and the enemy, perceiving our men on even ground, gave a harmless volley and again retreated in the utmost confusion, General Hungerford being totally unable to retard the flying movement; eight of their dead were left on the ground. It was so rapid an affair, that only five Americans were made prisoners. The marine artillery were, with their howitzers and field-pieces, placed in position to defend the town from any sudden attack as night drew on, though the enemy, in his own opinion, had done quite enough to satisfy his honour for one day, and therefore left us perfectly undisturbed and in quiet pos-

session. The merchandise and stores were shipped; two old schooners and the block-house were burned, and the two batteries destroyed; five other schooners were loaded with the spoils from the storehouses, and we re-embarked with the seamen and marines, and reached the Albion at two o'clock the following morning. The Loire suffered some loss in her boats, which were always foremost in vying with their brethren to obtain the post of honour. Few can form an adequate idea of the immense fatigue of that day's expedition, prosecuted the greater part of the time under the rays of a scorching sun, performed with a cheerfulness and alacrity highly creditable to the men and deeply gratifying to their leader. The forces brought against us consisted of the whole of the Virginian militia, under the command of Generals Hungerford and Taylor.*

* "Cockburn was at Kinsale, and sanctioned the burning of about *thirty* houses; he is said to have had some negroes in British uniform.

"On some occasions they have proceeded in considerable force several miles in the country; their return is marked by streams of fire, houses, wheat-stacks, &c. The usual trade in negroes is continued, and they have also carried off several unarmed persons. In those late affairs we have lost only one man, but a good many of the incendiaries have been killed. So wanton are their depredations, that the Virginians will be roused

On the 6th we dropped down abreast of Coar river; and on the 7th, before day-break, we were *en route* for the enemy's position, defended by a battery. After a sharp fire, they as usual retreated, on perceiving the Admiral's determination to close. On this occasion the enemy's artillery were provided with better horses, so that no chance remained of overtaking them: the de-

to a war of extermination. They are making great exertions, and have no party among them but one, which is manfully to oppose the enemy."—Nile's Register, vol. vi. page 431.

It is a matter of surprise, if the citizens of the United States actually gave credence to these lamentable accounts of barbarism, that they did not inquire of Generals Hungerford and Taylor their reasons for not putting a stop to such incursions with the large force under the orders of these officers. Perhaps it may be as well to mention here, that on every batch of slaves making their escape and taking refuge on board our ships, the charge of trafficking with these poor wretches, and selling them for prize-money, was affixed upon the Admiral, and reiterated from one end of the Union to the other. The moving tales of horror circulated of the barbarous mode in which we tore these helpless victims to our love of lucre from the arms of their wives and families, would have formed some of the most forcible appeals to the tender sympathies of the Anti-slavery Society that perhaps were ever laid before them. American sensibility and love of liberty were outraged by this cruel conduct towards their slave population. But let us "give the devil his due;" the American diplomatists, after the treaty of peace, with the aid of the Emperor of Russia, managed, by some means, to make John Bull pay the full value for all the slaves that came over to us during the war.

struction of the battery, the capture of three schooners, and a quantity of tobacco, were the sole trophies of this day. It was the same evening, viz. August 7th, on leaving the shore, that the Admiral was met by Captains Edmund Palmer and Sir Peter Parker in their gigs, to report the arrival of their ships, the Hebrus and Menelaus.*

* A very pathetic story, possibly based on this day's operations, has lately been given to the world by the officer noticed in the Introduction, then a midshipman on board the Menelaus. In that story, three imaginary females, described as "lovely beyond their sex's loveliness," are made to perform a very conspicuous part, by no means redounding to the honour or humanity of our distinguished leader. I should rest contented with the public denial I have already given to the Author's statement of these operations in the United Service Journal, had he not, with equal bad taste and feeling, continued his unpardonable and wilful errors in a second edition of the same work. To Captain Robert Ramsay, R.N.C.B. (who always commanded a division of boats and men when landed under the Rear-admiral, in every attack that was made upon the enemy in the Potomac, Washington, and Baltimore, and whose services were rewarded by his promotion to post rank and an honorary distinction) I am indebted for recalling my memory to the following fact. It was about this time that a house was discovered with a considerable quantity of fire-arms (not fowling-pieces, or rifles, but *bona fide* military muskets.) The circumstance was reported to Rear-admiral Cockburn, and the house would, in all probability, have been consigned to the flames as a military dépôt, had it not been at the same time represented as the residence of two women, neither of whom were "lovely beyond their sex's loveliness." The Rear-admiral issued strict orders

On the 11th we again weighed, and proceeded off St. Mary's, where we brought up. Early the following morning, the Admiral proceeded up St. Mary's creek with the armed boats and marines, and landed in several places without opposition, or obtaining a glimpse of the enemy : the whole returned on board the same evening.*

that the habitation should remain uninjured, and the fire-arms alone be destroyed. Captain Robert Ramsay was the officer who received, and executed this order.

* The author just alluded to states that in an incursion up St. Mary's much distress was occasioned to the poor people belonging to a factory, in consequence of its having been destroyed by our forces. I certainly do not recollect such an occurrence ; but, as the American writers were not apt to allow such an event to pass unnoticed, I will here add an extract from Nile's Register, vol. vi. page 431. Point Look-out is in the immediate vicinity of the said factory.

"We are glad to see some hope of amendment held out in a letter from Point Look-out, dated August 14th, which says, that on the Thursday preceding, a large party [1000] had landed, and though Cockburn was present, that they passed through a considerable distance of country, nay, by a *factory*, without burning one house, quietly gathering up the poultry and stock, and leaving some small sums in excuse of payment."

The Norfolk Herald, Virginia, states,

"To take cattle or other stock would be consistent with the usage of civilized war."

The American historians differ in opinion with the editor of the Norfolk Herald.—They stigmatise supplying ourselves with stock, &c. though paid for, as a "species of unwarrantable plunder.

CHAPTER X.

Sir Alexander Cochrane joins company in the Tonnant—Termination of the operations in the Potomac—Calumnies of the American press—Plan for the capture of Washington—Seizure of horses—Jack a jockey—Land the troops—Meeting of General Ross and the Rear-admiral—Attack the Enemy's flotilla—Conflagration of the Scorpion and other vessels—Reconnoitring—The Admiral proceeds to Upper Marlborough—Mission to the Commander-in-chief—My instructions—A consultation—The army marches for the capital of the United States—Incidents in the route—Affair at Bladensburg—Capture of Commodore Barney—Anecdote.

HAVING found some good water on St. George's Island, the squadron replenished their stock. On the 14th, the Commander-in-chief, Sir Alexander Cochrane, joined company in the Tonnant, accompanied by the Sea-horse, and two transports. On the 15th, another reconnoissance was made up St. Mary's by the Rear-admiral, accompanied by General Ross, but with the same result as the preceding visit. Here

ended the operations in the Potomac under the immediate superintendence of Rear-admiral Cockburn. It is worthy of remark that, during the whole period of the foregoing laborious operations, not one seaman or marine was missing.* The enemy, who prided himself on his skill in bush-fighting, was completely foiled in this his favourite mode of warfare, and had the candour to confess it. In all our excursions, flanking parties were thrown into the woods, which disconcerted their ambushing schemes, and rendered their rifles of little avail. In the woods all our movements were regulated by the bugle, the notes of which appeared to have as great an effect upon the enemy as if a battery of cannon had been opened upon him; to make use of a favourite American expression touching the said bugles, — “they were mightily scaring, I guess.”

The battalion of marines and marine artillery, under the judicious discipline of that excellent soldier Major Lewis, formed perhaps as efficient a corps as any belonging to His Majesty's service.

* Mr. Fisk, of Vermont, actually introduced a motion in the House of Representatives, proposing, “That the committee on public lands be instructed to inquire into the expediency of giving to each deserter from the British army during the present war, one hundred acres of the public lands, such deserter actually settling on the same.”—National Intelligencer, September 28th, 1814.

The general services of the whole of that distinguished body of men, under every circumstance of difficulty and danger, cannot be too highly appreciated. Unfortunately, the members composing it, have not been overstocked with interest at headquarters, or we may suppose some means would have been devised to mitigate the disappointment and hardship attendant on the protracted promotion of its meritorious officers.

The American press teemed with accounts of the atrocities committed by us in the operations herein related; we were charged with crimes disgraceful to humanity. The National Intelligencer took the lead in these fabrications; they were again propagated by lesser scribes with considerable embellishments, according to the writer's fancy, or the strength of his inimical feelings towards the English nation. The calumny ran like wild-fire through the Union, until the original text was absolutely lost in a monstrous heap of absurdity, and which, increasing in its descent like the avalanche of the Alps, at length toppled over from its own enormity, burying in its fall the modicum of truth and the mass of fiction in one common bottom. Well might the editor of the National Intelligencer look aghast at the bantling of his heated and creative fancy.

It was, no doubt, a part of the policy of the

government to excite the angry feelings of their countrymen, and by so doing ensure their cordial co-operation in raising the large forces already ordered by the President.* Such denunciations issuing from a foiled and defeated enemy, may be justly considered as the best criterion of his opinion of the activity of his adversaries, and may by them be fairly regarded in the light of praise.

The whole of these vigorous measures were carried on for the express purpose of misleading the enemy† as to the true and ultimate point of attack; harassing the troops, and destroying the different dépôts of military stores collected in Virginia and Maryland to clothe and arm the forces intended for the protection of the capital. By these means valuable information was gained

* 15,000 of the 93,500 men demanded by the President were to be supplied by the tenth district in the vicinity of the metropolis, for the protection of the capital.

† Not as has been erroneously stated by the author before alluded to, "as a species of revenge *ordered* to be acted upon in consequence of the late aggressions having been practised by the Americans in the Canadas." I have already clearly pointed out in page 235, that had revenge been our object, the means were amply afforded us of carrying it to a fearful extent.

Vice-admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane's letter to Mr. Munro, threatening retaliation, was not written till the 18th of August, 1814, and answered on the 6th of Sept. ; and, as is well known, was never acted upon. The policy of forwarding such a communication may be fairly doubted. It forms the key-stone of the arch upon which the Americans boldly support a mass of fiction.

of their resources, and the character of the troops likely to be brought in contact with the forthcoming expedition was ascertained. Independently of the severe loss inflicted upon the Americans by these proceedings, they had the effect of damping the spirit of the militia, and of showing them how completely they were in our power, by being vulnerable upon any point where we chose to attack them.

A plan was, I believe, submitted to the Commander-in-chief by the Rear-admiral for the capture of Washington, notwithstanding the disappointment of the latter at finding only four, instead of twenty thousand men, were destined for the Chesapeake. The attempt was to be masked by an attack upon Barney's flotilla, which had taken shelter at the head of the Patuxent river. On the 16th of August, Rear-admiral Malcolm arrived with the transports, on board of which the troops were embarked, consisting of the fourth, twenty-first, forty-fourth, and eighty-fifth regiments of infantry. The whole fleet immediately shaped their course for the Patuxent, which they entered on the following day, and having proceeded within a few miles of Benedict, the whole force commenced disembarking at the latter town on the 19th.

Rear-admiral Cockburn had directed me to

land on the left bank of the river, to obtain, if possible, a supply of horses for the officers and artillery. I came upon a farm, which the proprietor had abandoned, better stocked than usual with these useful quadrupeds, but all young, and apparently never broken in. They were as wild as deer; but, having finally succeeded in driving them into the farm-yard, and thence into a stable, by the assistance of gaskets, converted into halters, we secured them; but so full of fire and spirit were the animals that they threatened to overcome our endeavours in embarking them. Finding I was losing time, I adopted a summary mode of rendering them obedient. Much to the delight of the Jacks, I ordered them to mount the unruly nags, and, having taken a half hitch with the gasket on the lower jaws of the animals, they vaulted on their backs to the number of twenty. The farm-yard gate was then thrown open, and helter-skelter went the whole troop, kicking and flinging to get rid of their riders, who balked all their efforts by the tenacity with which they clung, like so many cats, to their naked backs. Jack cracked on all sail, and round and round the large enclosure they whirled at full gallop in an ecstasy of delight. In little less than half an hour they were completely tractable, and without any difficulty I embarked the poor brutes. It is a sin-

gular fact, that not one of the riders was unshipped, though I firmly believe it was the first time they had ever bestrode a horse.

On the 20th the whole of the troops were landed, including the battalion of marines; and Rear-admiral Cockburn, with the boats of the squadron and the smaller tenders, accompanied by the marines of the ships, began to ascend the Patuxent, keeping on the right flank of our army.*

* The American forces are thus enumerated as ready to meet the attack on Washington.

“Without saying any thing that can be useful to the enemy, the following may be useful to our friends:—

“The Baltimore City Brigade consists of one full regiment of artillery, (besides the marine artillery, two hundred strong,) with from seventy to ninety pieces of cannon on travelling carriages; one company of horse artillery, one regiment of cavalry, one battalion of riflemen, and five regiments of infantry, found with all needful munitions, and the greater part well disciplined. Adjacent to the city a body of hardy fellows from the interior, 2000 strong, is encamped. A camp of 3000 militia is to be immediately formed at Bladensburg. The district of Columbia has about 2000 men well organized; militia, artillerymen, riflemen, and infantry, and the regular force, marines, &c. at that place amount to — men. The 36th and 2nd battalion of the 38th United States Infantry, with the force under Commodore Barney, — strong, in the neighbourhood. Arrangements have been made to call out 5000 Pennsylvanians at a moment's notice, and through the indefatigable exertions of General Winder, who receives all possible assistance from the Government, this force can be directly collected at any required point between the two places. We cannot be attacked suddenly; we must have

I accompanied the Rear-admiral in my old post as his aid-de-camp. On the 21st we reached Lower Marlborough, where General Ross and the Rear-admiral met. After a rest of some hours the army was again put in motion for Nottingham, while the Rear-admiral pushed on with the boats for the same destination. Here we got sight, for the first time, of some of the enemy's cavalry,

several days' notice of a force likely to make an impression; and though *Mr. Madison's capital* may be threatened, or the destruction of Baltimore talked of, we guess they will not be burned at present. Besides these, the militia of our own neighbourhood, of Baltimore, Harford, and Anne Arundel counties, &c. would swell the entire force to an amount needful for any emergency, and we have powder and ball, muskets, and prepared ammunition enough (if properly managed), to kill all the Englishmen in or coming to America."—Nile's Register, vol. vi. page 408.

"GENERAL ORDERS.

"Adjutant-General's Office, Head-Quarters, Military District
No. 10, Washington City, August 20, 1813.

"Soldiers! the enemy threaten the capital of your country, and are now pressing towards it with a force which will require every man to do his duty, without regard to sacrifices and privations. The zeal and promptitude evinced by those in the field, with the reinforcements which are rapidly pressing to your aid, afford the fairest promise that the enemy will receive the just chastisement of his temerity. Besides those legally called to the honourable and glorious task of defending from insult and devastation the capital of your country, hallowed by the venerated name of Washington, thousands, animated by the warmest zeal for the honour, liberty, and independence of their country, will voluntarily flock to its standard, and teach our haughty foe that

who opened out a fire upon our leading boats, but went off at a rapid pace on discovering the advance of our troops. The last-named town was made the head-quarters for the night, and the tenders and boats anchored off it. As soon as day dawned, army and navy were in motion. On reaching Pig Point the marines of the squadron were landed, under the command of the senior officer, Captain Robyns, for the purpose of routing out any of the enemy's troops that might be stationed on the banks for the protection of the

freemen are never unprepared to expel from their soil the insolent foot of the invader.

“ Let no man allow his private opinion, his prejudices, or caprices in favour of this or that particular arm or weapon of annoyance, be a pretended excuse for deserting his post, but seizing on those which can be furnished him, or he can command himself, resolutely encounter the enemy, and prove that the bravery of freemen fighting for their families, their liberty, their country, can render every weapon formidable.

“ Let obedience and alacrity in discharge of the duties required, however irksome or painful, prove their title to the appellation of defenders of their country.

“ By Order of the General Commanding,

“ R. G. HITE.”

Nile's Register, vol. vi. page 441.

• “ To the Citizens of Washington.

“ The whole body of the militia of this district having marched to meet the enemy,” &c.

In giving these extracts, I merely wish to show that the enemy were perfectly prepared to receive us.

enemy's flotilla, some of whose mast-heads were seen above the Point. The river had now dwindled to a small stream. As we advanced, Commodore Barney's broad pendant was discovered flying on board the *Scorpion*, and the whole of the gunboats in a line above her, with their ensigns and pendants fluttering in the breeze. Here, then, was the boasted flotilla; we had brought them to bay, and in a few minutes we should see what they were made of. The Admiral, dashing on in his gig, led the attack. On closing with the Commodore, the silence of his guns, and a smoke issuing from the sloop, at once made known what was to follow: the order to lie on their oars was immediately given to the boats, and in a few minutes the *Scorpion*, like the venomous insect she was named after, unable to wound her enemies, turned the sting of death upon herself, and exploding, blew stars, stripes, broad pendant and herself, into a thousand atoms. Each of her consorts went off in a like manner, nearly in succession, the last of which, being the magazine-vessel, almost cracked the drums of our ears.* It was a

* Extract of a letter from Commodore Barney to Mr. Pleasants, dated Baltimore, Oct. 30th, 1814.

“ For it is well known, when orders were given to blow up the flotilla, that the enemy were firing upon them from forty barges with cannon and rockets. So far from being able to get farther

grand sight ; one vast column of flame appeared to ascend and lose itself in the clouds ; from the summit of the evanescent flash issued a black floating mass of smoke, which, quickly unfolding itself in curling wreaths, gradually but quickly obscured the heavens from our view. Out of the seventeen vessels composing Commodore Barney's force, one alone escaped the conflagration, which fell into our hands. The American chief preferred abandoning his charge, to the risk of trying the fortune of war at close quarters. Thirteen merchant vessels were found lying above the flotilla ; some were burned, and the others sent to Pig Point. The banks of the river abreast the merchant vessels were very high, and studded with bushes. The Rear-admiral had landed me from his gig for the purpose of reconnoitring ; I had attained the highest ridge, and was passing some bushes, when a shot whizzed past my ear from the opposite side of the bush. Nobody was visible, but the Admiral calling out, " He

up the river,' as was said, the vessels were aground, and blown up in that situation ; and as to having time to save the baggage, so contrary is it to truth, that several of the men were taken prisoners in the act of destroying the flotilla."—*Nile's Register*, vol. vii. page 142.

It is well known to every officer and man who accompanied the Admiral, that not a single shot or rocket was fired at the flotilla. This is error the first of Commodore Barney.

is below you, S—, he is below you,” I jumped down, and found myself within arm’s-length of an American seaman. His second hostile attempt upon me was defeated by my securing his sword-arm. Seeing him completely in my power, Admiral Cockburn called out, “Do not hurt him, S—, do not hurt him;” and the fellow himself loosing the grasp of his weapon and calling for quarter at the same time, he was saved from acquaintance with an excellent piece of cold steel.

I delivered him over to the coxswain of the gig, who had jumped overboard quick as lightning to my succour, and arrived by my side just as I had disarmed my adversary. The coxswain, conceiving that firing at me through the hedge was by no means according to the laws of fair play, displayed his anger by laying hold of his prisoner, and, flinging him to the bottom of the slope, exclaimed, “I’ll learn you, you beggar, to fire at my officer.” It now appeared that several of the crew were stationed along the bank, who opened out a fire on the Rear-admiral’s gig; in a few minutes, however, we made them all prisoners.

Having secured all the prizes off Pig Point to load them with part of the immense stores of tobacco found there, the Admiral, early in the morning of the 23rd, landed at Mount Calvert,

and proceeded to Upper Marlborough to meet Major-general Ross. I accompanied him, and being mounted upon good horses, we soon reached head-quarters, where measures were decided upon for immediately attacking Washington. I was despatched to the Commander-in-chief with the news of the flotilla's destruction, and the intended descent upon the capital. I had also to request that supplies might be ready to meet us on our retreat by either of the roads that might eventually be fixed upon. Rear-admiral Cockburn directed me to hasten back with all possible speed to Upper Marlborough, where a rear-guard would be left till my return, and with them I was to proceed on to the ground on which the army intended to bivouac for the night. The Rear-admiral's gig conveyed me with rapidity to Sir Alexander Cochrane, whom I found on board one of the advanced frigates. The captain of the fleet was with him in the cabin when I delivered the information and message with which I was charged.

A long discussion ensued: the junior officer, appearing to think the attempt was too rash, stated his opinion to that effect; and finally an order was penned for the Rear-admiral, (intended of course as a guidance to General Ross also,) and handed over to me with directions to

proceed without a moment's loss of time to headquarters.

Before I took my departure, I was desired by the Commander-in-chief to open the letter, tear off the blank half-sheet, and make myself master of its contents; so that in case of falling in with any enemy, before I could reach Upper Marlborough, (not an improbable event, as I had to traverse some distance by myself,) and any chance existed of being made a prisoner, I was to devour it, or do anything to secure it from falling into the hands of the enemy; but that, should I destroy it under any such impression, and still effect a junction with Rear-admiral Cockburn, I was so to note its purport as to be enabled to communicate the contents to him. I carefully perused and reperused the despatch, and retaining only the written part of the sheet, I quitted the Commander-in-chief. The orders contained in that letter were to the following effect:—That under all circumstances the Rear-admiral had already effected more than England could have expected with the small force under his orders; that he was on no account to proceed one mile farther, but, upon the receipt of that order, the army was immediately to return to Benedict to re-embark; that the ulterior and principal objects of the expedition would be risked by

an attempt upon the capital with such inadequate means ;—and concluded with a reiteration of the orders to return immediately.

It was late before I reached Marlborough, and the commanding officer of the rear-guard immediately set forward. It was very dark, and we had some difficulty in finding our way ; before we had proceeded far, we fell in with some of the enemy's cavalry, who however galloped off without making any attempt to molest us. I was right glad when the bivouac fires of our friends appeared in sight, having for some time previous strongly suspected that we were not in the right road. The army had taken up a position on rather elevated ground, in the centre of which, in a shepherd's hut, the General and Admiral had fixed their quarters. I did not reach the spot till two o'clock in the morning ; I found both of them stretched out on their cloaks, enjoying the rest which the severe fatigues of the preceding day must have rendered so grateful. My arrival broke in upon their slumbers, and I delivered my open packet to the Admiral ; he read it, and handed it over to General Ross.

It is not surprising that the latter, who had been so lately accustomed to the regular warfare carried on in the Peninsula, should have felt difficult in having with so small a force advanced thus

far into an enemy's country, or that that diffidence should be increased upon the receipt of such a document as I have detailed. Having perused it, he remarked that there was now no other alternative than to return. "No," replied the Admiral, "we cannot do that; we are too far advanced to think of a retreat: let us take a turn outside, and talk the matter over." Both officers left the hut. The general's aid-de-camp, the quarter-master-general, and myself, were at a short distance, and could not avoid occasionally hearing what passed as they walked to and fro in earnest conversation. "If we proceed," said our energetic commander, "I'll pledge every thing that is dear to me as an officer that we shall succeed. If we return without striking a blow, it will be worse than a defeat—it will bring a stain upon our arms. I know their force—the militia, however great their numbers, will not—cannot stand against your disciplined troops. It is too late," continued the Admiral—"we ought not to have advanced—there is now no choice left us. We must go on." *

The consultation lasted till the eastern sky be-

* The Admiral's advice was ably seconded by Lieutenant Evans, (the present Member for Westminster,) the acting Quarter-master-general, an officer whose skill and gallantry were powerfully displayed throughout the Washington business, and subsequent battle at Baltimore.

came tinged with the blush of day. The General had been apparently much excited, and at this moment, striking his hand against his forehead, he exclaimed, "Well, be it so, we will proceed." Calling his suite to him he quickly gave his orders, which they as quickly conveyed to the different commanding officers, while I rode off with the Admiral's to the naval brigade. By some means a report had flown throughout our little army that a retrograde movement was in contemplation, and a proportionate sense of disappointment had crept through its ranks. They were standing to their arms when the orders to move forward arrived. A low murmuring burst of enthusiasm involuntarily escaped from the lips of the officers and men, sufficiently indicative of the spirit that animated the hearts of the gallant band. In less than five minutes the whole army were in full march for the capital of the United States.

In our progress, the two senior officers, with their suites, were more than once fired at by ambushed riflemen. Three or four of these gentlemen were suddenly discovered above us on a high bank, secured by a paling. The acting quarter-master-general, who was at a short distance in the rear, was the first to observe them, mounted the bank by the slope leading up to their

hiding-place, clapped his spurs into the flanks of his charger, and gallantly taking the pales, leaped into the thick of them the moment they had fired upon us: they instantly threw away their rifles and scampered into the brushwood adjoining. I think it highly probable that this decisive step prevented that deadly aim they would have deliberately taken, had they not seen the officer in full career approaching them.

The oppressive heat of the day was severely felt by the men; they were however refreshed by a considerable halt, and about noon we arrived at the heights above Bladensburg, from which the whole American army were discovered drawn up strongly posted in two lines on the opposite side of the river, and their artillery so placed as to enfilade the bridge which we were obliged to cross before we could come to close quarters with them. The road led directly through their position from the bridge. In addition to the heavy artillery on the upper height, a block-house and field-pieces on the lower range defended the passage across. The enemy had tried the range of their guns, had been practising for some hours the previous day, and with some justice believed themselves secure against any attack. I accompanied the advance to the foot of the bridge, where we halted. The whole of the American artillery now opened

out upon the advanced guard, and caused a fearful destruction among our brave fellows ; the survivors were instantly ordered to fall back behind the adjoining houses out of the line of fire. This movement was no sooner perceived by the enemy than a deafening round of cheers ran along their lines. A gallant soldier of the 85th, a Scotchman, whose arm had been shattered by a round-shot, and which was still dangling by a fibre to the stump, was seating himself on the steps of a house as the clamorous shout was rending the air : he coolly exclaimed, “ Dinna halloo, my fine lads, you’re no’ yet out of the wood : wait a wee bit, wait a wee, wie your skirling.” I cannot forget the poor sufferer, and deeply regret that I have never seen or heard of him since.

Few minutes elapsed before the 85th regiment and the flank companies, headed by Colonel Thornton, moved up and wheeling round appeared on the bridge. This was the signal for recommencing with their great guns, accompanied by roars of musketry ; round, grape, and small shot came like a hail-storm. The Colonel dashed forward, followed by his gallant regiment, in a manner that elicited enthusiastic applause from the General and his companion the Rear-admiral, who crossed at the same time. The intrepid Colonel was within a few paces of the field-

pieces and block-house, when his horse was knocked from under him by a round shot. As the noble animal sank to the ground, his gallant rider alighted upon the road, and drawing his sabre, still kept the advance, leading on his men in a style of devoted and chivalrous bravery that may be equalled but never surpassed. The field-pieces and block-house were instantly taken possession of, and the 85th continued their sweeping career. Arrived on the crest of the first hill, the fire of the whole of the enemy's artillery, directed to this spot, made sad ravages among our soldiers. Colonel Thornton was one of the first to fall severely wounded; he was removed to the side of the road, when a shower of grape added to his sufferings; his jacket was literally torn with shot, nor do I think on inspection it would have been deemed possible for the wearer to have survived such a shower. Lieutenant-colonel Wood, on assuming the command of the regiment, was almost immediately badly wounded.

The road thus enfiladed, the General directed the troops* to move off to the right and left through the woods, and advance under their friend-

* By the American account, as given in Wilkinson's Memoirs, it appears that the force opposed to Colonel Brookes's brigade (consisting of seven hundred and fifty men) amounted to four thousand, and sixteen pieces of artillery.

ly. cover towards the enemy's position. Our men, as they came up, consisting of the 44th and the flank companies of the 4th and 21st, were despatched to the right and left. The enemy's first line soon gave way at the point of the British bayonet, and retired in great confusion on their second ; the action became general throughout the line. The Rear-admiral had kept the road and ascended the second height, and there he remained mounted on his white charger, his conspicuous gold-laced hat and epaulettes fully exposed within one hundred and thirty or forty yards of his foes, directing the fire of some rockets of the marine artillery, who had made their way to this advanced position. I was standing beside him (for Jonathan had, I guess, very discourteously unhorsed me by one of his round-shot on mounting the first hill) ; the fire was so heavy that I could not avoid saying, " I trust, Sir, you will not unnecessarily expose yourself, for, however much the enemy may suffer, they will regard your death as ample compensation." I made this remark in the hope that it would have induced him to move half a dozen steps to the right, where he would have been in some degree protected by a small stone quarry or excavation in the side of the road, which situation would have been equally efficient for his purpose. " Poh ! poh ! non-

sense !” was the only reply, whilst he was eagerly watching a couple of rockets that were on the point of being discharged by Lieutenant Laurence, of the marine artillery, assisted by Mr. J. McDaniel, of the Tonnant. The fiery missiles went directly into the enemy’s ranks, creating a fearful gap, and a much more fearful panic in the immediate vicinity—“ Capital !” he exclaimed, “ excellent !” and at the same moment Mr. McDaniel fell severely wounded. The gallant young man was soothed by the praises of his Admiral, and an assurance that he should be promoted for his good conduct : he recovered, and received his commission immediately. While speaking to the wounded master’s mate, and giving directions for his removal, a musket-shot passed between the Admiral’s leg and the flap of his saddle, cutting the stirrup leather in two, without doing any injury to him or the horse. He dismounted, and I was endeavouring to lash the broken parts together with a piece of twine, assisted by a marine, when a round-shot came over the saddle and dismissed my assistant to the other world.

Our gallant fellows had now got on the flanks of the enemy, and advancing in front at the same time with the bayonet, a general rout took place, the enemy abandoning great part of their artillery, every one appearing to think

only of his own safety. As our troops advanced, so did the Admiral. I was about rejoining my chief, after conveying some orders to the marine artillery with the rockets, when I stumbled upon an American officer among the bushes, close to their principal battery. He was severely wounded in the leg, and requested me to remain by him, announcing himself as Commodore Barney. I assured him that he had nothing to fear in his state from our people, as he himself was, no doubt, aware. He related to me the following anecdote on the spot. A corporal of the 85th was the first who came upon him, to whom he offered his watch and a well-lined purse, if he would agree to the same request he had just made to me: the noble fellow refused both, saying, his wounded situation was a sufficient protection from his countrymen, and that he might remain easy on that score; for himself, as long as firing was going on in front, he could not remain in the rear: and he left his fallen foe in admiration of his disinterested conduct. Great pains were taken by the Rear-admiral to find out this worthy son of Mars, but ineffectually; the probability is, that he fell in the ardour of pursuit. I left the Commodore, informing him that I would report his condition to the Admiral, who would doubtless visit him. In a few minutes I conducted

the latter and General Ross to the wounded officer, who, on perceiving the Admiral, began the conversation: "Well, Admiral, you have got hold of me at last."—"Do not let us speak on that subject, Commodore; I regret to see you in this state. I hope you are not seriously hurt."—"Quite enough to prevent my giving you any trouble for some time." A conversation now took place: it seemed as if the wounded prisoner and the captured officers around him doubted the sanity of their auditory nerves, as the Admiral proceeded to tender the Commodore his liberty on parole, with the selection of any of his officers upon the same terms, to see him safely conveyed to the abode he might fix upon. The offer was delivered in a manner at once so soothing to his pride, and grateful to his feelings, that he thankfully accepted the conditions. The arrival of an English surgeon finished the interview, and committing him to his care, the Admiral and General took their leave. The Commodore evidently had expected that his adversary would have gloried over his reversed fortunes, but he knew him not. It made a deep impression on his mind, and induced him, on his recovery, to proceed in a flag of truce down the Chesapeake, for the purpose of returning his thanks in person to Rear-admiral Cockburn. The Albion was

absent at the time, and he made his appearance on board the Dragon ; he expressed his disappointment to Captain Barrie in these words —“ It was not you I wished to see, Captain Barrie, but that gallant and noble fellow your Admiral, Cockburn.”

When the officers selected to accompany Commodore Barney had, with himself, pledged their parole, he entered more freely into conversation with the Admiral. Among other questions the latter inquired what force had been opposed to us; to which he replied, from the number that had joined that morning, he supposed there could not have been less than ten thousand men, adding, “ If I had had five hundred such brave fellows as yours in this position, I could have defied ten thousand of the best troops in the world.”* It seems

* “ In a short time I observed a British soldier, and had him called, and directed him to seek an officer ; in a few minutes an officer came, and on learning who I was, brought General Ross and Admiral Cockburn to me. These officers behaved to me with the most marked attention, respect, and politeness, had a surgeon brought and my wound dressed immediately. After a few minutes’ conversation, the General informed me (after paying me a handsome compliment,) that I was paroled, and at liberty to proceed to Bladensburg or Washington. * * * During the stay of the enemy at Bladensburg, I received every marked attention possible from the officers of the army and navy.” Extract from Commodore Joshua Barney’s official let-

that the President, "whose martial appearance gladdened every countenance and encouraged every heart,"* was on the field at the commencement of the action, but on the first shot had hastened back to Washington, doubtless to hurry on the preparations for feasting his victorious generals, to whom he had somewhat prematurely given invitations.†

ter to the Honourable William Jones, Secretary of the Navy.—
Brannan's Official Letters, page 407.

* Wilkinson's Memorandum, vol. i. page 766.

† An American writer, in speaking of Mr. Madison on the field of battle, says—

"Not all the allurements of fame, not all the obligations of duty, nor the solemn invocations of honour, could excite a spark of courage: * * * * * and at the very first shot the trembling coward with a faltering voice exclaimed, "Come, General Armstrong, come, Colonel Munro, let us go, and leave it to the commanding General."

CHAPTER XI.

Number of our troops—A Halt—March towards Washington resumed—Approach to that City—General Ross sounds a parley—Assailed by a volley from three hundred men—Destruction of the Capitol—Capture of Washington—The President's palace—Demolition of the office of the National Intelligencer—Ladies of Washington—Interchange of civilities—Destruction of the War Office, and of the Government Rope-walk—A serious accident—A tornado—Take possession of Fort Washington—Capitulation.

THE whole of the troops under the command of General Ross in this expedition amounted to about four thousand men, including the naval brigade, marines, and marine artillery ; but the number actually engaged on our side did not exceed fifteen hundred men. Their excessive fatigue, arising from the intense heat of the day, a march of twelve miles previously to the action, and the want of cavalry, prevented the capture of many prisoners ; so rapid was the flight of the enemy, that we only succeeded in nabbing

one hundred and thirty or forty of the runaways. The American seamen commanded by Commodore Barney appeared to have been the only men who stood their ground; some of them were bayoneted at their guns which fell into our hands. Our incapacity to pursue enabled the enemy to carry off thirteen or fourteen of the lighter ordnance, leaving ten heavy pieces on the field. The opinion of a naval officer upon military tactics may perhaps be considered as *de trop*, nevertheless I was struck with the formidable appearance of the enemy's position, and could not avoid agreeing internally with Commodore Barney, that a band of determined men, in such a position, might have successfully defied the small force opposed to them. The Americans were strongly posted on commanding heights, in two lines (by Commodore Barney's account) ten thousand strong, possessing twenty-three pieces of ordnance, from six to eighteen pounders, the whole of them so placed as to enfilade the bridge and road by which we had to pass to the onset. This menacing position was stormed and taken by fifteen hundred men, unaided by artillery and destitute of cavalry.

"The seamen with the guns were, to their great mortification, with the rear division during this short but decisive action; those, however,

attached to the rocket brigade, under first Lieutenant Laurence, of the marine artillery, and Mr. McDaniel of the Tonnant, were in the battle. None other of the naval department were fortunate enough to come up in time to take their share in this battle, but Captain Palmer of the Hebrus, and his aid-de-camp Mr. Wakefield, midshipman.* Our loss amounted to two hundred and fifty-four killed and wounded, the greater part of which was caused by the enemy's artillery.†

The battle over, and the field clear of Americans, the army made a long halt for rest and refreshment. During this period two or three American horsemen approached, apparently to re-

* Sir George Cockburn's dispatch, dated Aug. 27, 1814.

† General Winder's (the American Commander-in-chief at Bladensburg,) official letter is not the clearest of all public documents; he modestly observes, "The contest was not as obstinately maintained as could have been desired, but was by parts of the troops sustained with great spirit, and with prodigious effect; and had the whole of our force been equally firm, I am induced to believe the enemy would have been repulsed, notwithstanding the disadvantages under which we fought."

As General Winder denominates the commanding heights occupied by his troops, amounting to more than double the whole number of his adversaries, disadvantageous, supported by twenty-three pieces of heavy artillery enfilading the bridge, by which alone his position could be attacked, it is a pity he has not defined what really, in his estimation, does constitute a good position.

connoitre our proceedings. They were raw hands, and allowed themselves to be driven into a field, from which they could only escape by boldly leaping the hedge: this feat their nags declined, (or, what is more likely, their riders were not *au fait* in that sporting accomplishment,) and dismounting they scrambled over, leaving their cavalry behind them. Lieutenant Evans secured them, and, kindly making over one of them to me, I was again comfortably mounted.

When the troops were sufficiently recovered from their fatigue, the wounded carried into Bladensburg, and our fallen comrades consigned to an honourable grave, we again moved forward towards Washington. About a mile from the scene of action the road was bounded by a thick wood, on the skirts of which three or four American soldiers appeared planted as outposts. They withdrew on our approach, and the light troops entering the wood to protect our right flank, we passed it without discovering anything of the enemy. The road then turned slightly to the left, and passing the turnpike, (an unusual sight, I believe, in the land of liberty,) a clear open road led to the capital, which now rose before us in the twilight of the evening.

Ere we arrived at the immediate suburbs of Washington it was dark. General Ross had

repeatedly sounded a parley, but, no attention having been paid to the summons, it was concluded that the enemy had given up all further resistance, and abandoned their capital to its fate. The General, Admiral, and their staff, accompanied by a small guard, rode therefore into the city, the two former, with Lieutenant Evans, in the front, Captain Smith, Captain Mc Dougall, and myself, close behind them, and the soldiers composing the guard on each side. We were just on the point of entering the open space where the Capitol stood, and abreast of a large house on our left, (I believe an hotel,) and Mr. Gallatin's, on our right, when we were assailed by a volley from three hundred men who had sheltered themselves in the Capitol, and a cross fire from the houses on either side of us. The General's horse* was killed on the spot, and several of the guard that accompanied us. After this wanton display of irritating hostility, the Americans cheered, and retreated down the Capitol hill into the principal avenue leading towards the President's palace, the head-quarters of the enemy. And here I must be allowed to point out the unjust observations of a brother officer, who, in treating on this subject, has thrown a shade over our pro-

* This noble animal had carried his master during the whole of the Peninsular War.

ceedings at this particular juncture, which has no foundation in fact ; it has already been animadverted upon by a very able writer upon naval affairs.* He remarks that he had at first believed it to be the splenetic effusion of an American writer ; and such a conclusion was just in its construction. Captain Brenton states, "A little musketry from one of the houses in the town, which killed the General's horse, was all the resistance they met with : this was quickly silenced, the house burnt, and the people within it put to death." The world is left to infer from this passage that the Americans had been cruelly massacred upon their own hearths. It is to be regretted that Captain Brenton did not make himself master of the fact, before he hazarded such a stigma upon his country. I denominate "a little musketry" to have been a heavy fire from our front, and a tolerably smart cross one from the houses on the right and left. I was the officer ordered by Rear-Admiral Cockburn to break into the houses, which were barricaded at the bottom. It was effected with some little difficulty, and I do most positively assert that not a single individual of the enemy was put to death in the houses to the right, nor am I aware of any one having suffered at the hotel ; in short, I

* James's Naval History, vol. vi. page 451.

cannot offer more conclusive evidence in support of my assertion than, that we found no one to put to death. The Americans, finding our passage inevitable, made their escape at the back of the premises before our entry. Had they continued the defence, it is probable they would have met the fate of war: but a surrender would have ensured their lives, as securely as Captain Brenton may consider his to be in his own drawing-room. The houses were, however, consigned to the flames; they had been appropriated to the uses of war, and it is not to be supposed that they could be allowed to become again the source of annoyance and destruction to our men. The Capitol received the fate for which its late proprietors had thoughtlessly reserved it, by converting it into a place of arms: it was an unfinished but beautifully arranged building; the interior accommodations were upon a scale of grandeur and magnificence little suited to pure republican simplicity. We might rather have been led to suspect that the nation, whose councils were held beneath its roof, was somewhat infected with an unseemly bias for monarchical splendour. Each of the senators and representatives had a handsome desk appropriated to his use, arranged in a semicircular order around the presidential chair, over which was placed a handsome clock, surmounted by a

gilt eagle with extended wings and ruffled crest, looking towards the skies, emblematical, it is to be presumed, of the rising greatness of the young nation. Its funereal pile was lighted up as the clock under it told the hour of ten.

It has been my lot often to hear the destruction of the Capitol branded as a Goth-like act, and as warring with the arts and sciences; but I must do these persons the justice to confess that they were ignorant of the true state of the case. If a building is converted into a place of offence or defence, it loses its original character, and merges into that of a fort, and as such is liable to the laws and usages of war. It is folly to talk of this or that barbarism in such cases; war itself is barbarous, and though the issue may be regretted, the conduct adopted by the Americans, in disregarding the various parleys sounded by the General before our entrance, and the fire of concealed enemies, were the causes of the destruction of their Capitol and public buildings. Common sense should have led the authorities to sue for favourable terms for the city, instead of ensconcing a few hundred militiamen behind walls to impede our progress. Washington was, by such conduct, as completely at our mercy as any city taken by storm, and I believe the wiser and reflecting part of the Americans were grateful that

destruction fell on the public buildings alone, and those houses converted into places of offence. The American writers have, generally speaking, done us more justice on this point than some of our own blue jackets who have written upon the subject. These incautious writers had certainly no ocular authority to guide them, and it is ever dangerous to guarantee as truth the vulgar and popular reports of events, which are too frequently founded upon error, prejudice, or envy. The position of the Capitol was elevated; the fiery beacon must have shed a sadly brilliant light upon the American habitations for miles around.

The flames floated away in masses, which alighting upon the houses to leeward, set them in a blaze likewise. The Americans had been no less active in the work of destruction: they set fire to the Navy-yard; the Essex, a large frigate of sixty guns, measuring sixteen hundred tons, ready for launching; the Argus, a sloop of war of six hundred tons, all ready for sea.* The wooden bridge across the Potomac, on the Virginian side, over which the greater part of the enemy's troops had retreated, was likewise destroyed; in

* The above two vessels were named after those that had been captured by the Phoebe, Captain Hilyer, and Pelican, Captain Maples. It is rather singular that they both should have so soon shared the fate of their predecessors.

fact, they anticipated our wishes, and by some of their acts saved us time, and an infinity of trouble. After the destruction of the Capitol, a party was ordered to take possession of the fort at Greenleaf Point. The Admiral and General Ross then descended the Capitol hill, with about one hundred and fifty men, and entered the heart of the city, by the Pensylvanian avenue. This was a fine and spacious causeway with a road on each side, for equestrians, outside of which were two broad pathways for the accommodation of the more humble pedestrian; the whole was beautifully planted with a row of trees separating them from each other. The President's palace, a handsome stone building, so lately the head-quarters of the enemy, stood at the extremity of the avenue, and was evacuated by the guard of soldiers, with their two field-pieces, only a few minutes before we made ourselves masters of the place. We found the cloth laid for the expected victorious generals, and all the appliances and means to form a feast worthy the resolute champions of republican freedom. A large store of super-excellent Madeira and other costly wines stood cooling in ice in one corner of the spacious dining-room; the patriotic efforts of these heroes were deemed deserving of the generous libations to be that night poured on the altar of American glory. Deceitful *calcula-*

tions !—Where breathed the staunch-hearted citizen that would have dared to hint the possibility of “British serpents” gliding their wily bodies into the sacred retreat, and appropriating to themselves the consecrated viands? Such, however, was the damning fact. Fagged nearly to death, dusty, feverish, and thirsty, in my extremity I absolutely blessed them for their erring providence. Never was nectar more grateful to the palates of the gods, than the crystal goblet of Madeira and water I quaffed off at Mr. Madison’s expense. I was recruited in an instant. The beautiful apartments were hastily visited; passing through the President’s dressing-room, (which from its disordered state, opened drawers, and half-filled portmantaus, must have been abandoned in the midst of packing up,) the snowy clean linen tempted me to take the liberty of making a very fair exchange; I accordingly doffed my inner garment, and thrust my unworthy person into a shirt belonging to no less a personage than the chief magistrate of the United States: the operation equalled in luxury and benefit the draught in the banqueting-room.

On the walls hung a small portrait of the President’s lady. Surrounded by the aristocracy of the republican court, and in the presence of the foreign ministers, she had only a few days before, in all the pride of security, trampled upon the British ensign,

prematurely spread under the chair of state by the heroes of the "Bladensburg races." Little did the lady President, or her martial lord, dream that the flag thus indignantly treated would anon triumphantly wave over the walls that witnessed the wanton insult, or so soon be blackened by retributive justice.—The Treasury was next visited, but the specie had been safely conveyed away. The building was fired before the discovery of a strong iron door, that resisted all the efforts made to break it open. It was presumed to be the stronghold and deposit of all the valuables. The window was forced in, and the first officer who descended into the apartment, gave information that it contained several weighty boxes. The flames had driven our men from the passage which communicated with the apartment. Great was the bustle attendant on handing through the window the supposed chests of treasure; our anxiety to extricate them from the flames ceased on finding that the contents would by no means compensate us for our exertions and possible suffocation, and they were left to their fate. The Secretary of State's office shared the fate of the Treasury.

It was near midnight, when, in passing a handsome row of houses, we observed one standing a little aback and apart from the rest: some good friend of the Editor of the "National Intelligencer"

pointed it out to the Admiral, as the office of the American government paper. It had ever taken the lead, and given the key-note to the republican press, in vilifying England and the English. The editor was reported to be an Irish renegade. Its fate was decreed, and a few minutes would have seen it a prey to the devouring element—when a party of ladies, inhabitants of the adjoining houses, came forward to meet the Admiral (whom they only knew as a superior officer) to entreat that he would spare the building, as its destruction would endanger their property. The order was immediately countermanded; but a lieutenant and a party of blue jackets volunteered to pull the house down, and in less than two hours it was razed to the ground. The reams of paper, files of gazettes foreign and domestic, and all the inflammable materials, had been previously conveyed to some distance in the rear, and a bonfire made of them. The types and the whole paraphernalia of the printing establishment then underwent the ceremony of an *auto da fé*, a fitting purification of the instruments of corruption and falsehood emanating from a traitorous proprietor.

The demolition was effected by removing the window-frames, and then passing a stout rope round that part of the walls which separated the windows from each other; “a long pull, and a

strong pull, and a pull altogether," dragged them forward, and the whole superincumbent weight came tumbling down, and presented a mass of ruins in the time I have described.

It may certainly be considered as highly complimentary to the British name, that the majority of the ladies remained in their habitations, notwithstanding the alarm bell (alias the press) had pealed forth its warning note, and rang its most dolorous changes upon the savage barbarity of our acts and manners: we must suppose the fair sex turned a deaf ear to these idle clamours, or they would scarcely have dared English vengeance and brutality. But a mystery, yet unsolved, involves the motives that induced fathers, husbands, and brothers, to leave their wives, daughters, and sisters, to the guardianship and mercy of men whose bearing and actions they had so wantonly blackened.

The success of the fair petitioners emboldened others to advance, and in a few minutes the Admiral was surrounded by a host of lovely women, who certainly outshone their countrymen in generalship on the capture of their metropolis. The kind affable manner in which he calmed their fears, his lively conversation and gentlemanly demeanour, soon won upon their better feelings, and insensibly chased away from their minds

foes, captured city, defeat, and disgrace. This singular reunion of the victors and the families of the vanquished, took place in the Pennsylvania avenue, close to the scene, and while the destruction of the Intelligencer office was going on. It was only dissolved by one of the ladies inviting the Admiral to enter her dwelling and partake of the refreshments prepared for him; he accepted the welcome offer, and, courteously wishing the fair strangers good night, begged that they would retire to their pillows in confidence and peace. I was about to follow my chief, but my steps were arrested by a gently urged request that I would favour them with the name of the delightful officer who had just quitted them. "Why, that is the vile monster, Cock—burn,"* was my reply. A half-uttered shriek of terror escaped from the lips of some of them, as the dreaded name tingled on their ears. The announcement was electrifying. Altogether impossible;—it could not be;—I was amusing myself at their expense. My plighted word at last convinced them of the astounding fact that they had absolutely stood in the presence of, and amicably conversed with, that most venomous of all "British serpents," and for whose head a reward of one thousand dollars had been publicly offered.

* The Americans always pronounced the name as two long distinct syllables.

Such was the state of American prejudice at that period. Greatly refreshed by the good cheer offered to us by the hospitable lady, the Admiral returned to the head-quarters established on the Capitol hill.*

* "The fight being now done, the United States infantry and cavalry, and other troops, not being engaged, a strange rout and absolute confusion ensued. There seemed to be no rallying point given to the men, and they generally fled as many ways as there were individuals of them.

"A small party of the enemy, with Admiral Cockburn, and General Ross, entered the city. The male population was chiefly in arms among the fugitives, and many of the women and children left it. The Navy yard, with all its shipping and stores, including the new frigate and sloop of war, was fired, blown up, or destroyed, by our own people. The Capitol and President's house, with all the public offices except the Post-office, [which they thought a private building,] with several private buildings, were fired by the enemy. Cockburn personally went to have the office of the National Intelligencer burnt, but was prevailed upon by some ladies of the adjoining houses to abandon his design. However, a parcel of his people entered and destroyed everything in it. Mr. Gallatin's house was burnt; some person having fired on General Ross from the windows, by which his horse was killed. They had buried some of the killed in the morning, but left many lying on the field, and also nearly one hundred wounded at Bladensburg, with thirty men to take care of them. Among the former were two colonels, and one major; the last died soon after. They took off as many wounded as forty-nine horses could drag in waggons, carts, and carriages. Colonel Thornton was killed on the bridge while gallantly leading on his men, and a Major Wood fell near the same spot. Colonel Ragan [of Stansbury brigade] who was taken prisoner, saw nineteen wounded British officers in one room at Bladensburg. They also lost many men by fatigue, *for they were drove to the charge by the swords of their officers, gaping for breath.* Twelve were buried in one field that had not a wound. It appears pro-

The following morning, the War Office, situated on the verge of George-town,* which had escaped the previous night's conflagration, was visited and destroyed by a naval lieutenant, and a small

bable they may have lost from three to five hundred men by desertion. Those that have come in agree in saying, that, if our people could have broken their line, the great body would have dispersed. Many stragglers have been since taken up; had our cavalry followed them, it is the opinion that at least five hundred [more] prisoners might have been made; four or five private persons took *twenty-one of them before breakfast* on the morning of the 26th, and might have taken many more, if they had had the means to secure them. What the amount of their killed and wounded really is, we never shall know; but it was not less than five-hundred, ours not more than eighty or ninety, of whom the particulars shall be inserted hereafter. They made from fifty to one hundred prisoners, whom they treated well and parolled. The President, with the Secretaries of War and of the Navy, were in the camp the evening before the engagement, but finding the force collected smaller than they expected, they returned to the city to make some needful arrangements. All the public papers with the specie of the banks, &c. were removed. Mrs. Madison left her home but a little while before the enemy entered Washington. General Winder collected some part of his late forces near Montgomery Court House, and arrived at Baltimore on Saturday last, [August 27th.] Our volunteers had previously come in exhausted and worn out. They suffered excessively for want of rest and refreshment. The force that really opposed the British, *did not exceed fifteen hundred men.*"—Nile's Register, vol vi. page 443.

The reader will form his own opinion from the previous extracts I have inserted, detailing the amount of the force ready to oppose us. The editor has only reversed the order of things. The American accounts before and after a battle lost by them, differ strangely in numericals.

* A continuation of Washington to the westward.

party of seamen. During the preparations for its destruction, several Americans collected around the spot. The small party of blue-jackets were removed from any immediate assistance, and it would have been an easy task on the part of the enemy to have secured them as prisoners; and in fact the suspicious movements and whisperings among them, led the commanding officer to despatch a message very quietly to the Admiral, with a request for a reinforcement. Captain Palmer of the *Hebrus*, with a sufficient force, soon hove in sight. If Jonathan ever had any intention of nabbing us, it was frustrated by this unexpected movement; their efforts, however, might easily, and ought to have been powerfully seconded by the large force posted on the heights above George-town, and within hail of the scene of action. The War Office, whence had issued edicts so pregnant with hate and ire to the British nation, then experienced the annihilation which it had vainly fulminated against the enemies which the Americans themselves had created: the records and copies of those edicts furnishing materials for enlightening them upon the short-sighted policy of their proceedings.

The beautiful Government Rope-walk, with its adjoining ample stores of cordage, hemp, and tar, filled to the roofs, was next visited by a party

under my orders. Having spread quantities of the unwrought material along the centre of the roofed walk, and knocking out the heads of some dozens of tar-barrels, their contents were spread over the train. The whole was speedily in a state of ignition; black dense volumes of smoke rolled over the captured city, obscuring the heavens from the view of its inhabitants. The fire ran so rapidly along the extensive range of buildings, (five or six hundred yards in length,) that the whole was a blaze of fire in less space than half an hour. The red flames flashing forth from the lower part of the mass of heavy vapour, gave it the appearance of a Tartarus upon earth. It was quickly reduced to a heap of smouldering ruins. During the day a deputation arrived from Alexandria, tendering its submission.

A serious accident occurred on the morning of the 25th to a party employed at Greenleaf Point, in destroying the arms and ammunition in the fort. A large quantity of powder was found, and, in order to effect its destruction with safety, it was thrown down a well of tolerable depth, though not full of water, near the magazine. So many barrels of powder had been deposited in it, that the casks and loose powder soon rested above the water line; it was unfortunately not reported by the workmen to the officer superintending the

duty, and they continued rolling cask after cask down the abyss. An awful explosion took place, caused, it is supposed, by the sparks of fire emitted by the striking of the barrels in their descent against the stony sides of the well.* This melancholy catastrophe killed twelve and wounded upwards of thirty men : many of the latter were so dreadfully mutilated that instant death would have been a blessing to them.

About noon one of the severest squalls, or more properly speaking tornadoes, which I ever witnessed, passed over Washington ; trees were uprooted, plantations destroyed, and houses blown down, the conflict of winds setting at nought the industry and power of man. The tiles flew about in showers over our heads ; it was found impossible to stem the whirlwind ; and all those who were exposed to its fury were obliged to lie flat on the ground, as the sole means of resisting the sweeping effects of the tremendous blast. An officer on horseback turning the corner of a street encountered the hurricane, and both man and horse were dashed to the pavement in an instant. It was of brief duration, or the devastation to Wash-

* Another report states that it occurred from one of the workmen thoughtlessly throwing the end of a lighted cigar down the well. But it is most improbable that any officer would allow cigars to be smoked upon such an occasion.

ington would have proved of far greater magnitude than the mischief committed by the English. On our retreat to Benedict the pioneers were constantly at work cutting and clearing away the trees that had fallen across our road; the enemy could not have devised a surer mode of retarding our retrograde movements.

The expedition which had been despatched up the Potomac under Captain Sir James Gordon, consisting of the *Seahorse* and *Euryalus* frigates, one sloop, and four bombs, were overtaken by the same tornado in passing the flats of Maryland. Captain Napier of the *Euryalus*, on perceiving its approach, clewed up every sail, and came to an anchor; notwithstanding these precautions she lost her bowsprit, the head of her foremast, and all her topmasts. The energy and zeal of Captain Napier, backed by a well-disciplined crew, enabled him to repair this serious disaster, and in twelve hours after the accident the *Euryalus* was seen under weigh again, ascending the river. The difficulties arising from an unknown and most intricate navigation, defended by several strong works hastily thrown up to command the passage, can only be appreciated by persons acquainted with the severe fatigues sustained by every officer and man in the squadron: exertions which led to as brilliant an achievement

(considering the small force under Sir James Gordon's orders) as grace the annals of our naval history. A pretty correct estimate may be formed of the fatigue encountered, when I state that during twenty-three days (the period of the expedition) the hammocks were only piped down twice. Previously to the squadron arriving off Fort Washington, it had warped upwards of fifty miles; every ship was at least twenty times aground. Fort Washington was attacked on the 27th of August, and taken possession of on the 28th;—the populous town of Alexandria was thus laid open to the enterprising Commodore, before which place he arrived on the following day. The terms granted to the deputation sent off with a flag of truce were honourable to the British arms and humiliating to the enemy; "twenty-one sail of prizes, many of which, having been sunk by the enemy, had been weighed, masted, hove down, caulked, rigged, and loaded, all within three days," were the fruits of this *coup de main*.*

* "The degrading terms dictated by the commander of the British squadron below Alexandria to the civil authority of that town, connected with the offer of the townsmen, before the squadron had even reached the fort, to surrender without resistance, and their singular mission to Admiral Cockburn whilst he was in this city, have everywhere excited astonishment and indignation."—National Intelligencer, September 1st, 1814.

CHAPTER XII.

Enemy's squadron under Commodore Rodgers—Captain Porter—Sir James Gordon's gallant conduct—An American runaway—Loss inflicted by us on the enemy—"Scaring" announcement—Quit Washington—Halt at Bladensburg—Resume our retreat—Reach Benedict—Disappointed in my hope of carrying home the despatches—Again enter the Chesapeake—Abandonment of further operations—Determination to attack Baltimore—The troops march towards that town—Death of General Ross—The engagement—Visit to the field of battle—Move on again towards Baltimore—Arrive near the town—Express to the Commander-in-chief—His answer—A Council of War—A retreat determined on—Our retrograde march—False alarm—Mortifying result.

IN consequence of our retreat from Washington, the enemy was enabled to collect the whole of his forces, comprising several naval detachments from the men-of-war lying at Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Norfolk, commanded by the redoubtable Commodore Rodgers; these forces were directed against Sir James's little squadron. Batteries were erected along the banks of the rivers in order to

“punish the base incendiaries.” The American newspaper-editors feasted their readers for some days with the anticipated destruction of the British squadron.* “It is impossible the ships can pass such formidable batteries, commanded by our naval heroes, and manned by our invincible seamen. We’ll teach them how to draw up terms of capitulation.”†

* James’s Naval History, vol. vi. page 457.

† As Captain Porter was one of these “naval heroes,” I here introduce an article in honour of “American heroism.”

“Could every instance of individual heroism which has occurred during the present war, be collected and recorded, they would form a subject of proud satisfaction for the contemplation of the American patriot, and transmit a page to posterity unsurpassed by the brightest annals of Grecian and Roman glory. Every gallant deed of our ocean warriors, from the most skilful commander down to the rudest and humblest tar, adds alike to the lustre of our national character, and equally demands our admiration and lasting remembrance. But in the action between the *Phœbe* and *Essex*, how many of our brave seamen sunk as it were in a blaze of glory, whose individual names must be for ever shrouded in darkness! To redeem them from this fate, and hold them up as examples for the emulation of their countrymen in arms, would be a pleasing task. Though they fell in their country’s cause, far from their kindred and homes, yet their relatives and friends would then, while mourning their death, feel a bright consolation in their transition to perpetual fame.

“From a friend who took part in the engagement we have received the following anecdotes, exemplary of that fearless and patriotic spirit which animated the whole crew of the *Essex*, and which has characterised our hardy sailors in all their combats

Fire-vessels were sent down the stream in addition to the formidable measures adopted to bar the passage. Commodore Rodgers, it appears, superintended these fire-vessels in person, but turned tail as soon as the Devastation's boats shoved off to meet him. Notwithstanding these accumulated means of offence and defence, and the premature announcement of the American newspapers as to the impossibility of effecting his retreat, Sir James Gordon overcame all the difficulties opposed to him, silencing all the dif-

with the tyrants of the seas. To the memory of the brave fellows mentioned therein, their publicity is due ; and we doubt not many more instances of chivalrous heroism resulting from a noble love of country, might be obtained and recorded to the lasting honour of the American name.

" John Ripley, after losing a leg, said, ' Farewell, boys, I can be of no use to you,' and hopped out of the bow port.

" John Alison received a cannon-ball (eighteen-pounder) *through the body* ; in the agony of death he exclaimed, ' Never mind, shipmates, I die in defence of free trade and sailors r—i—g—h—t—s,' and expired with the word rights quivering on his lips.

" After the engagement, Benjamin Hazer having dressed himself in a clean shirt and jerkin, addressed his remaining messmates, and telling them he never would submit to be a prisoner to the English, threw himself into the sea." Nile's Register, vol. vi. page 420.

Bravo, Jonathan ! *Eccellente !* There is no combating with the American power of speech and patriotism, which resists the potent influence of an eighteen-pounder.

ferent batteries, and succeeded in conducting his gallant squadron and his prizes in safety to the Commander-in-chief.* Sir James Gordon, surrounded by difficulties and a hostile force, accomplished in nine days a feat which took an American frigate without her guns, and navigated by the best pilot, six weeks to perform.†

* An interesting narrative of the Naval operations in the Potomac is published in the *United Service Journal* in the April number, 1833.

† Captain Porter, in his official letter to the Secretary of the Navy, dated September 7th, 1814, makes it appear that he had to contend against one hundred and seventy-three guns with only three eighteen-pounders, two twelve-pounders, six nine-pounders, and two four-pounders. The whole amount of Sir James Gordon's force consisted of two frigates, three bombs, one rocket ship, a brig, and a small tender, carrying altogether about one hundred and fifty pieces of ordnance. Now the veriest clodpole is aware, that to bring both broadsides of a vessel to bear on one object, is just as possible as the meeting of two parallel lines. It is therefore clear, had the opportunity offered, it would have been impracticable to have opened out more than seventy-five pieces upon the battery commanded by Commodore Porter. He has only added ninety-eight to the greatest number opposed to him; a mere bagatelle in the scale of truth. The official statement concludes thus:—"The number we had killed and wounded on this occasion I cannot exactly ascertain; I am induced to believe, however, it does not exceed thirty. * * *

"His damage [the British] can never be known by us; some of his ships were much crippled, and I should suppose his loss considerable. I have understood that in order to bring their guns to bear on the battery, they cut away the upper part of their

We return to the captured metropolis. It happened that an American was brought to head-quarters for the purpose of being interrogated on some points by the General, and was placed under the surveillance of the sentry stationed at the door. Two of the general's suite, arriving immediately afterwards, left their horses tied up to the railings before the house. The American, tired of cooling his heels, determined to gallop off with one of the Britisher's cattle. Besides the sentry, two or three military officers and myself were present in conversation. As the sentry turned, Jonathan disengaged the bridle of one of the horses from the railing, threw himself into the saddle, and set off at full gallop—we were unable to stop him, so dexterous and quick were his movements. The sentry let fly his musket, but missed his man. Captain Smith leaped on the back of

ports, and took the inner trucks from the gun-carriages. When they had passed down, I sent a torpedo after them ; it was heard to explode about nine at night, but I have not learned the effect it produced."

Our old friend General Hungerford, in his official letter upon the same occasion, states, " About this time, Commodore Porter, as I understood, finding our little battery inefficient to impede the progress of the vessels, after having long gallantly defended it, and considering a longer contention with such superiority of metal a wanton sacrifice of blood, ordered the battery to be evacuated, and his men to retire, which they did."—Brannan's Official Letters, page 409.

the remaining charger, and set off in chase: a short but hard run brought him on the runaway's quarter, and, rising in his stirrups, he was in the act of making a cut with his sabre at the man, (who obstinately refused to pull up,) when his horse came down with him; and immediately afterwards the fugitive and his steed were also rolling on the ground. Captain Smith escaped with some severe scratches, but the poor Yankee paid dearly for his bold attempt; his thigh was broken by the fall. The two horses were conducted back by Captain Smith, who immediately despatched surgical and other aid to the sufferer. It was an impudent attempt, but merited better fortune than attended it.

The loss inflicted upon the enemy by our inroad into the heart of their country with so small a force, touched the Americans sorely in mind and pocket. Two hundred and six pieces of heavy cannon, from thirty-two-pounders to six-pounders, including mortars and howitzers, twenty-seven other pieces destroyed by Sir James Gordon, five hundred and forty barrels of gunpowder, one hundred thousand round of musket-ball cartridges, and a large quantity of ammunition ready made up, were the effects of our march upon Washington. The Essex sixty-gun frigate, and the Argus sloop of war ready for sea, the

flotilla under Commodore Barney, with the whole naval arsenal filled with stores to an immense amount, were destroyed, as I have already stated, by the enemy himself. The actual public loss, it was supposed, amounted to no less than from two to three millions of dollars.* It was a severe blow to their pride, and at one time, it appeared, the idea was entertained of abandoning Washington as the capital altogether.

The following "scaring" announcement from the editor of a southern paper to his readers, will tend to give an idea of their sentiments upon the occasion. It formed, of course, the leading article of the gazette, and, by way of attracting a double share of attention and sympathy, it was headed in extra large type, by the ominous words, "Horror! Horror! Horror!—How shall we depict to our readers without our cheeks being tinged with the blush of shame and confusion, when we inform them the spot bearing the hallowed name of the deliverer of his country, has been polluted by the footsteps of British myrmidons! All—all is lost; the army is dispersed, the Capitol in flames, &c. &c.—Nought can obliterate or wash away the indelible stain but British blood." It is some years since I read the fore-

* The American official estimate makes it amount to not more than 1,624,280 dollars.

going,—the remainder of the literary morceau has escaped my memory. The generally inflated and bombastic style adopted by the public press of America, shone forth in this instance in all its glory. The whole article formed an eloquent specimen of American editorship.*

* “The loss of the enemy in his incursion to the metropolis before he regained his ships, probably exceeded a thousand men. He lost at least two hundred killed in the battle and by explosion, and three or four hundred wounded. Many died of fatigue, and a number were taken prisoners by the cavalry hanging on his rear, and not a few deserted.”—*Nile's Register*, vol. vi. p. 446.

“The Patent Office, in which were contained the rarest specimens of the arts of the country, was not in the slightest degree injured.”—*Sketches of the War*.

“Private property was scrupulously respected by the enemy during his stay in the city, with the exception of two or three houses burned, because guns were fired from them on the enemy. The office of the *National Intelligencer*, besides these, was the sole exception. Cockburn, the incendiary hero of Hampton, presided at the demolition of its material parts.”—*National Intelligencer*, August 30th.

“When we remarked in our paper of yesterday that private property had in general been scrupulously respected by the enemy during his late incursion, we spoke what we believed from a hasty survey, and perhaps without sufficient inquiry. Greater respect was certainly paid to private property than has usually been exhibited by the enemy in his marauding parties. No houses were half as much plundered by the enemy, as by the knavish wretches about the town who profited of the general distress.”—*National Intelligencer*, August 31st.

“The enemy did not bury their dead, except those in the immediate vicinity of their camp. The rest, in number *near two*

The object of the expedition having been fully accomplished, preparations were made for our return to Benedict. At eight o'clock in the evening of the 25th we quitted Washington, leaving the bivouac fires burning, and in an hour and a half reached the field of the preceding day's battle. At Bladensburg a long halt was made, and the necessary steps taken for transporting such of the wounded as were capable of bearing removal. One coach, several gigs, and about a dozen waggons and carts, were provided for this purpose. A

hundred, were buried by a committee of our own citizens sent out for the purpose."—*Ibid.*

"We again caution our readers against giving too much credit to all the rumours which are widely and industriously circulated. In relation to the battle of Bladensburg, justice however requires us to say, that much dissatisfaction prevailed among the troops who were engaged, *at having been led so soon and so far from the field of action.*"—*Ibid.* and *Nile's Register*, vol. vi. page 446.

"We may soon avenge the disgraceful affair at Washington. Disgraceful it certainly is, though its effects on the nation, except in the loss of its stores, shipping, and buildings, is nothing. Washington city, as a mere city, was of no importance in the great scale of things."—*Nile's Register*, vol. vi. page 448.

The generality of the American accounts estimate our loss at four hundred men in the battle of Bladensburg. Mr. Thompson, the historian, insists upon its having amounted to one thousand; he states the whole British force as six thousand—Dr. Smith at four thousand—and Mr. O'Connor at five thousand. I notice their different accounts here, as I shall have to refer to the same authorities in my notes upon Baltimore.

number of the men badly wounded, and the intrepid Colonels Thornton and Wood, of the 85th, were left under the care of our own surgeons and the English agent for the exchange of prisoners, who fortunately resided on the spot. The sufferers who were to accompany the army being placed in their respective vehicles, and two days' provisions being delivered to the troops, we again moved forward. The retreat continued all night, and its exceeding darkness occasioned the head of the column to be frequently at fault, and our progress considerably delayed. At eight the following morning we halted for five or six hours. No bed of down could have proved half so luxurious as the green sward on which I stretched myself: in less than five minutes I was wrapped in forgetfulness. A heavy shower disturbed my slumbers, only to be renewed with double zest under the friendly shelter of an ammunition-waggon. We arrived at Nottingham on the 27th, and reached Benedict on the 29th, having been absent from that town exactly nine days. Our leisurely retreat was unmolested by the enemy; not one of his men showed themselves throughout the march.

It was supposed that the Commander-in-chief would have given the Rear-admiral the nomination of the officer to carry home the despatches, in which case I am aware the honour would have fallen

upon me ; but, from some misunderstanding between the Commander-in-chief and Captain Wainwright, his flag-captain, who had accompanied the expedition, the latter was appointed to that duty. He very kindly came on board the Albion to condole with me upon my disappointment, at the same time observing, " He was sensible he was taking the bread out of my mouth ;" but circumstances over which he had no control did not give him any choice ! And thus were my well-founded expectations of so enviable a duty swept away. The appointment, to a commander or lieutenant, would have ensured him a step in the ladder of promotion ; to Captain Wainwright it was rather a disadvantage, for it deprived him of the command of the Tonnant, without any adequate remuneration.

The day after our return, the whole of the troops were safely re-embarked. The Rear-admiral's long-cherished ideas and plans had been acted upon, the blow had been struck, and his wishes triumphantly fulfilled, with a force so small as to reflect additional honour and credit upon the troops employed in its execution. It was the Rear-admiral's ardent desire that our success should be followed up by an immediate attack upon Baltimore, not thirty-five miles distant from Washington, while the panic of our

visit to the capital was yet strong upon the minds of the enemy. This idea was, I believe, ably seconded by the acting Quarter-Master-General, Lieutenant Evans ; but the risk was deemed too great, and the favourable moment was suffered to pass unheeded.*

* The following is extracted from the National Intelligencer, the Government paper, after the receipt of General Ross's dispatch detailing the operations against Washington : it ought to be coupled with the one I have already given under the head of " American Heroism," page 318, and Captain Porter's official letter, page 319.

" CAPTURE OF WASHINGTON.

" We have occupied a large portion of this day's paper with the enemy's official accounts of his enterprise against this city in August last.

" It has been remarked, and we believe truly, that if the official reports of British officers for the last thirty years could be collected, they would exceed in falsehood the fables of Munchausen and Gulliver. We must confess we never had any confidence in the correctness of their statements, particularly those respecting their conflicts in Europe during the late war ; and their reports of the various actions which have occurred since hostilities commenced with us, must have removed from the mind of every man any doubt of their systematic duplicity. But the papers now published stand pre-eminent for their disregard to truth. That particularly which relates to the capture of this city, as it refers to facts, of which we have a better knowledge, strikes us more forcibly with its false assertions. Those who had the misfortune to witness the scene at Bladensburg on the 24th of August, will scarcely be able to recognize a single fact truly stated by the enemy. The story about capturing two hundred pieces of cannon at the Navy Yard is perfectly ridiculous ; such a num-

On the 31st the squadron commenced their retrograde movement down the Patuxent. On the 2nd of September we cleared the river and again

ber of pieces, it is true, lay on the ground in the yard, and any casual visitor who has looked at them might with the same propriety talk of having captured them."

With this trifling difference : a casual visitor might look upon them ; whereas we destroyed them. The editor of the above paper was a British subject.

The Alexandria Herald states, " The official account of General Ross is now before the public, and in introducing it to our readers we shall notice but a few particulars, as we find it to be as correct in detail as was expected, except in the exaggeration of the numbers opposed to him. * * * * *

But what most astonishes us is the unblushing manner in which he announces the destruction of the public buildings, including the President's palace, and proves that what we were willing heretofore to ascribe to the ferocious character of Cockburn, was his own deliberate act, and that he justly merited the subsequent fate that awaited him at Baltimore, which is a striking example of the singular chastisement inflicted by *Divine vengeance* upon the principal perpetrator of an act that must be viewed by all nations with abhorrence who cultivate civilization, or the improvement of the arts and sciences, and destroys that character of a soldier which the energy of his enterprize would otherwise have entitled him to as an honour to his profession.

" The account of their loss is thus headed, ' A list of the killed, wounded, and missing.' In the estimate, however, over which this is placed, there appear but two descriptions of loss, to wit, killed and wounded.—Now, what has become of the missing ? Were there none, or was the number so great that they feared to let it be known ? It is well known their greatest loss was in deserters."

entered upon the broad bosom of the Chesapeake. Further operations in this quarter appeared to be abandoned, as Rear-admiral Cockburn received

Commodore Barney, in his letter to the editor of the Government paper, the National Intelligencer, says,—

“ Let us for a moment make a comparison of the forces—Forty-seven sail of the line, frigates, bombs, sloops-of-war, tenders, and transports, having on board an army, as *they* said, of nine thousand veteran troops, the crews of the ships eight thousand more, a total of seventeen thousand men, to co-operate against fourteen open row-boats, (not gun-boats,) and one tender, having crews amounting in the whole to five hundred and three men.”

Commodore Barney here appears to have completely forgotten could Ireland, to robe himself in the national costume of his adopted country. This *impartial* commentator upon General Ross's despatch continues,—

“ The General goes on to state how his troops advanced, and by the irresistible attack of the bayonet the enemy got into confusion and fled. It would have been more to the honour of the General if he had told that his men never had it in their power to use the bayonet but once, and then declined it. * * * So far from using the bayonet, they *fled before our men, who pursued them*, the sailors crying out to board them ; nor did the enemy rally until they got into a ravine covered with woods, leaving their officers in our power. * * * *

The General says the artillery under Commodore Barney, ‘ ten pieces, were taken.’ The fact is, I never had but five pieces.”

In the noble Commodore's official letter to the Secretary of the Navy, detailing the battle of Bladensburg, written three months before the foregoing letter to the editor of the Government paper, these feats of American heroism, and the capture of the British officers, are altogether omitted. In that letter it appears the Commodore arrived upon the ground “ in a trot,” after the battle began.

“ We

his orders to proceed to Bermuda. The marine artillery and colonial marines, who had been embarked on board the Albion, were discharged into

“ We took our position on the rising ground, put the pieces in battery, posted the marines under Captain Miller, and the flotilla men, who were to act as infantry, under their own officers, on my right, to support the pieces, and waited the approach of the enemy. During this period the engagement continued, and the enemy advancing, our own army retreating before them, apparently in much disorder. At length the enemy made his appearance on the main road in force, and in front of my battery, and on seeing us made a halt. I reserved our fire. In a few minutes the enemy again advanced, when I ordered an eighteen-pounder to be fired, which completely cleared the road. Shortly after, a second and third attempt was made by the enemy to come forward, but all were destroyed. They then crossed over into an open field, and attempted to flank our right ; he was there met by three twelve-pounders, the marines under Captain Miller, and my men acting as infantry, and again was totally cut up. By this time not a vestige of the American army remained, except a body of five or six hundred men posted on a height on my right, from whom I expected much support, from their fine situation.

* * * * *

“ The enemy, who had been kept in check by our fire for nearly half an hour, now began to outflank us on the right ; our guns were turned that way. He pushed up the hill about two or three hundred towards the corps of Americans stationed as above described, who, to my great mortification, made no resistance, giving a fire or two, and retired. In this situation we had the *whole* army of the enemy to contend with. Our ammunition was expended, and unfortunately the drivers of my ammunition waggons had gone off in the general panic.”—Brannan’s Official Letters, page 406.

the Ramillies, Captain Sir Thomas Hardy, who, it was supposed, would remain senior officer in the bay. All our spare stores were to be distributed to the troopers and other vessels destined to remain, while we received in return as many of the prize goods as could be stowed away for conveyance to Bermuda.

On the 4th of September we proceeded down the Chesapeake; the prevalence of light airs retarded our progress. We parted company with the Commander-in-chief on the 7th, but had not gained eight or ten miles ahead of the squadron before he made the signal for the Rear-admiral: upon the return of the latter to the Albion we were again retracing our track up the Chesapeake. Sir Alexander Cochrane had altered his plans, and determined upon attacking Baltimore; unfortunately the lapse of eighteen days gave the enemy an opportunity of perfecting their defences and collecting a large body of troops from the surrounding country. Recovered from the panic excited by our entry into their capital, they left no means untried of preparing a vigorous resistance to any attack that might be made upon them. Had the resolution of attacking Baltimore been adopted immediately after our success at Washington, there existed a well-grounded hope that it would have fallen an easy conquest to our

arms ; but now we had to take the "bull by the horns" instead of pursuing a beaten enemy. The calms and light airs prevented our reaching the Petapsco before the 11th of September. The advantages this unfortunate delay gave to the enemy were incalculable. I would not have it supposed from the foregoing remarks, that I wish to impute blame to the late distinguished officer who held the chief command. He unquestionably acted upon what appeared to him at the moment the most judicious policy. It is at all times presumptuous in a junior officer to arraign the conduct of a respected commander-in-chief ; ignorant of the grounds upon which he acted, it were neither just nor wise to pursue the subject farther.

It is easy to pronounce judgment at the conclusion of a game of chess, when the moves of the opponents have passed in review before you ; the bystanders can then with facility point out the erroneous move that led to the defeat of one of the parties.

The whole of the troops on the morning of the 12th September, were thrown on shore near North Point, forming one side of the entrance into the Petapsco.* The force, including five or six hun-

* "The entire force collected for the defence of Baltimore, and stationed in the forts, batteries, and gun-vessels, was less than fifteen thousand. The British force was not much less."—*Nile's Register*, vol. vii. page 201.

dred seamen and marines, the (former trained to small arms,) amounted to little more than three thousand men, who, as soon as they were formed, marched forward on the road to Baltimore, while the frigates, bombs, and smaller craft, moved up towards Fort McHenry, at the entrance of Baltimore Bay, or basin. The heat, as the sun rose in the heavens, was overpowering; our men were greatly affected by it, and falling out of the ranks, threw themselves upon the ground fairly exhausted. At a small distance from the place of disembarkation, we came upon an unfinished intrenchment, and very soon afterwards upon the cavalry patrols of the enemy, consisting of young Baltimore volunteers: they were made prisoners in a manner that showed they were not much accustomed to warfare. A few miles farther on, and at some distance from the head of the column, the General, Rear-admiral, with their staff and an advanced guard of fifty or sixty men, were in the road leading through a thick wood, when we unexpectedly came upon a body of four hundred American riflemen and artillery, forming the advanced guard of the enemy's forces, strongly posted on both sides of the road. They immediately opened out a sharp fire; it was returned by our men rushing upon the foe, who quickly fled to the right and left through the woods, leaving several of their men killed, wounded, and prisoners. As usual, the two senior offi-

cers were the foremost of the advanced party when the skirmish commenced. General Ross, finding the enemy so strong in number, turned round, and addressing the Admiral, said, "I'll bring up the column:" while in the act of speaking, a ball passed through his arm, entered his chest, and, as his horse was carrying him to the rear, he fell. The Rear-admiral was quickly by his side, who thus states the melancholy event in his despatch: "But it is with the most heartfelt sorrow I have to add, that in this short and desultory skirmish, my gallant and highly valued friend, the Major-general, received a musket-ball through his arm into his breast, which proved fatal to him on his way to the water-side for re-embarkation.

"Our country, Sir, has lost one of its best and bravest soldiers, and those who knew him as I did, a friend most honoured and beloved. And I trust, Sir, I may be forgiven for considering it a sacred duty I owe to him to mention here, that whilst his wounds were binding up, and we were placing him on the bearer which was to carry him off the field, he assured me that the wounds he had received in the performance of his duty to his country, caused him not a pang; but he felt alone anxiety for a wife and family dearer to him than his life, whom, in the event of the fatal termination he foresaw, he recommended to the protection

and notice of his Majesty's government and the country." *

* In the extracts offered to the public from Nile's Register and other American sources, we have hitherto found matter of surprize and amusement ; but the allusion to the death of General Ross in the following paragraph, and the inscription intended to be placed upon a monument to perpetuate the desecration of his memory to posterity, assume a graver character, and invoke a feeling of pity, allied to disgust, towards the men who could indite without fear, read without shame, and record without compunction, an inscription so impious in its dictation, and so false in its construction.

" General Ross.—The man has paid the debt he owed to insulted humanity, and I say it in sincerity and truth : peace to his ashes ! I would forgive the actor, but not the action, and on this principle proposed about three months since, that a subscription should be opened to build up a monument near the spot where he fell, to be composed of huge rough rocks bolted together with great clumps of iron, on which in letters of solid brass should appear an inscription, after the following manner :

By the just dispensation of Almighty God,

near this spot was slain,

Sept. 12, 1814,

The Leader of a Host of Barbarians,

who

destroyed the Capitol of the United States, at

Washington, Aug. 24, 1814,

and devoted

the Populous City of Baltimore

to

Rape, Robbery, and Conflagration.


Peace to his spirit—but execration to his deeds !

" Thus I would suffer the memory of the man to die, but give his crime to the latest posterity."

" ⚔ As

It is gratifying to state, that the dying recommendation was attended to ; the estate of Bladensburg will be a proud memorial to the descendants of the gallant soldier. The column opened its ranks to allow the bearer to pass to the rear. He had requested to be covered, that he might not be recognized by the troops, but the precaution was unnecessary ; the sad and mournful glances of the men as he passed by, betrayed their knowledge of the fatal truth, and the estimation in which he was held by the army. It was a catastrophe to be expected ; the Admiral and General were unsparing in their persons upon such occasions.

The command of the army now devolved upon Colonel Brooke, of the 44th regiment, who, closing with the advance, pushed forward. The enemy's forces, consisting of seven thousand men, were now discovered in an open space, and drawn up to oppose us : on perceiving the advance of our troops, they filed off into a wood on their right, and drew up behind a stout paling, where they appeared determined to wait our

“  As a plan of a monument to the memory of Ross, somewhat like the preceding, has appeared in an eastern paper long since this was first written out, it is due to myself to state the fact, lest I might be charged with plagiarism that I am guiltless of. It is very possible for two persons to fall upon the same ideas, as in this case happened.”—Nile's Register, Supplement to vol. vii. page 157.

attack. As we debouched upon the open ground the enemy had just quitted, a sharp cannonade commenced from their field-pieces, which was replied to, with severe effect, by our artillery. Our troops, on quitting the road, turned off to the right, and formed in line in front of the enemy. While the artillery were amusing themselves on both sides, the men were ordered to lie down and take what refreshments their havresacks and canteens afforded. This delay was to allow time to the detachment sent to turn the enemy's left flank. Previously to the commencement of the attack, the Rear-admiral, who was well known to the enemy from his white horse and gold-laced hat, rode along the line from left to right, at a foot pace. The instant he was perceived, the fire of the enemy's guns seemed to follow him the whole length of the line ; the shot might be seen grazing before, behind, under, and passing over his horse. I several times heard the troops, as he approached in front of them, jokingly exclaim, "Look out, my lads, here is the Admiral coming, you'll have it directly." The seamen trained to small arms formed the centre of the British line, and the Admiral, not having any further occasion for my services at the moment near his person, kindly gave me the command of the Albion's men. The light troops first advanced in

open order, creeping along the ground under shelter of the smallest shrub or mound, which brought on a partial fire of musketry from the enemy. Our luncheon ended, we were impatient for the moment of action, for there is nothing so galling as being under fire without the power of returning it. The welcome note of the bugle sounded the advance, and the whole body started forward in steady quick time. While the Americans were ensconced in the wood behind a fence, resting their arms on the palings, and taking a deliberate aim, we had to move forward over an open space of five or six hundred yards, exposed to their fire. A roar of musketry opened out ; it fell like a hail-storm around us ; not a shot was returned till we were within twenty yards of the enemy, when they received a terrific discharge—our gallant troops rushing on, scaled the palings. The Americans could not stand cold steel, and they fled in every direction. The fire of the British troops now became deadly on the flying foe, and would have told tenfold more severely but for the shelter afforded them by the trees ; one of their guns fell into the hands of the blue jackets. It now became a regular chase ; numbers of the Americans were taken prisoners ; fearful of continuing their retreat, they skreened themselves behind the larger trees from our fire, stuck up like sentries. The alarm

and consternation of some of these gentry were truly ludicrous. These sheltered heroes were not perceived till we were immediately on board of them; the sword was frequently upraised to deal the deadly blow, when they would throw away their muskets, drop upon their knees, and call out at the full pitch of their voices, "Quarter! quarter! quarter!" This was afterwards explained; it had been impressed upon their minds by their chiefs, that they would not receive any quarter from the "Britishers." We however popped upon one fellow, who, doubtless impressed with this erroneous idea, had determined to sell his life as dearly as possible. I observed him levelling his rifle, and called upon him to surrender. We were not half a dozen paces apart, but, instead of complying with my command, he fired, the ball grazed my left side, cutting my flannel waistcoat, and unfortunately entered the breast of a fine young man close behind me, named Edmondson, the clerk of the Melpomene, who was attached to the Albion's party. The American then threw away his rifle and took to his heels, but he had proceeded a very few paces before he was stretched on the earth by the fire of two of my men.

Mr. Edmondson was hurried to the tomb by the sabre cut of a naval Lieutenant, who, seeing him on the ground, and taking him for a skulker,

inflicted a severe wound upon the unhappy young man. It was a lamentable error, and must ever entail severe and secret sufferings upon the too precipitate officer.

While the main body of our troops advanced in front, the detachment sent to the right came up on the enemy's left and turned their flank. It was a second edition of the "Bladensburg Races." Here again we felt the loss of cavalry, and the effect of our previous fatiguing march; we were unable to pursue, and the scattered forces effected their escape, with a comparatively trifling loss in prisoners. The road to Baltimore might be tracked by the blood of the wounded men. Finding the pursuit unavailing, the bugle sounded the halt, and the whole army bivouacked at a short distance beyond the field of battle. Several soldiers were employed in filling their canteens, and Admiral Cockburn in watering his horse, at a pool of clean water supplied by a stream gushing from a high rock thickly covered with trees and underwood, when a volley of musketry was poured down upon us from above, killing and wounding several of the men. The volley was doubtless intended for the Admiral's peculiar benefit; he however escaped unhurt, but his horse's shoulder was deeply grazed by a ball. The skulkers effected their escape. The loss on our side in this action

was severe, amounting in the whole to forty-six killed and three hundred wounded. The Albion's party had four killed and fifteen wounded. An excellent petty officer, named Billett, who acted as serjeant to the small-arm men, was knocked down by two shot : though moving on at a quick rate, the brave fellow recovered himself, and running forward retook his station by my side, determined, as he said, to pay off the score on Yankeedoodle, when he received another shot which again laid him low. Evening closed in, spreading its sable mantle over the dead, the wounded, and the dying. By the Rear-admiral's direction I returned to the field of battle to look after Captain Robyns of the marines, and the wounded, and to perform the last sad rites to the remains of our fallen companions, but more particularly to those who had so lately been under my orders.

A field of battle is a sickening sight when the fever of the blood has cooled, and the enthusiasm of desperate strife subsided into calm reflection. I found my old messmate Robyns snugly housed in a shepherd's cot, and my acting serjeant Billett near a small bush, under which he had taken shelter, stiff with the clotted gore that had issued from his wounds, but in tolerable spirits. He was quickly removed to the meeting-house, and made

as comfortable as circumstances would permit. I was fortunate in finding all the sufferers, and the slain were consigned to a hastily made grave. Our own countrymen being provided for, the wounded Americans claimed our care: they were found in twos, threes, and sixes together; they shared with our own people the aid of the medical men, and all the attention it was in our power to bestow upon their sufferings. The meeting-house, a place of worship, the only building near the scene of battle, was converted into a temporary refuge for friends and foes. The temple of God—of peace and goodwill towards men—vibrated with the groans of the wounded and the dying. The accents of human woe floated upon the ear, and told a melancholy tale of the ebbing tide of human life.*

* Our forces are thus estimated in Nile's Register, vol. vii. page 23.

"The force that landed consisted of nine thousand men, viz. five thousand soldiers, two thousand marines, and two thousand sailors. The first under General Ross, the latter commanded by the famous Admiral Cockburn."

After enumerating the different regiments composing their force against us in the battle of the 12th, it is stated, "All the rest were city troops, and the whole, including Captain Montgomery's company of artillery, with six four-pounders, amounted to about three thousand two hundred men." At the latter part of the same account, page 25: "To return to the field engagement: the force of the enemy in the battle may have amounted

At daylight on the 13th the army moved on towards Baltimore, and before noon we arrived within two miles of the defences thrown up around the town. In the mean time the bombs were busily employed in bombarding Fort McHenry. Captain Napier in the evening, with a detachment

to four thousand men. They were fine-looking fellows, but seemed very unwilling to meet the 'Yankee bullets;' their dodging from the cannon and stooping before the musketry, has already been noticed. The *prisoners* and deserters say, that for the time the affair lasted and the men engaged, they never received so destructive a fire. Their whole loss may be safely estimated at, from five to seven hundred men."

It has been very aptly observed by Mr. James, upon this subject, in his *Military Occurrences*: "Nor is it pretended that any reinforcement of British troops subsequently arrived in the Chesapeake." "Yet every one of our three historians," (Dr. Smith, Mr. Thompson, and Mr. O'Connor,) "instead of deducting his own estimate of our loss, adds two or three thousand men to his own estimate of our force at Bladensburg and Washington. For instance, Dr. Smith, who stated our force at Bladensburg at four thousand, states without assigning any reason for the augmentation, that we brought to Baltimore five thousand troops: Mr. Thompson makes his six thousand' regulars, sailors, and marines, eight thousand soldiers, sailors, and marines: and Mr. O'Connor his five thousand, between eight and nine thousand men." The British troops that landed, under the command of General Ross, at North Point, consisted of detachments of royal and marine artillery; the remnants of the 1st battalion of the 4th, 21st, and 44th regiments; and the 85th regiment; the 1st and 2nd colonial marines; detachments of marines from the ship; and a body of six hundred seamen, the whole amounting to three thousand two hundred and seventy rank and file.

of boats, made a feint upon the defences on the river-side.* The Rear-admiral, in company with General Brooke, reconnoitred the lines, and I was despatched to the Commander-in-chief to state the supposed amount of the American forces, fifteen or twenty thousand militia, and the determination of the Rear-admiral and General to attack the enemy at one o'clock in the morning, and to request that he would at that hour make a diversion on the sea front. On reaching the beach Sir Thomas Hardy gave me a passage off to the Admiral. After some time spent in discussing the matter of which I was the bearer, an open letter was delivered to me by the Commander-in-chief, under circumstances precisely similar to those already related after the destruction of Commodore Barney's flotilla. That letter contained an order to the Rear-admiral, in the following words, "You are on no account to attack the enemy, unless *positively* certain of success." I reached the head-quarters about five or six o'clock in the afternoon, at the moment the Rear-

* In speaking of Captain Napier's feint with the boats, Mr. O'Connor, the historian, states they were so warmly attacked, that "the screams of their wounded could be heard in the midst of a roar of arms, that made the houses in the city shake for nearly an hour and an half."—*Mirabile dictu!*

The real fact is, that only one boat was struck, and *one man* in her was mortally wounded.

admiral and General were returning from a reconnoitring party. The former in high spirits thus addressed me, "Well, S—, have you delivered my message to the Commander-in-chief? We have had an excellent view of their defences; before two o'clock to-morrow morning all that you now see (pointing out the lines on the Chin-copink hills) will be ours. What force is to assist us on the waterside?"

In tendering the open letter of Sir Alexander Cochrane I observed, "I trust, sir, the contents of this despatch will not frustrate your's and the General's plans."

The perusal of the letter dispelled the animated smile of confidence from his brow, and he handed it to General Brooke; it was evident that there was a break-down. The Rear-admiral was still for proceeding in the execution of the arrangement for storming the works; but the General did not deem himself authorised in so doing, after the communication of the Commander-in-chief. It ended in a council of war being summoned by General Brooke, to which the Admiral was invited, but which he instantly declined.

The deliberations lasted till midnight, when the majority of the assembled officers decided upon a retreat; and at half-past one in the morning of the 14th of September, we commenced our

retrograde movement. Six or seven miles from the position we had quitted, we bivouacked for the night. The field of battle of the 12th was passed, and numbers of the American bodies, entirely stripped, were still lying scattered about, presenting a horrid, disgusting spectacle. During the march, the rear of the column were emerging from a wood into an open space, when the report of the enemy being close upon our heels caused the troops to wheel into line on each side of the high road, and form the order of battle. The spirits and enthusiasm of the men were immediately rekindled. "What! you are not satisfied, Jonathan, arn't you!" "You want another dose!" "Come along then, you beggars! we are all ready for you!" might be heard issuing from the ranks, as the veterans of the Peninsula were handling and preparing their arms. It was a false alarm, and the column moved on to the ground which it was to occupy for the night. On the 15th the whole returned to North Point, and embarked in the course of the afternoon, without seeing a man of the enemy, or having received an iota of annoyance on our slow return to the boats.*

* The public despatches, and every army and navy officer present will corroborate my statement. They cannot fail of being amused at the desperate heroism of Serjeant Killer, whose

It was a mortifying result after the brilliant success of the 12th ; and we felt it to be doubly vexatious on acquiring the knowledge that, had the proposed attack been persevered in, it would have prospered, commissioners having been actually appointed on the part of the enemy to treat for the safety of the town. But it is a sad subject, and I will no longer dwell on unpleasant reminiscences.*

astonishing feat of arms called forth the applause of General Winder, as will be seen from the following extract of an order promulgated by the American Commander-in-chief, at the head of his troops, September 18th, 1814.

“The bold and intrepid charge that Serjeant Killer, of Captain Bird’s company, made upon the rear guard of the retreating enemy with but three dragoons, in which he dispersed a guard of eighteen fusileers, taking six of them prisoners, in despite of their fire and shot of a four-pounder within half canister distance, which made three discharges at him, deserves the highest approbation ; and the skill and dexterity with which he accomplished this bold achievement, proves he will be competent to a more considerable command, to which the justice of his government will no doubt advance him.

“ Robert G. Hite, Assist. Adj. Gen.”

Nile’s Register, vol. vii. page 30.

* It appears that our retreat has been considered so glorious to the American arms, that a “ Battle monument” has been erected by the Baltimoreans to commemorate the event. It is to be hoped that Sergeant Killer’s brilliant exploit is duly recorded upon it.

CHAPTER XIII.

Quit the Chesapeake for Bermuda—Funeral of the late Sir Peter Parker—Moments of bitterness in an officer's life—Again enter the Capes of Virginia—A snare—Our rocket-boat—Jonathan's dismay—Recapture an English merchant-vessel—Tail of an hurricane—A wreck—Chase a large ship—Reach Cumberland Island—Take possession of St. Mary's—Arrival off the station—My promotion—Quit St. Mary's—Flags of truce—Young ladies—A pretended deserter—Reward of his perfidy—Peace between Great Britain and the United States—Offer to take charge of the Countess of Harcourt, India-man—Departure from Cumberland Island—A severe gale—Appalling situation—Get safe to anchor—Arrival at Bermuda—An anxious chase—My success—Passage home in the Endymion—Conclusion.

FOUR days after we had retired from Baltimore, the Commander-in-chief sailed for Halifax; and on the 26th, in company with the Hebrus, we quitted the Chesapeake for Bermuda, where we arrived on the 6th of October. On the 14th of the same month, all the officers of the squadron

attended the funeral of the late Sir Peter Parker, who had fallen in an attack upon a very superior force, at a place called Moor-fields. It was a mournful array; the minute guns boomed the note of death far and wide over the bosom of the sea, proclaiming to its inmost depths the loss of her chivalrous and gallant son. Sir Peter Parker died in the pride of health, honour, and command; his body was placed in a temporary tomb at St. George's, from which it was afterwards removed to England.

At Bermuda the answer to the despatches from Washington was received. From a conversation held with the Commander-in-chief relative to the disappointment I had experienced at not being nominated the bearer of the despatches to England, I was certainly led to expect my promotion. I confess I deeply felt the slight when I found two officers promoted on the occasion of the battle of Bladensburg, who were not within fifty miles of the scene of action! The Rear-admiral condoled with me on the annihilation of my dearest hopes, and silenced my entreaties to return home by saying he had work in perspective for me, which should ensure the completion of my wishes. There are moments of bitterness in an officer's life, when his feelings are probed to the quick, and which are neither to be mastered by pa-

triotism nor reason, until time has seared the wound. The north-west breezes and the sea spray washed away the legion of blue devils that had infested my waking and sleeping visions while in a state of inactivity.

On the 30th of November we again entered the Capes of Virginia, and the same afternoon proceeded up the Chesapeake. Here the forces were collected: meanwhile I was despatched for stock in the neighbourhood of the Rappahannock river.

A farm-house, situated at the further border of a fine circular piece of water, (and directly opposite to the mouth or entrance, which was scarcely pistol-shot across,) attracted my attention. The civility of the Americans, and non-resistance to our foraging parties for some months, had thrown me off my guard, and I entered this *cul de sac* without taking the precautions necessary to be adopted in such cases. My mission was accomplished to the satisfaction of buyer and seller: the latter appeared unusually accommodating; he was lavish in his civilities and communications, and would have kept me in conversation *ad infinitum*, had I not broken the thread of his artful yarn by hurrying the embarkation of the stock, and pushing off to return to the Albion. On approaching the outlet my eyes were quickly opened to the extent of the snare planned for

our destruction. We found both points occupied in strong force by the enemy's militia. Had they maintained their ground, our passage would have been completely barred. Fortunately, on these excursions we were generally accompanied by a rocket-boat ; and, directing the launch to advance and open her fire upon one of the points, the rocket-boat was ordered to attack the other: the remaining boats kept close in their rear.

At this moment the enemy showed a bold front, and thickly lined the shrubs and underwood on the edge of the water with their riflemen, by which means they might have picked off every man, had the boats attempted the passage ; but the first rocket discharged passed through the body of the commanding officer's horse, shattered the unfortunate rider's legs, and, flying into the ranks, spread consternation by its terrific roar, and still more terrible effects. The whole body immediately broke, and scampered off as if his satanic majesty had been at their heels. Their brethren on the opposite shore, observing the effects of the rocket, evacuated their position at the second discharge of the launch, and left us a clear passage. We were not slow in taking advantage of Jonathan's dismay, and pushed through the narrows without injury.

The colonial marines from Tangier Island having been embarked, the Rear-admiral leaving directions for the Dragon and troop-ships to follow, we left the Chesapeake in company with the Causo schooner, and Anna Maria and Messenger tenders, the latter a prize packet sloop, fitted up under the command of Mr. Thorne, master's mate. We remained at anchor five or six leagues to the south-east of Cape Henry till the 18th of December, when we were joined by the Hebrus frigate, and then made sail to the southward. Three days afterwards we recaptured an English merchant vessel. A succession of severe gales retarded our progress sadly.

About three hundred miles to the eastward of Charlestown, we fell in with the tail of a hurricane. The ship, without a stitch of sail set, was nearly laid on her beam ends, the lee quarter-deck guns were immersed in the water, and, as she rose again, all the hammocks in the lee quarter-deck netting (those in the wake of the main rigging excepted) were washed overboard. We could scarcely see twice our length, from the wreaths of spray swept from the surface of the sea by the tremendous violence of the wind: the sound of the human voice was lost amidst the roar and din of elements. It was fortunately not of long duration. The Albion behaved most

nobly ; her lower deck remained perfectly dry the whole period of the gale—a fact which speaks volumes for the admirable manner in which she had been put out of hand by Sir Robert Seppings on his new plan of building. On the dispersion of the gale, not one of our consorts was to be seen : great fears were entertained for the safety of the *Messenger*, from the circumstance of her being heavily masted. A few days, however, relieved our apprehensions ; the *Devastation* bomb had fallen in with and taken the tender under her protection.

In the first week of the new year, 1815, the *Messenger* was fated (notwithstanding she had survived the hurricane) to be despatched to Davy's locker. We were steering about two points free at the commencement of a gale, with thick weather from the northward, when, thanks to the sharp look-out of one of the most indefatigable and best signal-officers in His Majesty's navy, the *Messenger's* mast was discovered to go over the side. She was little more than a mile on our weather quarter ; had not Lieutenant Robert's quick eye caught her at that identical moment, her crew would in all probability have met with a watery grave. The *Albion* immediately wore and brought to the wind, with her maintopsail to the mast. The sloop's mast, in going over the side, crushed

her decks in to leeward, and tore them up to windward, opening a fair passage to the heavy sea that broke over her as she lay broadside on to the angry surge. Mr. Thorne very expeditiously succeeded in cutting away the wreck, and in shipping a small spar down her fore-peak, upon which he hoisted a boat sail, and got her round before the wind. The Albion's quarter-boat was lowered down in safety, and I pushed off to answer the signal of distress that had been thrown out. She brought-to close to windward of us ; but the wind and sea had already risen to such a height that it was only by the utmost exertions of the crew that we were enabled to reach the wreck : by the time we got alongside, the vessel was half full of water. Not a moment was to be lost, night was fast approaching. I succeeded in extricating the officer and crew from their perilous situation, but not an article belonging to them could be saved. Scarcely had we gained in distance twice her own length, before a heavy sea broke in upon her as she rolled to windward, and the Messenger went to the bottom. It was really an anxious and exciting moment ; the boat was fearfully crowded, and lay deep in the water. The Albion was drifting fast to leeward, and it would require all the strength of the oars double banked, to get under her lee ere the sable curtain of night should be

drawn around us, and shut her wholly out from view. No sound of joy or congratulation was heard to issue from the lips of the rescued crew; they were hushed by a full consciousness of the perils that still surrounded us. At one moment the boat was borne high upon the swelling wave, the next she was sinking into the watery vale, encircled by the foaming billows that curled their angry heads and broke in hissing mood around, threatening to silence our hopes and fears for ever. It was not so decreed; we arrived in safety alongside the Albion. But death was not to be thus defrauded of his prey; the dart was aimed, and the act that placed the Messenger's crew in safety, proved the destruction of an excellent seaman named Nelson, who perished beneath the Albion's counter. This melancholy termination to exertions deserving a happier fate, was caused by one of the quarter davits giving way while hoisting up the boat; she was dashed to pieces, the sea engulfing her remains and the poor fellow together.

Off Charlestown we chased a large ship, which proved to be an English captured East Indiaman; finding it impossible to get clear of us, the enemy ran her on the bar upon which the sea was breaking with tremendous fury. The Americans immediately deserted her in their boats. The

shoalness of the water, the heavy ground-swell, and strong breeze, rendered it impracticable on our part to send any boat to her: she quickly went to pieces, and the whole of the unfortunate Lascars belonging to her perished.

We did not reach Cumberland Island until the 14th of January. This was the spot to which Sir Alexander Cochrane had despatched his second in command to create a diversion in his favour, while he proceeded with the great bulk of the army and navy against New Orleans. The melancholy details of that operation are too well known to require any notice from one who was not present on that disastrous occasion.

Here we found all the squadron assembled. Captain Somerville of the *Rota*, had landed a detachment of the 2nd West India regiment and marines, for the purpose of taking possession of Cumberland Island, and making an attack upon the Fort of Point Petre, commanding the entrance to St. Mary's river. On the day of our arrival it was attacked by Captain Barrie; the garrison abandoned it, discharging their guns, and leaving a train to their magazine, which fortunately the captors cut off and extinguished.

The Rear-admiral immediately landed, and proceeded to take possession of St. Mary's, the frontier town of Georgia. No resistance whatever was

made, and the shipping in the river and stores in the town were taken possession of without a shot being fired. The Countess of Harcourt Indianman, of eight hundred tons, which had been captured by the enemy and taken up the river, was brought down and loaded with cotton, as well as all the other prize shipping. While we remained in possession of St. Mary's, the cold was so intense, that the water in my bed-room was frozen solid in one night, and this within seven degrees of the tropic.

I had been absent two days in the boats, visiting the neighbouring islands, when I returned to St. Mary's in time to sit down to the Admiral's dinner, at which all the Captains of the squadron were assembled. The arrival of the *Statira* was announced, and soon afterwards her Captain made his appearance, bringing with him despatches for the Admiral. Mr. Glover, the Secretary, discovered among the packet of letters one for me; and sending it to the bottom of the table, observed, "There, Master Jemmy, I hope that will please you." It was a letter from the Admiralty, "On service." Without noticing the address, I broke the seal, and found my almost abandoned hopes fulfilled. Their lordships had promoted me to the rank of Commander. My first impulse was to rise and place the letter in my Admiral's hands,

remarking with nearly overpowered feelings, "For this, Sir, I feel solely indebted to you." Having read the short but pleasing communication, he observed, "I shall have a pretty apology to make on your account—come, take your seat." Turning to his company, he requested they would fill a bumper; and then, in a manner that forbids repetition, made known my promotion, by proposing the health of Captain S—. That moment was one of the happiest of my life. In the course of the evening I questioned Mr. Glover as to the meaning of the "pretty apology" alluded to by the Admiral. He showed me Admiral Cockburn's reply to their Lordships, on learning that I was not promoted for Washington. That reply is engraven on my heart; and in presenting it to public notice, I feel that if I may incur the charge of egotism, I shall at the same time invoke a just sentiment of esteem for the man who can conscientiously and fearlessly discharge his duty to his country, and to those who may have the good fortune to be placed under his command. After expressing his disappointment upon the subject, he continued, "If I have not the power of rewarding those officers by whose means I have been enabled to carry my plans into execution, I must beg leave to resign a situation so painful to my feelings."

There are many men living who have felt the full benefit of these feelings.

We soon after quitted St. Mary's, having first destroyed Point Petre Fort, and transported all its artillery to Cumberland Island. Here an intrenched camp was formed around one of the largest houses in Georgia, in which the Admiral took up his head-quarters. The house was built by the famous republican, General Green, and was at the time inhabited by his daughter and her husband, Mr. Shaw, a Scotch gentleman. Before it was taken possession of by the English forces, a large party of young ladies had assembled on a visit to Mrs. Shaw. Their parents were dismayed at the news of our descent, and many of them made their appearance in a flag of truce, for the purpose of rescuing their treasures from the grasp of the enemy: their embassy met with all the success they desired. But, on an interview with the dear objects of their affections, they were aghast and utterly confounded at having a request preferred by the young ladies to remain where they were for the full period of their intended visit. It was agreed to; and the flags of truce returned with the satisfied parents and friends of the captured fair ones. The Admiral was too gallant to encroach upon their accommodations, and there-

fore erected a marquee for his bed-room. During the day he had his room, and the whole party joined his table, which he kept up on his usual liberal scale. In the evening we all met in the drawing-room, and the time passed most agreeably; but at night the proprietor and our fair hostess, with her amiable guests, retained sole possession of the mansion.

Two or three days after our settlement at Cumberland Island, an American seaman came over to us in the pretended character of a deserter. He assumed to give information of his countrymen's movements, but in a manner so unsatisfactory, as not to gain the slightest credit. He was the tool, it is to be feared, of some degenerate conclave. In the middle of the night he approached the Admiral's tent with the intention of entering it, when he was stopped by the sentinel. He now acted the part of a tipsy man, and insisted upon speaking to the Admiral; the altercation brought the serjeant of the guard to the spot, who ordered him off. Finding the mask he had assumed of no avail, and despairing of attaining his end by fair means, he resorted to other measures, and endeavoured to force an entry. Pushing the serjeant on one side, he attempted to rush by the sentinel, but the latter was too quick; he brought his piece to the charge, the

deserter knocked it on one side, and a struggle ensued. The serjeant settled the business; the deserter received the reward of his perfidy and folly by being bayoneted on the spot. On searching the body, he was found to be armed with loaded pocket pistols, and a short stiletto concealed in his breast. His intention cannot be doubted, but it fills the mind with pity and contempt for the degenerate beings who could urge on another to the commission of a deed of such fearful import as that of assassination.

We remained in Cumberland Island in the expectation of a reinforcement of troops, on the arrival of which it was the Rear-admiral's intention to attack Savannah; but ere they made their appearance, Peace had been concluded between Great Britain and the United States.*

I had been appointed to the command of a

* "There is no way in which money could be so usefully spent as to have the accounts of our victories [translated into different languages] spread through the civilized world. The pitiful affair of Washington was circulated on the Continent by the British. Let the people hear the other side. It would produce an irresistible current in our favour, and its effects felt for ages, and contribute to the future peace and safety of the United States—*National honour is national strength*."—*Nile's Register*, vol. vii. page 170.

I perfectly agree with this transatlantic writer, that "National honour is national strength," but to consolidate the latter the first must be based on the pedestal of truth.

sloop of war on the station from home, but by some accident the Commander-in-chief had forgotten to forward my appointment, or to inform me of it, and I therefore remained in ignorance of the fact. Since the receipt of the usual official letter announcing my advancement, I had been serving as a volunteer; but now that there was an end to all further hostilities, I offered to take charge of the Countess of Harcourt Indiaman, and conduct her to Bermuda. She was a heavy teak-built ship, and, on passing the bar, had knocked off her rudder and broken all the pintles. As the passage to Bermuda was short, it was supposed those found on the wreck of a four-hundred ton ship lying on the beach, would serve our purpose, and they were transferred to the rudder of the Indiaman. With a cargo of a hundred and twenty runaway slaves, several wounded men, and a crew of twenty seamen, I took my departure from Cumberland Island, under convoy of his Majesty's brig Dotterel of eighteen guns, and in company with several other prizes. All went on prosperously till within a hundred miles of our destination, when a severe gale sprang up from the westward.

We hove-to on the starboard tack for the night, forty miles to windward of the island, under a close-reefed main topsail, and storm staysails.

At midnight when preparing to put her head off the shore by "wearing ship," away went all the pintles of the rudder, the tiller alone holding it, for rudder pendants we had none. The heavy manner in which it was thrown up and struck against the counter, led me to fear more serious mischief: our first efforts, therefore, were directed to get rid of it, and we succeeded; our next to secure the rudder port, through which the sea rushed at every dip she made by the stern.

This danger provided against, came the appalling review of our situation. The gale increased; twenty miles off lay a reef of rocks, upon which we were fast drifting. From the light cargo of cotton, the vessel was high out of the water, and all our endeavours to get her upon the opposite tack, only accelerated our approach to the reef. Without a spare spar or a carpenter's tool of any description—I adopted the only resource in my power. The cable was got up and faked along the deck; these being firmly lashed together, formed an oblong square; pigs of iron, attached to the lower part, and a top-gallant mast lashed along the upper, gave it the form of a river-barge's rudder. Being thus speedily prepared, it was launched overboard, properly guyed from both quarters, and secured by hawsers close to the stern post; still we could not get her round. Signal guns of distress were

fired every five minutes; I felt we were making rapid strides towards eternity. I began to think my fate a hard one, when the wind suddenly chopped round from the south-west to north-west, and all danger for the moment vanished. Morning broke upon us with thick weather and nothing in sight. At noon it cleared up, and the Dotterel was discovered from the mast-head, twelve or fourteen miles off. We attracted her attention to the signal of distress by the booming of our guns: at two o'clock she passed within hail of us. The Lieutenant, her acting commander, was an old officer, long past the hey-day of life: he fancied no boat could live in such a sea, and therefore declined sending one on board. We had a little two-oared jolly, which was got out, and with two men I succeeded in boarding the Dotterel, when I pointed out to her acting Captain the necessity of remaining by us to afford the requisite assistance as soon as the weather should moderate. He obstinately refused compliance with this suggestion, stating that his orders were positive to make the best of his way to Bermuda. He proposed to take my people out and abandon the vessel, or leave me to my fate. Finding I could gain nothing, and that the lives of so many men were in jeopardy, I did not deem myself authorized to balance the responsibility against the preservation

of the ship and cargo: I therefore reluctantly agreed to his proposal. With some difficulty and great danger we succeeded in removing the wounded men and negroes: furling all her sails but the mizen topsail and mizen staysail, the Countess of Harcourt was left to her fate. By some unaccountable means the Dotterel passed the Island of Bermuda in the night, and the acting captain, rather too tenacious of receiving advice, stood away to the eastward. Fortunately we fell in at noon the following day with Captain Pateshall, in the *Jaseur*, who pointed out the error of our way, and following his course, we got safe to an anchor at Bermuda the next morning. Here we had the satisfaction of seeing the American frigate *President* lying alongside her captor the *Endymion*, repairing their damages.*

* In this action there was only one cause of regret, which was very generally felt throughout the British navy, viz. that any other English ship should have been in sight during the contest. The force of the two frigates were as follows.

	<i>Endymion.</i>	<i>President.</i>
"Broadside guns {	24 lbs.	28
	664 lbs.	852
Crew, men only,	319.....	465
Tons	1277.....	1533."

The *Endymion* was one of the largest of our frigates, and the only one that carried long twenty-four pounders on her main-deck, [until the *Newcastle* and others of that class were built to cope with the Americans]. The chase commenced at daylight; at

Immediately on my arrival I applied to Commodore Evans for assistance to recover the abandoned prize, but he was unable to afford me any. Two or three men-of-war which were off the island

two P.M. the President opened her fire upon the Endymion, who was far ahead of the rest of the squadron ; half an hour later, Captain Hope returned the fire from his bow-chasers with galling effect. Every manœuvre on the part of the enemy was skilfully defeated by the admirable manner in which the Endymion was worked. Soon after five P.M. she was enabled to get within half-point blank-shot on the President's quarter, which position she maintained for twenty minutes, when the enemy bore up, and bringing the Endymion on her beam, a close action commenced. The precision of the latter's fire made fearful havoc on the hull of the President. After a running fight of two hours and a half, the American frigate showed a light, and ceased firing: the Endymion's sails being literally cut to ribands, commenced bending others. Her opponent, taking advantage of this respite, crowded all sail, standing to the eastward. In a very short time, the Endymion, with new sails, was again in chase, but the delay enabled the Pomone and Tenedos to get the start of her ; the former sheering up alongside the enemy, fired her starboard broadside, doing little or no damage, when the President immediately shortened sail, and hailed that she had surrendered, showing a light at the same time. The Pomone, not hearing the hail, fired a second ineffectual broadside. The Endymion and Tenedos at this moment came up ; the former having only two disabled boats, those belonging to the latter took possession, as did also the Pomone's. The Endymion's principal damage has been stated ; her loss consisted of

<i>Endymion.</i>	<i>President.</i>
Killed.....11.....	35
Wounded14	70

started in search of her, and several small vessels were fitted out by private individuals, and expeditiously despatched to look out for the stray vessel, each anxiously hoping to get hold of her.

The President's hull was perfectly riddled, and six of her guns rendered useless, with six feet water in her hold. "The number of prisoners delivered to the agent at Bermuda was four hundred and thirty-four; add to these, besides the thirty-five acknowledged by the President's officers to have been killed, six or seven too badly wounded to be removed, and we have four hundred and seventy-five as the President's complement, just two less than were named in her watch-bill. Yet Commodore Decatur and two of his officers swore before the Surrogate that the President had about four hundred and fifty, but certainly not four hundred and sixty men, when the action commenced. * * *

The President's ship's company were a remarkably stout set of men, and a great many British deserters were discovered among them; but as the news of the Peace very soon arrived, the men were not molested."

"On the 17th Jan. (two days after the action,) in a violent storm from the eastward, the Endymion lost her bowsprit, and her fore and mainmasts. The ship was also obliged to throw overboard the whole of her quarter-deck and forecastle guns.

"As soon as the gale of wind had dismasted and otherwise disabled the Endymion, so as to leave an inference that the shot of the President had mainly contributed to reduce her to that state, Commodore Decatur wrote his official letter. In a very few days after his arrival at Bermuda, the communicativeness of one of his officers made him regret that he had dispatched the letter. Mr. Bowie, the President's schoolmaster, when deposing before the Surrogate relative to the capture of the ship, says, "When the Endymion dropped astern, we were confident of escaping. Shortly after, discovering two ships coming up (Pomone and

Before starting all applied to me for the exact position in which we had quitted her. From the change of wind and weather that took place after leaving her, I conceived it very probable that the Countess might drift within sight of the island. I therefore walked up to the signal post, and warned the men to keep a sharp look-out for her, giving such a description of her appearance as would ensure her recognition, and requesting to be informed if such a vessel hove in sight.

On the following morning, half an hour after daylight, I was roused from my slumbers by the signal-man's information, that a ship answering

Tenedos), Commodore Decatur ordered all hands below to take care of their bags. One of the ships commenced firing, and Commodore Decatur called out, 'We have surrendered,' and gave this deponent the trumpet to hail and say they had surrendered. The Pomone's fire did damage to the rigging, but neither killed nor wounded any person. The President did not return the Pomone's fire, but hoisted a light in the mizen rigging as a sign of submission." Again, "When the two ships were coming up, a light was hoisted in the mizen rigging of the President, as this deponent conceived at the time, as an ensign or flag, but, as he afterwards had reason to believe, as a sign that they had surrendered; for this deponent observed to the Commodore, that as long as that light was hoisted, the ships would fire; upon which Commodore Decatur ordered it to be taken down." To counteract the mischievous tendency of Mr. Bowie's averment about the harmless fire of the Pomone, Commodore Decatur wrote from New York a supplementary letter, commencing, "I omitted to state that a considerable number of

the description I had given of the Countess of Harcourt, was seen from the heights. I hurried up the hill, one glimpse through the telescope was sufficient to send me at full tilt down again to St. George's, when, jumping into the first boat, I pushed off, and in two minutes I was on board the Anna Maria tender, desiring the middy to slip his cables. The sails were hoisted in a trice, and the little clipper was walking out of the harbour before the news was known in St. George's. When I quitted the signal-post, I had desired the man in charge of the station to point out the bearings of the prize by compass signal, when I got in the offing. On clearing the harbour no-

my killed and wounded was from the fire of the Pomone." The one shot that entered on the larboard side might, to be sure, have killed and wounded a few men, but then says, or rather swears, Mr. Bowie, "The men were all just then down below, taking care of their bags." Oh! Mr. Bowie, Mr. Bowie, you were but half an American; and no wonder we do not find your name among the officers belonging to the United States' Navy, in April 1816.—James's Naval History, vol. vi. page 534.

In the long extracts I have given, respecting our frigate actions with the Americans, I have been prompted by the desire to clear away the mist with which the latter have endeavoured to envelope these encounters. It is due to the navy, and to the national pride of Englishmen, that the truth should be widely circulated; they will afford foreigners and the sceptical or deceived part of my countrymen an opportunity of forming a correct opinion, and re-modelling a judgment rashly hazarded, and confidently re-echoed within the walls of St. Stephen's.

thing could be seen from the schooner's mast-head, nor did I expect it ; but the signal-post attending to my directions, shewed the promised signal, and we shaped our course accordingly.

Two hours passed before we got sight of the chase, and at the same time we discovered a man-of-war brig evidently speeding upon the same errand. From our relative positions and rate of sailing, it became a toss-up who would reach her first. I was in a perfect fever of anxiety ; for, had the brig's men got on board before us, she would have been a prize *in toto* to them ; whereas, if I reached her, she would revert to her original captors. My share in her was not greater than that of an able seaman, being a volunteer at the time of her capture : her value as regarded me personally, was literally nothing ; but had the stake been wholly mine, I could not have experienced more anxiety to recover her. Every stitch of canvass was clapped on the schooner, but the brig (H. M. S. Harlequin) evidently gained upon us. As we neared the goal of our wishes, my anxiety became intensely painful. The Harlequin's boat was observed already manned on her quarter, ready to lower down and take possession. It was a neck-and-neck affair ; the Harlequin had hove-to close under the lee of the Countess of Harcourt, her boat was down and pulling on board, when I

ran the Anna Maria alongside to windward, and, as she nearly scraped the side of the prize, leaped on the gangway steps, and was on board ready to receive the Harlequin's officer as he ascended the side to leeward. She was precisely now in the same state, as to proprietorship, as at the moment of abandonment; but with the crew of the Anna Maria alone it would have been doubtful whether I should have succeeded in getting her into port. With the cordial and friendly aid of Captain Kempthorne she was safely conducted into St. George's, to whom I felt it due to hand over a written document, which entitled him to a salvage of ship and cargo. Having thus satisfactorily recovered my charge and fulfilled my trust, I delivered her over to the agent.

The following day I took advantage of Captain Hope's friendly offer of a passage home in the Endymion. Accompanied by her prize the President, we took our departure for England, and I bade a long farewell to the cedar groves of "the still vexed Bermoothes."

Patient Reader, fare thee well!—We have sailed together over trackless seas—we have roamed together over far distant lands. If amidst such companionship we have steered our course in amity—if in the mystic community of kindred

thought or feeling I have caused either a sigh, a tear, or a smile, pardon the two first, and reward me for the latter by following me yet farther down the stream of life—if—

E'er again my battered bark shall brave
The lashing of the literary wave.

How often doth the reckless sailor escape the perils of mighty ocean's din—the greedy monsters of the deep—the cannon's roar—the battle fight—the fire—the wreck, to be finally stranded on his native land—to feel he hath grappled with the omnipotent works of a mighty God, only to fall a prey to the grasping clutches and devouring passions of his fellow men !

It were easier to breast the billowy surge, to top the mountain wave, to dive into the ' vasty deep,' than to steer an even course amidst the pitfalls, snares, and tortuous windings that intersect the smiling surface of that hallowed spot—Our Fatherland.—Shall I go on ? No.

It were not mete to tell the tale
Of bankrupt hopes—A stricken sail,
Tossed upon a raging sea,
That finds no port beneath her lee.

THE END.

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94

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42

